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Sic fractus fortis
(If broken, still strong")

The Foster Family

California Pioneers

First Overland Trip . . . 1849
Second Overland Trip . 1852
Third Overland Trip . . 1853
Fourth Trip (via Panama) 1857

L. A. F. Peston

1832283

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Lucy Foster Sexton

Press of
The Schauer Printing Studio, Inc.
Santa Barbara, California

Gift - 8-20-75

Dedicated

TO OUR CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN

As a Christmas Gift for 1889

Dear Children: Of all the great men and women you may read of, we are sure the deeds of none will please and interest you more than those of your Grandparents. When the need came, you will see, no hardships were too great for them to bear, and were worth all they cost.

Now you enjoy lovely California homes; you cannot be too grateful to those who prepared the way for you; strive to make the world better for your living in it, as they have.

Mrs. R. C. Foster

Second Dedication

As Another Gift for 1925

To the Grandchildren of the second generation, we are adding these true human documents and the diaries of the other trips and memoirs of their Pioneer days in early California, carrying on their mottos "to make the world better for having lived in it."

Lucy A. Foster Sexton

THE FOSTER FAMILY

No family in America has produced more eminent people than the Foster family. Among the descendents are included Hon. John Foster, Boston, 1640; Governor Hutchinson, of Massachusetts, Governor during the Revolutionary War; Judge Thomas Hutchinson, Boston; Hon. Jedediah Foster, member of Congress from Massachusetts; Hon. Theodore Foster, Member of Congress from Rhode Island; Hon. Dwight Foster, Member of Congress from Massachusetts; Hon. Dwight Foster, Attorney General of Massachusetts; Hon. Lafayette S. Foster, of Connecticut, President of the United States for one day; Hon. Charles Foster, of Ohio; Hon. John W. Foster, of Indiana; Hon. George S. Boutwell, Secretary of the Treasury in President Grant's cabinet and a large number of others. The family is one of the largest in Massachusetts and its several branches participated largely in its early history.

Judge Isaac Foster, who crossed the plains in 1849 in an ox team; went back to Illinois by sailing vessel; and again crossed with mule team and wagon in 1852, to settle in San Jose, California, was a member of this family.

From the Foster Genealogy

By Frederick C. Pearce of Chicago

Ancestry of Reginald Foster of New England traced back to Anarcher, Great Forester of Flanders, who died 837 A. D. Also the record of all other Fosters in America.

Page 1022—Reverend Isaac Foster (Giles, Timothy, Timothy, James, Thomas John). He was born in New Hartford, Connecticut, September fifth, 1790; moved with his parents to Sacketts Harbor, New Jersey; married Grace Parsons, 1812.

Isaac Foster was educated in Lowville Academy and studied law. In the war of 1812 was engaged in merchandise business in Sacketts Harbor. Was pressed into the United States service as commissary and served with General Wolfe in Canada. He was entitled to a pension but did not prosecute his claims.

Isaac was a temperance teetotaller and an Abolitionist with Garrett Smith, Arthur Tappan and William Lloyd Garrison. For several years he was pastor of the Presbyterian church in Leyden, New York. In 1837 he accepted a commission from the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions as a missionary to Illinois, three miles south of Chicago.

He gave up his commission later, and in 1849 crossed the continent to California goldfields, returning to his home in Plainfield by water. In 1852 again he crossed the continent with his family to San Jose, California, where he was judge of the Mayor's Court for some years.

He died in the 78th year of his age in San Francisco, and is buried in Oak Hill cemetery in San Jose, California. He resided in New Hampshire, Connecticut, New York, Illinois and California.

Page 1023—Isaac Giles Foster (Isaac, Giles, Timothy, Timothy, Thomas, Thomas, John.) Was born in Turin, New York, May 9, 1820. Educated in Lowville, New York, Academy for a Professor of Law. When a young man surveyed a route from New York to Niagara Falls through Indian territory to build roads. Went with his parents to Illinois. In 1848 married Roxanna Cheney; crossed the continent with his father and brother Vincent in 1849, returning by the Isthmus of Panama. He crossed with his own family and the Burrells in

1853 and was captain of the company which made up this train.

In 1855 he went into the mines, and again later to the Frasier River mines. Later lived in San Jose; in 1861 to ranches on the Coast of San Mateo. There were two ranches—one stock, the other timber. July 1868, removed to Santa Barbara County, retiring from business in favor of his sons.

Page 1023—Rev. Isaac Foster and Grace Parsons, their grandchildren.

Page 1031—Eugene Preston Foster married Orpha Woods. Three children, Orpha, Grace, Edith, Ida, Mildred, Eugene. They lost three sons and a daughter, all in infancy.

Page 1023—Lucy Ann Foster, married November, 1869, to Joseph Sexton. Their children: Charles E., born January 14th, 1871; Harrie Eugene, born February 17th 1872; Lottie F., born February 25th, 1873; Mariett C., born May 25th, 1874; Howard W., born November 6th, 1875; Evelyn Rose, born October 6th, 1876; Edna Laura, born April 10th, 1878; Joseph Foster, born December 25th, 1879; Ernest Cheney, born February 13th, 1881; Walter R., born January 12th, 1883; Horace Arthur, born September 25th, 1885; Lucy Alice, born September 11th, 1888.

Page 1013—Fred Foster married Nellie Nickles. Their children: J. Dale, Roxanna, Harold, Stella, Nora, Eloise. Second Wife, Mrs. Stella Olmsted Canham his cousin.

Page 1013—Frank Foster, married Maud Faulding. Their children: Burt, Cecil, Ruth.

Biographical

Giles Foster was the son of Timothy Foster, a Puritan who could trace his descent back generations to Lord Foster of Suffolkshire, England. "Grandfer Tim," who died in 1814, aged 96, served in the French and Indian wars in New England before the Revolution, and also through the Revolutionary war; a man of nerve and courage. When a young man a skulking Indian killed his brother while he was feeding the cattle in the barnyard. "Granfer Tim" said "Blood!" (a favorite expression). "I took my gun and followed that Indian till I saw a bullet-hole through him." On an expedition to the north in winter, the company to which he belonged were reduced to starvation, eating their dogs, horses, and even leather, at the same time suffering from extreme cold. An old friend and neighbor of "Granfer Tim" gave out and declared he would go no further, and sat down to die. "Blood!" said Grandfer, "I cut me a handful of switches and went at him and warmed his jacket for him till his blood boiled." His friend in after years often thanked him for saving his life.

In the Revolutionary war the common soldiers often suffered for food. One day Grandfer Tim was passing an oven where bread was baked for officers. The baker set his loaves on a table and turned to his oven. The temptation was too great for a hungry man, and seizing a loaf Grandfer Tim tucked it under his coat, and kept on his way. Presently a guard overhauled him and asked if he had seen a man with a loaf of bread? The reply was, yes, just gone along; pull on, you dog, and you'll catch him. "Blood!" said the old man, "the bread burnt like thunder, but I got away with it."

The old man was pious and devout as well as patriotic. On one occasion, our father, then a boy, was staying with his grandfather. The old gentleman was engaged in family prayer when a hog got into the woodshed and turned over the swill-tub. He called out, "Isaac, drive out that devilish old sow you have, son," and went on with his prayer. About 1800, Giles Foster removed from Connecticut to New York, Black River country and took Grandfer Tim with him, an active old man. The Indians, although friendly, were very troublesome. One day a drunken Indian came in and lay down on the hearth where the women were cooking. Father, then a young man, came in and ordered him to get up. "Me

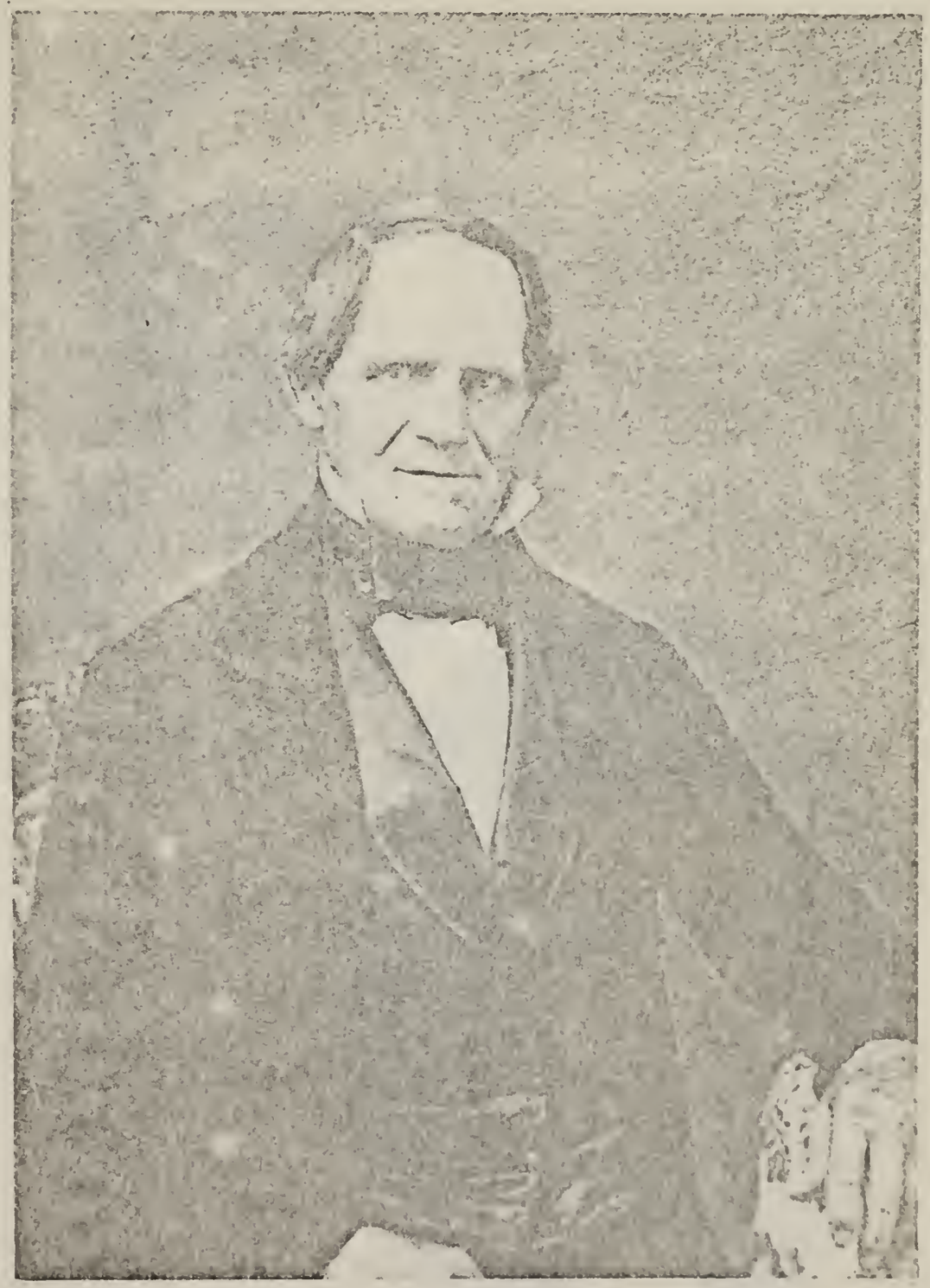
kill you," was the only reply. Father seized him and as he went out of the door, caught a rawhide and gave him a whipping. Grandfer Tim hearing the row came out and commenced belaboring him with his cane. When reminded of his age and advised to keep clear he exclaimed, "Blood! I never saw that Indian yet I was afraid of!" When eighty years old he would handle a vicious colt by seizing it by the hamstring crying: "Blood, now kick!" the horse standing and trembling. He would also cross the room by laying hold of the joist and going hand over hand suspended. Such was the strength and endurance of an octogenarian.

Giles Foster, our grandfather, was also in the Revolutionary war. When 16 years old he was in the service of an officer, for which he received a pension until his death, which occurred in 1843, at an advanced age of seventy-six.

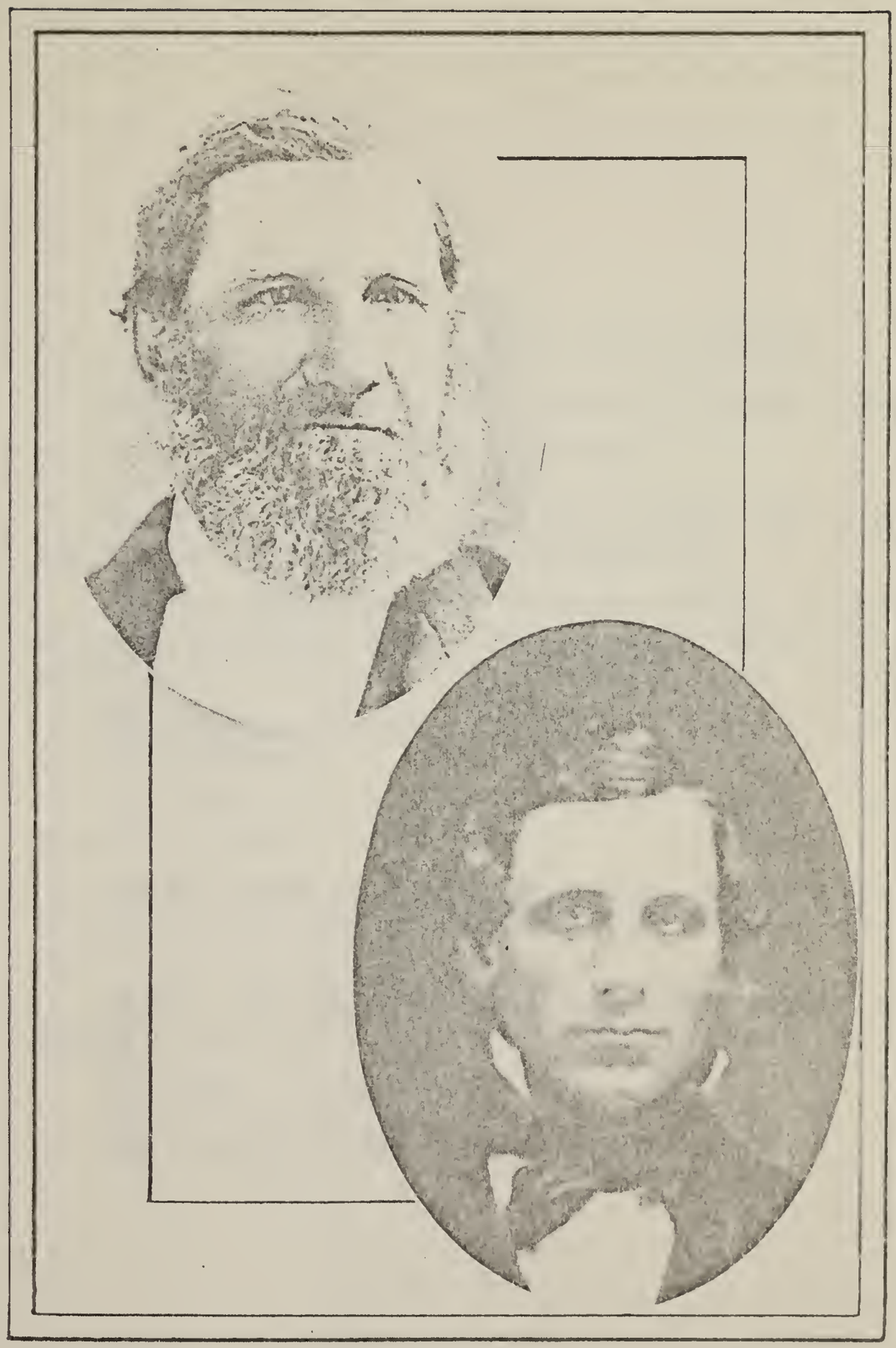
Isaac Foster received an education at Lowville Academy, and studied law intending to follow the profession, but in the war of 1812 he engaged in merchandise in Sackett's Harbor. While occupied with his own affairs with a team, he was impressed into the United States service for a time, for which he was entitled to a pension, but never prosecuted his claim. In 1812 he married Grace Parsons, daughter of the Rev. Stephen Parsons, founder of many of the Baptist churches of New York; also a Revolutionary soldier. By this marriage there were seven children, five of whom survived him. For some time after his marriage, being an expert penman, he taught writing school, practiced law, and engaged in other business. Among other things he owned a distillery for the manufacture of whiskey, but early becoming convinced of the iniquity of the business he abandoned it, together with the use of tobacco, and the remainder of his life was teetotally temperate; was president of the first temperance society in the county where he lived—Lewis county, New York. About 1825 he was converted, and at once gave up his law business to become a preacher of the gospel. He was also a co-laborer with Garrett Smith, Arthur Tappan, and William Lloyd Garrison in the anti-slavery cause. For several years he was settled as pastor of the Presbyterian church in Leyden, New York, and also supplied other churches. In 1837 he accepted a commission from the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions as a missionary to Illinois. Chicago was then a city of 500 inhabitants. He settled in Plainfield, about thirty-five miles south of Chicago. After some years he gave up his commission and engaged in farming. In 1849 he crossed the

continent with an ox team, returning home next year by water. In 1852 he recrossed with his family, employing horse and mule teams, and settled for life in San Jose, Cal., where he was for some years City Judge in place of a Mayor. He and his wife were members of the first Presbyterian church. His wife died in San Jose, August 12th, 1859, of dropsy. He also died of dropsy, in San Francisco, at the residence of his daughter Mrs. Cummings, July 6th, 1868, in the 78th year of his age. They are buried in Oak Hill Cemetery, San Jose. Their memorial is in the hearts of their children. "Requiescat in pace."

JULIET FOSTER OLMSTED.



Judge Isaac Foster
Pioneer, 1849



Pioneers of 1849

Isaac Giles Fost

Vincent Foster

Sons of Judge Isaac Foster

A Journal of the Route to Alta California

Performed by the Rev. Isaac Foster, of Plainfield, Ills.

(Written by Himself)

March 26, 1849—Left home and friends, with a heavy heart; made 10 miles, put up with friend W.

Tuesday, 27th—Made 11 miles and stayed at Lisbon. 28th—Made 15 miles. 29th—Passed Ottawa; fell in with, and passed about 30 wagons, California bound; made 15 miles.

30th—Passed through Peru; made 11 miles; hay scarce; corn 20c per bushel.

31st—Made 15 miles; put up for the Sabbath with Mr. Briant Princeton.

Sunday, April 1st—Attended church and heard Brother Lovejoy preach; this is a thriving little town of about 50 houses, court house, etc.

Monday, 2d—Made 22 miles; stopped at Osceola; a few houses.

3d—Made 3 miles; rainy; wrote home.

4th—Lay by all day; rain.

LETTER

From Isaac Foster To His Wife and Children

Elmira, Stark County, (Ill.,) 4th April, 1849.

Dear Wife and Children:—

Knowing your anxiety for us I take this opportunity to write. We laid over on account of the rain and about 120 miles from home. We are all well and in fine spirits. We found the road for the most part after the two first days, good. Hay on some parts of the way difficult to be obtained. Corn plenty. Our team performs well. Cows give too much milk for their own good. We have let them follow in the yoke and they are very little trouble.

There are a great many teams California bound and none better than ours. We are very fortunate in the selection of our cattle as they all prove good travelers. We hear all manner of reports from those that are ahead of us, such as the starvation of their teams, the high price of provisions. The multitude at the starting points is very large, but those that, like Gideon's men, cannot lie down and lap like a dog are turning back.

Some companies have started from St. Joseph and Independence. We propose to loiter along the road to St. Joseph until the feed is good and then push on to the plains. The grass will soon supply the teams with the aid of a little grain.

Isaac says tell his wife he doesn't want to come home until he has been to California. As for Doct. he cares for nothing, only give him enough to eat, and his rifle and a chance at game. He usually sleeps with me in the tent or barns and gets somewhat excited and jumps up in his sleep and I have to pull him back.

There are three teams that travel with us, Burrell & Co., Owens from Ausable. We pass a great many and many pass us. We shall pass through Galesburgh in about two days. I think I shall call on William Ferris. The present prospect is that the multitudes that are on the frontier will be two weeks out of our way so that we shall have the better chance to pull through the whole route.

Don't give yourselves any uneasiness about me as I have not felt so healthy for the last six months as since I left home. I have no doubt I shall go it as well as most of them.

I shall write again soon, probably from St. Joseph. Give us your prayers as you shall always have mine. God be with us all.

Yours ever more,
Isaac Foster.

5th—Made 14 miles, put up with a Congregational brother; shaven rather bad.

6th—Made 14 miles; bad going on account of mud.

7th—Made 18 miles; put up with my old friend Wm. M. Ferris, Galesburg.

8th—Sabbath; attended church; heard Brother Blanchard preach. This is a fine thriving town, had an excellent visit with Brother Ferris, and Jacob Martin.

Monday, 9th—Left my old friends in tears. Brother Ferris went on seven miles, and was loth to leave me, anyhow. God bless his warm and friendly heart; made 14 miles.

10th—Made 12 miles over a very wet, flat prairie; staid near Monmouth, county seat of Warren county.

11th—Made 15 miles; country wet; people poor.

12th—Made 13 miles; rain.

13th—Made 15 miles; camped on the bank of the Mississippi, in Hancock county, city of Pontoosue.

14th—Crossed the Mississippi at Fort Madison, made 5 miles; this is a fine flourishing town, of about 100 houses, a number of stores, steam ferry for $1.75.

15th—Sunday; lay over.

LETTER

From Isaac Foster to His Wife and Children

Madison, Iowa, Sunday, April 15th, 1849.

Dear Family:—

We arrived here last evening, crossing the great Mother of Waters yesterday. We are all in good health and spirits. We have made but about sixty-five miles the first week owing to the wet weather and worse roads.

Very little hay for the last few days; plenty of corn at about fifteen cents per bushel. We feed the team three bushels per day and they are in good condition. We find no better team on the road than ours. We have fallen in with some

sixty California teams, and met a number turning back and expect and hope to meet hundreds more yet.

From the best information we are of the opinion that not one-quarter of those at the starting points can go through this season. Such another rush was never made for any object where the obstacles to be overcome were so great.

The St. Louis paper of yesterday says there are twenty steamboats in a day leaving St. Louis for the starting points on the Missouri with passengers and their supplies for the Overland Route. It is said by those returning that the trains at St. Joseph number five miles square and number thirty thousand, making ninety thousand yoke of oxen and as many men.

A great many of the cattle are wholly used up and many are weak and dying. Those that went on in the winter could not get any feed for their teams at any price at the Missouri, consequently their trains are unfit to go at any rate.

We intend to go to St. Joseph whether we go any farther or not. The distance from here is about two hundred miles. It will probably take from two to three weeks. The only hope of our going through to California this season is that the multitude in view of the obstacles will turn back and give us a better chance as our teams will be in good condition, we hope, when we get to St. Joseph.

When we get to St. Joseph if there is a reasonable hope of getting through we shall try it. If not we shall be obliged to give it up for the present. We have not filled up our supplies yet but shall defer it until we get to St. Joseph as it is said we can get them there as cheap as at St. Louis. The country we have traveled through the last hundred miles is not as good as it is around home and the people poor, living almost entirely on "hog and hominy," the houses poor and open.

No part of the world that I have seen are the people less large, dirty, ignorant creatures. The dress of the women and girls is generally a pale red flannel made out of three yards of cloth cut so as to show all the shape from the neck down, even the navel.

One thing I admire, because natural, their full waist. This town is on the west bank of the Mississippi; is a fine town, somewhat larger than Lockport, built handsomely of brick on a high bank with a high bluff in the rear.

And now I suppose you want to know how I feel and how I enjoy the tramp. As for my health it has not been as good for the same length of time for the last six months as since I left home. The boys are half starved and want to eat nearly all the time, Doc. especially. I feel deeply affected in view of leaving my family that are behind. The thought that we may not meet again in this world is distressing yet I have faith in God that He will guide us by His counsel, as I have committed it all to Him.

He has said "Trust Him in all thy ways and He will guide thee in all thy paths." You are the subject of my prayers always and I hope you each and all of you "pray without ceasing" and pray for us. I know you feel deeply for me. The expression that I heard Mariett make the morning I left has so affected me as to bring tears from eyes and even now: "My poor old father."

Don't you sorrow for me. Though your love and sympathy does me good when I think that my affection for those I have left behind is reciprocated. I meant to have hugged Arthur once more in Plainfield but he slipped away before I knew it. I suppose he felt it so bad he could not stand it. O, Arthur, be a good boy. And be kind to your dear mother and remember your dear father feels deeply for you and though he may never see you again he will not forget to pray for you that you may grow to be a Christian and a comfort to those around you.

I saw a woman about Juliet's age with five little children about the age of hers emigrating to California a day or two since. I asked her if she did not feel it to be too great an undertaking, but she said: "No, there are many whole familes along." I pity some of them. There are many with a miserable outfit.

I shall endeavor to write again from St. Joseph and keep you advised of matters and things as long as I have opportunity. When you get this write immediately and direct to St. Joseph, Missouri, as we shall probably not leave there before the 10th May.

My dear wife and all. Yours affectionately forever,
I. Foster

(This letter addressed to Mrs. Rev. Isaac Foster, Plainfield. Will County, Illinois.)

16th—Made 16 miles; passed through Westpoint, country good.

17th—Made 17 miles and crossed the Des Moines river, a stream of 250 yards in width, navigable for small steam boats; a rope ferry fare, 55 cents; nothing to recommend this little place save a few stores, groggeries, fighting, etc.

18th—Made 11 miles; poor broken country.

19th—Made 15 miles through Davis county, on the Mormon trail leading to Council Bluffs, and I made up my mind that it was better to strike that point than St. Joseph.

21st—Made 14 miles; run out of civilization, and pretty much out of settlements; corn getting high.

Sunday, 22d—Laid over and turned out our teams to grass, which in the ravines is getting passable; this is a very broken country, and the people are miserably ignorant, heathenish and poor, living on hog and hominy.

Monday, 23d—Made 17 miles crossing the head of Soap Creek; camped at the left near a point of timber, on water running into Soap Creek.

24th—Made 16 miles; country rising W. N. W.

Wed., 25th—Made 20 miles; found feed fair in ravines.

Th., 26th—Made 22 miles; passed only one house; 22 miles for neighbor east, and 12 west; found an old lady about 60 years old with a little grandson; man not at home; had some conversation with her; inquired as to the object of their coming into this country so far from all society privileges, etc., to which she replied, that they "were well off, with plenty of this world's goods, but wanted room for children and grand-children around them, and here they found it." Passed the grave of an adult, by the side of the road.

Friday, 27th—Made 22 miles; crossed the White Breast within a few miles of its head.

Sat., 28th—Made 22 miles; camped on the head of one of the east hand forks of Grand river, running into the Missouri river, having reached the height of ground between the Mississippi river and the Missouri river.

Sunday, 29th—Laid over; feed rather poor.

Monday, 30th—Made 15 miles passing Pisgah, a settlement of Mormons of some 800; 100 families; a miserable collection of the lower caste of semi-civilization; passed a stream about 30 yards wide and camped on prairie.

Tuesday, May 1st—Made 17 miles; passed stream 25 yards; country very rolling.

2nd—Made 15 miles.

3rd—Made 17 miles; passed one house; moved in this spring, commencing anew; the woman appeared highly elated at the prospect of a flourishing settlement, though not a neighbor within 40 miles east and 30 west.

May 4th—Made 24 miles; camped on the Nodaway; 30 yards wide, here is a ferry kept by a Mormon, having a small scow, having cut the bridge loose to the flood, it was said, for the purpose of shoving the emigrants to California in the ferry, which he did to a demonstration, charging 50 cents for a wagon and 10 cents per head for oxen; the proposal to swim the oxen was adopted much to his chagrin.

Sat., May 5th—Ferried over the wagon and swam the cattle; went on half a mile; came to Indian Creek, about 10 yards wide and 15 feet deep; bridge gone down stream a piece; hindered most of the day making a bridge; around this stream a few years since there was a camp or lodge of 1,500 Indians; I visited the cemetery, there are a large number of graves in the Indian style, sitting up in a hole three or four feet deep, with their clothes on; most of them had been torn open and mutilated; encamped on prairie.

Sunday, 6th—Not having wood, and the company ahead, felt it our duty in view of having to ferry the next stream of note on a raft, to travel, it being the first time since starting; made 22 miles, came up to the stream just in time to pass over a large stream 40 yards wide; found a company of 25 Indians and squaws; Winebago tribe; a dirty, filthy concern; yet such was the amativeness of some of the train boys that they were glad to hug even a lousey squaw, or as they called it, otter hunting.

Monday, 7th—Made 12 miles; had another considerable stream to bridge, thirty yards wide, called Silver Creek.

Tuesday, 8th—Arrived at Kanesville, the first point of the Missouri river; among the bluffs; made 18 miles. I was much surprised and disappointed, in view of the country around the bluffs; it appears for some 50 or 60 miles on the river up and down as though the tableland had been scooped out by an enormous large spoon, and turned over, by the side of the hole in a pile one or two hundred feet high, presenting one of the grandest landscapes in nature; here in all these deep and intricate windings are located herds of Mormons, who bring forth their young in the most prolific manner; they show their weakness of intellect by their location, and manner of living; there are thousands of them lodged in these hills;

spent a week in organizing and getting over the river, preparatory to starting on the plains; became considerably acquainted with Mormonism, and formed the conviction that the foundation of the whole system is their licentiousness. They boast of the spiritual wife system, and justify in their church as many wives to a man as he can support, and many of them have from 3 to 10, and as many concubines as they can get: and among all the multitude that I saw of the women and girls that have arrived at the age of puberty, but what have a show.

LETTER

Isaac Foster to Family From Iowa

Council Bluffs, 9th May, 1849.

Dear Wife and Children:—

We arrived here yesterday in first rate health and as good spirits as can be expected considering we are separated so far from all the friends we hold dear. With the long, dreary journey lying before us and the uncertainty of life and consequently the uncertainty of beholding you again, yet I see nothing discouraging more than usual before us.

The last time I wrote was from Fort Madison on the Mississippi 15th April. I then thought we should go by the way of St. Joseph but as we progressed on west we learned that by coming to this point we should probably gain 150 miles on our main journey and probably come in ahead of the St. Joseph teams at the junction of the two routes eight hundred miles from this place, about ten days before them with all the advantage of feed through the difficult passes of the mountains.

These and many other reasons induced us to come this way. We have found feed somewhat scarce, but our cattle are nearly as good condition as when we left home. We have sold the grisly cow for fifteen dollars, finding that one was all that we wanted.

The distance from home to this place from my journal appears to be just six hundred miles. We have been six weeks and two days in performing it with no accidents or loss. We have been separated from Burrill and Sanborn and company

a week at a time on the road, they falling in the rear, having more load than we.

They came, however, yesterday at Kanesville, the headquarters of Mormonism for this side of the continent. They have to be detained a day or two for the grinding of their wheat. We have got our provisions all on board our wagon and are up six miles above Kanesville at the ferry and shall probably be ferried over tomorrow to the west side.

I had to pay five dollars per hundred for flour and ten dollars per hundred for bacon. Other things are plenty and as cheap as at home. I have purchased calicoes sufficient to buy two Indian horses on the route, bridle to ride, etc.

I have something over 300 pounds of provisions to a man, which is all that is thought advisable to start with by those that have been through, it being expedient to favor the team much as possible. It is expected that the train will ordinarily reach the Valley of the Sacramento in about one hundred and twenty days.

There are here about 100 teams that will move off in two squads of about fifty each until we get beyond all danger from assault from Indians and then divide the squads to about twenty-five teams. It is wonderful to see how the emigrants associate together. We have passed the most picturesque country for the past three hundred miles that I have ever seen, the most rolling country I have ever seen, well watered, very little timber and that of the poorest kind.

We followed the Mormon trails from the Des Moines river to the Bluffs, 200 miles of the route on a ridge without scarcely a stream of any kind crossing our path and plenty on our right hand and left near by. Then we crossed the stream and hills right up and right down with pretty large streams varying from six to ten miles apart.

Many of them we forded, many we bridged, and some we made rafts and ferried. It is considered that we have got over the worst part of our route with the exception of the space of scarce feed in the mountains. The way from here to the mountains is said to be first rate, 800 miles with best of feed. By that time I intend to have two good Indian horses to go the rest of the way so if our cattle fail we will pack our ponies to put through the best way we can.

But if we come in ahead of the southern train we shall find plenty of feed all the way through. There are about 100 teams that came up our route and turned off for Fort Kearny

about forty miles below here and go the south side of the Platte. It is said there are 15,000 teams at St. Jo and Independence with some cholera but no one knows anything here but what he sees. Some of the mule trains have left. Report was two days ago that the Indians had robbed a train of mules with 500 men of all, even to their wagon covers but it turned out yesterday that they had only stolen a cow, so you may expect to hear all sorts of reports from us.

The boys say they are bound to see the gold dust before they return. They are in good spirits. I tell Isaac I am afraid we shall have to leave him before we get to California. He will get so fat that he cannot get along. As for my part I have not been so rugged for eight years as now. I can eat milk three times a day without hurting me and travel all day without being tired at night and go to bed and sleep sound and get up in the morning without the headache or gaping. Isaac says he has nothing especial to write but what I have written.

I hope you get along well in peace, love and harmony and do your duty to God and one another. Pray for yourselves and for us that our lot may be blessed in this and the other world. I shall never forget you at the mercy seat.

Our love to all the dear little ones and tell them Grandpa thinks of them every day. To Arthur I would say I expect to see you, when I see you again, a fine young man. We shall be among the buffalo bulls in about a week or two and then for rare sport. You will have another letter the first opportunity.

Yours forever,

Isaac Foster.

Wed., May 16, 1849—Left the bluffs in a train of 64 wagons; 191 men, 10 women, and 10 children, called the Iowa Company of California Emigrants; Joseph M. Knight, captain; Mr. Bostwick, lieutenant; Mr. Haman, guide; Dr. M. Mellin, secretary. Made 5 miles, and camped near timber and water on the left.

Thursday, 17th—At 13 miles, passed a stream one rod wide, deep banks, but well bridged; made 22 miles; camped on the banks of Elk Horn; found 3 land pirates in possession of a raft made by a company of Californians who preceded us 4 days, who demanded of us $1 per wagon for ferrying.

Friday, 18th—Took possession of the raft, and made considerable addition to it, and passed over the teams, and made up a purse of $10, and gave it to the man who claimed the

raft, and told him to be off; he made threats of revenge by setting off the Indians, there being a number collected here; stream 9 rods wide, from 4 to 6 feet deep.

Saturday, 19th—Made 13 miles on the Platte bottom, which commences at the Elk Horn and extends 10 or 12 miles wide, which overflows frequently during high water in the spring, but which is as rich alluvial a bottom, probably, as can be found in the west; ordinarily dry enough for tillable purposes, but no timber except occasionally cottonwood on the skirt of the river. The country for a few miles east of the Horn is high, beautiful prairie, with burr oak on the streams. Here on the bluffs of the Platte, looking like a lake, 12 miles off and the surrounding country presenting a most enchanting prospect. The whole country is far better than that found on the east side of the Missouri river; came up to about 400 wickoffs or tents of Pawnee Indians, numbering probably about 1000 of all ages, both sexes; appeared quite friendly, but very intrusive, until a foolish brave, for some trivial affair, drew his knife and ran an Indian out of camp; that together with a great parade of men and discharge of guns, they took for a challenge, and made an assault on a couple of men, as they were returning from water, which terribly frightened them and threw consternation into camp; many feared an attack but we called the chief and braves into camp and made them some presents, and pacified them as well as we could, but I presume there was many a sleepless eye in camp that night.

Sunday, 20th—Thought it prudent to move on to get rid of the Indians; made 12 miles; camped on the Platte opposite an Island, covered with cottonwood; a large body of Indians followed us up during the day, begging tobacco, food, ammunition, etc., many giving some through pity and others fear; I have no doubt but any company of emigrants may pass through without molestation, if they give no provocation, but they are a high-minded race, and do not like to be insulted, especially on their own ground.

Monday, May 21st—Made 9 miles and broke down a wagon while crossing a small creek, and was detained until the next day unnecessarily I think, to repair it, as the load might have been carried on the other wagon; it proposed to take on the load to the next camp 12 miles, and it could have been ready, (so said the wagon maker) in the morning to go on without hindrance, but the powers that be decided otherwise; thus time passes without progress.

Tuesday, 22nd—Made 23 miles and camped on the bank of the Loup fork, near where there was two or three years since a Pawnee trading post; in the timber at the left saw several elk, and the hunters killed two deer; a splendid country but no timber, except along the Platte; distance from Council Bluffs to Loup fork, 86 miles.

Wednesday, 23rd—Passed a small stream about one rod wide, called Looking Glass creek, 9¼ miles up the Loup fork; passed on 6½ miles farther and crossed Beaver river, 25 feet wide and 2 feet deep, a good ford, encamped on west bank; lat., 41 degrees 25'; long., 25 degrees 15'; plenty of wood; made 18 miles.

Thursday, 24th—Crossed Plum creek, 6¾ miles; altitude 1090 feet above the ocean; here was formerly an old Pawnee Mission, but burned down by the Sioux; large corn field; no timber but cottonwood; on the Loup fork, 2½ miles, 12 feet wide, small chance for timber; at 2 miles came to the grand Pawnee village, formerly the residence of Pawnee and Tappas bands, burned by the Sioux in 1846; the ruins show a deal of Indian skill and labor, some of the lodges being more than 100 feet in circumference, being built in circular form, made of cedar poles and posts and covered wth coarse grass and sods; many of their places of deposit are holes in the ground in the shape of a bottle, many times one below another to the depth of 16 feet; a little below this place the Mormons crossed the Loup in '47, the ford is rather difficult; about 1½ miles crossed Cedar creek 40 yards wide, good ford; some red cedar along up the stream; made 23 miles and camped on the site of an old Pawnee village; no wood or timber this side of the river.

Friday, 25th—Made 7 miles and came to the ford of Loup fork; weather rainy, exceedingly cold; high wind; thought it impracticable to cross at the present; here we found a new-made grave, where was deposited the remains of one of the California emigrants that was killed here by the Indians on the 22nd instant, only 3 days since; the facts as taken from a writing left by the secretary of the company to which he belonged were as follows: "That while encamped here on the 22nd inst., a party of about 100 Indians appeared on the opposite bank of the river on horseback and immediately plunged into the stream and came over into the camp; the chief approached and shook hands, professed great friendship, began to beg as usual and then passed off up the river, where finding three of the emigrants looking out a suitable place to ford, the willows hiding them from the rest of their brethren;

the Indians begged of the first man they found who gave them his handkerchief; the second they killed and took his rifle, pistol and money; whilst the third, who witnessed the scene, hid himself and fled to the camp, with the sad news; the Indians fled." The man killed was interred on a mound near the river; his name was H. Rowe, from Plattville, Grant county, Wisconsin; many of the men in our own company were acquainted with him, and say he was a man of respectability; we feel it a solemn admonition to be on our guard at all times against these troublesome marauders.

Saturday, 26th—Lay over in camp; weather exceedingly cold and rainy; waded the Loup fork to find a place to ford for hours; found the bottom quicksand, the usual place of crossing not practicable; this is a difficult stream to cross; it is about 80 rods wide, full of quicksand, changing its current frequently, so that new places for fording have to be sought out by every party crossing.

Sunday, 27th—Passed up the river about two miles; entered the stream, passed half way directly across and then followed a sand bar down the center of the stream about one mile before we could find it fordable to the west bank. Sixty-four teams passed over by doubling before noon; here our old companions, Sanborn, Burrell & Co., came up and followed us directly over the river; they had been absent behind about two weeks; they were in a small band of twelve wagons, too weak for this Indian country.

We left our company of sixty-four wagons and joined them, as did four other wagons. So we are now traveling with seventeen wagons, fifty-two men strong. Enough, under God, we trust, to take care of ourselves. I think this company about large enough, as they will make greater progress than larger bodies. This little band is called "The Union." Mr. Brown, Captain. Made 5 miles.

Monday, 28th—Passed over a rather sandy road; saw prickly pears growing; many antelope and species of lizard or viper, very numerous, run very swiftly, said to be poisonous; made 19 miles; camped on the prairie; neither wood nor water fit for use; lower end of Grand Island, mouth of Wood river.

Tuesday, 29th—Crossed Wood river, 2 rods wide, 1½ feet deep; wood on its bank; made 22½ miles; encamped on the bank of the Platte, opposite Grand Island. The country on the upland is dry, and produces but little grass; on the bottoms there is plenty.

Wednesday, 30th—Morning rainy; got under way about 9 o'clock; passed on about seven miles; traveling heavy and wet; came to city of so-called prairie dogs covering the space of a square mile. The men killed several. They are a species of ground squirrel, living on herbage as could be seen by the scarcity of feed around them. Their holes are very numerous, and appeared to have communication with each other underground, as the boys attempted to drown them out, and poured nearly 100 buckets of water into one hole to no purpose; prairie flat and level; made 14 miles and turned out before night, to the dissatisfaction of most of the company, the Captain being interested in two heavily loaded wagons, too heavy for teams or wagons either; so that they cannot make the necessary progress; it is a matter of surprise that a rational man should think of hauling 30 hundred on a common wagon, as no wagon can get along with facility with more than 20 hundred, let the team be what it may. The wheels cut through the turf in soft ground, and it is known that breaking prairie ground with wagon wheels is hard business.

Thursday, 31st—Weather rainy; passed over a low, flat prairie, through several dog cities, some of them several miles in extent; they connect the squirrel with the woodchuck; encamped on a low bench; ponds on the left; plenty of buffalo grass, a species of bluegrass of which cattle are very fond; the country generally on the Platte bottom is a great grass country; made 25 miles; are opposite head of Grand Island.

Friday, June 1st, 1849—Passed 3½ miles a deep dry creek; no timber; 1¼ miles more slough on south side of the road; willows and plenty of grass; 4¼ miles further a deep creek opposite the bank of Grand Island; this Island is about 50 miles long, the W. S. have a fort on it to regulate the Grand Pawnee Indians; 218 miles from the Missouri river; encamped, having made 25 miles.

Saturday, 2nd—Passed on 3 miles to Ash creek; water but not running; road leaves the river near timber; 6¾ miles; a good camping place; Buffalo creek south of road; ran up the creek 3 miles and crossed; road runs near the river for 7 miles; camped near river; good place to camp, wood and grass; passed Willow Lake, south of road 7½ miles; near river 2½ miles farther, deep dry creek; here we overtook our old company from whom we have been absent about one week, having fallen back into the company of Sanborn, Burrell & Co., for a visit not liking the band with whom we are traveling as well as our old company; left them this evening; trav-

eled 8 miles and overhauled the train about 8 o'clock p. m.; made 29 miles.

Sunday, June 3rd—Made 17 miles; encamped on Skunk creek, a small stream making from the sand bluffs through which we have traveled; during the day the hunters have killed 6 buffalo, driving an old bull up to the train and many braves had the pleasure of shooting a buffalo bull. he received nearly 50 bullets before he fell.

Monday, June 4th—Made 20 miles and encamped near the river, at the last wood for 200 miles to come.

Tuesday, June 5th—Made 14 miles; the first 8 miles a wet prairie; crossed two considerable creeks in the afternoon; made 6 miles on the bank of the river; roads good; and camped on the Bluff fork; we passed about 20 miles back the junction of the south fork, on the opposite side of the river, below which we saw some 300 teams coming up from Fort Leavenworth, St. Joseph; some of the boys waded the river and had a correspondence with them, and were informed that the train from Independence had not come up; learned that the cholera was among them, and that there are about 500 teams ahead of them; saw 5 teams going down on south side, supposed to be from Laramie. The mail for Salt Lake overtook us about 30 miles back and camped with us two nights. Accompanying it was Mr. Abner Claff, my old friend and neighbor in Illinois, bound for California on pack mules. Buffalo, elk and antelope are so plentiful that they come around our cattle while herding, without much fear; the Platte river is from one to one and a half miles in width, and so full of quicksand that you cannot see the bottom, although from a few inches to 3 feet deep, full of sandbars and Islands.

Wednesday, June 6th—Traveled over sandy bluffs during the day a short distance back from the river; buffalos very numerous; can approach within a few yards of them; antelope are very plentiful, they appear all around us, and are the connecting link between the common deer and the goat; their flesh is very delicious food. For several miles over the sand are seen the most beautiful and active of the lizard reptile, a species of viper running in every direction, apparently harmless. A heavy rain fell during the night and today were several showers, making traveling very unpleasant; at our camp last evening, found a dead Indian horse with a lot of Indian fixtures, such as moccasins, lassos, etc.; the horse appeared to have been killed by a couple of strokes from a cutlass across the back; conjectures were that the dragoons had crossed the river and chastised the Indians for some miscon-

duct, as they (the dragoons) were in sight during the day; today on the south side, signs of Indians found but none seen; we are traveling in sight of hundreds of teams on the opposite side of the river, which is only about 400 yards in width; some of our men have waded the river this evening; made 19 miles.

Thursday, June 7th—Country mostly as heretofore, with the exceptions of narrower bottoms and many cold springs of water rising from the sandy bluffs; buffalo, elk and other game plenty; camped on bank of river opposite the cedar bluffs on the south side; hundreds of teams in sight on south side of river, some of our men waded the river to them and learned that there were from 3 to 5000 teams ahead, some two weeks, but mostly within 15 miles; the news produced considerable excitement; made 20 miles.

Friday, June 8th—Passed several creeks of pure water and some heavy sand hills; the grass among the hills is extremely rich and the buffalo and other animals at this time of the year are mostly to be found among them; many dead buffalo are seen all over the prairie, wantonly destroyed by emigrants for sport; the atmosphere among the sand hills is odoriferous from the amount of lemon balm growing on the sands; wild roses send forth a rich perfume on the bottoms; the river is about ¾ of a mile in width; have made 20 miles; encamped near the river by the lone tree; 66 miles.

Saturday, June 9th 378 miles from winter quarters or Council Bluffs; the country for several miles has been more sterile, the sand more coarse, the bluffs becoming more rocky, the bluffs on the south side of the river more bold and prominent; at 5 miles passed Castle creek, 6 rods wide, 2 feet deep, quicksand; Castle bluffs on the south side of the river present a great natural curiosity, resembling an ancient castle; the company here broke up into 3 parts, after much altercation, it being found difficult to make the desired progress, I fell in with the company that wished to travel faster and although in the rear in morning, we gained the front before night, and when we encamped for the night we were about 7 miles in advance; company contains 17 wagons, it being as many as is desirable to travel with in any part of the route to California; discovered some large bones petrified near the bluffs; a hip socket bone, the knuckle being about 8 inches in diameter; saw a great many large white wolves; also large rattlesnakes; made 25 miles.

Sunday, 10th—Large trains of teams on south side of river; passed about 300 of them; some yesterday morning;

one of our men who went over and returned to-day; reports the cholera among them; have seen no sickness of note on our side; we learned that there were about 3700 ahead of us; are at Crab creek, 20 feet wide; encamped at the ancient bluff ruins, the most magnificient piles of rocks I have yet seen, resembling the most splendid bulwarks or fortifications; there are a group of stupendous breastworks or separate piles of rocks looking like works of art on an extended scale from 50 to 200 feet in height, mostly in a perpendicular form, one of them standing nearly in the center; the highest and largest containing an area on top of about 2 acres of flat rock with here and there a tree of red cedar growing out of the fissures of the rock, one of them having an eagle's nest in its branches from which was taken a young eagle; it is situated about one mile from the river on the west side, in latitude 41° 33′ 3″ N.; the stone is a kind of clay stone; the ascent is by a zigzag stair case. From the summit we have a view of chimney rock 40 miles west; the whole country around presents a very singular and picturesque appearance; roads generally good; made 20 miles.

Monday, June 11th—The country much the same as yesterday; the bluffs present the appearance of dilapidated castles and Egyptian pyramids; last evening and indeed for several evenings past we have had some of the most awful and sublime thunder and lightning, accompanied with torrents of rain, that I ever witnessed in any part of the world; encamped near a large sandy bluff about 100 feet high; made 20 miles.

Tuesday, 12th—Rainy; passed on opposite the Chimney rock on south side of river; one of the greatest natural curiosities I have yet seen, it resembles a large pyramid or castle with a dome in the middle.

It looks like a large building with a tall chimney at the distance of 44 miles; the surface of the earth for several days has been so covered with alkali, as to make it dangerous for our cattle to drink the water; mosquitos are very troublesome; prickly pears and wild sage are becoming abundant; mountain moss is also in many places very abundant; made 19 miles.

Wednesday, 13 June, 1849—Made about 10 miles; halted for noon opposite Scotch bluffs, Stone river; a splendid pile of bluffs, probably nearly 400 feet in height, standing in an isolated position; the various views presented as we passed along our route were of large castles with their attendant of-

fices, chapels, etc., magnificently grand, beyond any of of the puny works of mortal man; the whole might cover an area of 100 acres; from the base upward for 200 feet it is steep beyond the power of ascent, and on the N. W. side is beautifully studded with red cedar trees and grass in a beautiful concave form, for about half way to its summit; the distance from these, say 200 feet to the top is perpendicular with a cupola on the top with green cedar growing on its brow; the mountains begin to appear majestic on either side of the river, varying in height from the margin of the river for the distance of 20 miles; the soil becomes more gravelly and sterile; large wolves are numerous, and some panthers; the valley of the Platte for 200 miles presents the aspect of the vicinity of a slaughter yard; dotted all over with the skeletons of buffalos; such waste of the creatures that God has made for man seems wicked, but every emigrant seemed to wish to signalize himself by killing a buffalo; made 23 miles.

Thursday, 14 June—The country grows more barren and sandy; prickly pears so thick as to make it troublesome for even the feet of our cattle; wild sage abounds; encamped in sight of Laramie peak; made 23 miles; Vincent killed an antelope.

Friday, 15th—Arrived at the river near fort Laramie, and found the train before us had passed on the 12th; also the U. S. mail; one man was drowned, they advised us not to attempt to swim the river, which is 200 yards in width; made 17 miles; saw an Indian; young one, in the top of a tree, buried, being wrapped in a blanket and skin.

Saturday, 16th—Crossed the Platte over to Fort Laramie; which is situated in the forks on the south or Laramie fork about 1½ miles from the junction; it is handsomely situated; the fort is built of adobe brick, enclosing about an acre; there seems to be about 50 persons residing here, and seem to be doing a good businss; here we found plenty of provisions without money and without price; as you pass along you see piles of bacon and hard bread thrown by the side of the road; about 50 wagons left here, and many burned and the irons left; trunks, clothes, boots and shoes, lead by the hundred, spades, picks, guns and all other fixings for a California trip, in the greatest profusion; here in the junction of the roads, hundreds of teams are coming together; those that have traveled on the north side of the Platte, by the appearance of the teams, have had much the advantage, being in much the b[illegible] condition; we learn here that the number

of teams ahead is between 1200 and 2000; here came up a company of U. S. dragoons, two companies having passed on before, and a company of infantry behind the troops for the protection of the emigrants; I learned that one company is to be stationed hereabouts; here we enter the Black Hills; the river here is deep and rapid, and we paid $1.00 per wagon for the use of the boat to ferry us over.

Sunday, June 17th—14½ miles from Fort Laramie, came to a warm stream, temperature above that of the river; immediately on leaving Laramie we rise the Black Hills, so called, being the commencement of the Rocky Mountains; during the day we wound around bluffs and over crags, and camped on a small creek of clear mountain water, very different from the Platte, which is so dirty that an object at all covered with water cannot be seen; made 18 miles; wrote home.

Monday, 18th—Came to a cold spring, affording an abundance of the best water; the roads here are gravelly, but not very bad on cattle; feed tolerable good; our rise into the mountains is gradual; saw the head of a mountain sheep, horns shaped like a ram's horn, and about six inches in diameter; buffalo frequent in these parts some seasons of the year; though there appears to be none at present; much of the land is susceptible of cultivation; made 19½ miles, and camped on Horn creek near Keber springs; wagons strung all along; many of them burned and the irons left; provisions thrown away, and cattle rolled out of the road dead; plenty of grass and water; Laramie peak on the left distant about 30 miles; snow to be seen on the summit distinctly.

Tuesday, 19th—Traveled over broken ridges of mountainous road, crooked and uneven; cattle getting foot-sore, many of them; crossed many streams of mountain water, very cold and good; a smart shower of rain and hail during the day; the days are hot and nights cool; some buffalo seen to-day, and mountain sheep; made 19 miles and encamped on La Bonita creek, 30 feet wide and 2 feet deep; found good feed 1½ miles down the stream near our route; road thronged with teams, and such throwing out of loads and cutting of wagon boxes is not often seen; country presents a wild and romantic appearance; very little timber, and that pitchpine and red cedar.

Wednesday, 20th—Passed over bluffs and hollows, and four small creeks; the route for 4 miles was over red earth, about the color of Spanish brown, and in the midst of it we

found rock of magnesia; game very plenty—buffalo, elk, bear, etc.; camped on A la Brele, nearly 30 feet wide and 1½ feet deep; a buffalo was killed; feed poor; road very hilly; made 19 miles.

Thursday, 21st—At 10 miles made a noon halt on Fourche Boise river, 30 feet wide and 2 feet deep; camping good; "Blue Coat" mud a little up the stream; 4 miles from this, come to North fork of Platte; camped up 4 miles; made 18 miles; a coal mine in the bank of the Platte where we first struck river; river about 75 yards wide; not passable.

Friday, June 22nd—Found a ferry at the mouth of Deer creek, and hundreds of teams gathered in around the creek; in the space of a few miles were several ferries; stream rapid and difficult to ferry; several men drowned at one place by the upsetting of raft in the current, and 5 more in attempting to ride and drive over a lot of horses and mules; one accidentally shot; another shot through the heart in a quarrel; our course was up the Platte 15 miles; made lat. 42° 51′ 40″; altitude 4856. This is the highest latitude I believe, we shall reach on the route, as from this we make south; Isaac has been sick for two days with diarrhea, so as to be unable to travel, but is now convalescent; the cholera has made great ravages among the emigrants, from the more southern points, St. Joseph, etc.; some wagons lost two-third of their mess; two lost 7 out of 9; report says that the Sioux Indians attacked some government teams in the rear of the troops and killed 4 men, upon which the cavalry fell back and killed 70 Indians; there is a regiment of military on the road in four squads, two before us, and two behind.

Saturday, 23rd—Made 8 miles and ferried the river; found a Will Co. man by the name of George R. Codding tending ferry at $2.00 per wagon; game is exceedingly plenty; one man said he saw 30 antelope at a time and a lot of buffalo; found fine particles of gold in the sand of the river (afterwards found to be isinglass).

LETTER

Upper Fork of The Platte River, 23rd June, 1849.

Dear Wife and Children:—

I again write you to let you know we are well and that we are getting along finely. We have had no bad luck since

we left home worthy of notice. Isaac has been sick with a diarrhoea for several days but has gotten well again. It was probably occasioned by the change of climate and over eating as he has been as ravenous as a bear. I wrote you from Fort Laramie since that we have made about 120 miles into the mountains. The road for about fifty miles when we commenced rising the hills was sharp gravel and made our cattle's feet sore, but they are now nearly over it. Our teams are in good condition and by leaving the road a piece we generally find pretty good feed.

There are probably from 1200 to 2500 teams ahead of us and nearly as many thousands behind us. We travel about thirty miles per day. Have not seen any Indians but once since we left the Missouri River. We can see their smoke on the mountains anxiously, but they are much wilder than the buffalo and antelope. The traders have told them that the emigrants have the cholera and smallpox and they keep shy of us.

We would like to see them and get some ponies to ride. Since we left Laramie we have found provisions and everything also appertaining to our outfit more plenty than in St. Louis. Stacks of bacon of half a ton in a place; piles of hard bread and stock of flour and lead and powder. It is difficult to conceive the amount of everything strung along the road.

Hundreds of teams start with twice as much as they can carry and after wearing out their teams in hauling useless trash throw it away. We started with a light load and have thrown out some of that. If we had kept the wagon box used with the wagon and sacked our clothes instead of using trunks we should have hit it.

I would advise all others coming after us to take a small light wagon with a common sized box made of three-quarter inch stuff and not load on over fifteen hundred to a wagon with four yoke of cattle. Two men with the same team is better. We have the evidence that heavy cattle are the best. Our heaviest oxen stand the trip better than the light ones.

Sunday, 24th—Camped on the bank of Platte, and crossed our cattle on to an island; found good feed; lost an ox; Old Jolly died as do many others, from partaking of the alkali water, which abounds in ponds and springs all about here; about 20 oxen seen dead within as many miles; many accidents happened to emigrants crossing the ferries; 24 men

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drowned and killed; one shot accidentally and two intentionally; made 10 miles over heavy sand hills.

Monday, 25th—Passed several alkali lakes and mineral springs; drove over 20 miles and found no water safe for man or beast to drink; country volcanic and destitute of grass in a great measure; road good, but very dusty; camped without grass or water.

Tuesday, 26th—Passed on 16 miles and come to the Willow Springs; pretty good water, but little grass; passed on, and camped on a small creek; good spring of cold water; poor grass; passed a mineral spring, said to be poison; passed many dead cattle; made 24 miles.

Wednesday, 27th—Traveled over Saleratus swamps and sandbanks; nothing but sage; saw a volcanic ridge extending from N. E. to N. W. resembling a wall, from 100 to 200 feet high, at the base 100 yards in breadth, and extending in a straight line as far as the eye could see; made 20 miles, and came to the Sweetwater at Independence rock; this rock is situated on the right side of the stream near the margin, at the distance of 3 or 4 miles from the mountains on either side, being on the bottom; appears low at a distance, but on a near approach it towers loftily to the height of 200 feet; its area is about 200 rods by 30, of an oval form on the top; lofty mountains are on each side of the stream, probably 500 feet high, covered with snow on the east; encamped near the rock; there are a great many names inscribed on the rock by travelers; here we left our cow very reluctantly, she having gotten lame in one hind foot, so as to be unable to travel.

Thursday, 28th—Passed on 5 miles and examined the place called the Devil's Gate, being a canyon through the mountains about 4 rods wide, through which the river passes; the distance through the mountain is about 80 rods, and the rock 400 feet, nearly perpendicular; in passing up the stream to view this scene, I found a man just drowned in the stream, from Galena, named Fanson; he was interred near the bank of the stream to rest until the last trump shall awake the dead; I passed on to top of the rock and found the atmosphere most invigorating; there were pools of the purest cold water, and spots of grass and herbage most flourishing in the moist earth; whilst the ground in the valley beneath was parched and the herbage withered; the mountains on the south of stream are white with snow; passed on up the stream, [illegible] of grass, but in most places, especially in low ground so full of saleratus as forbade the use of it for cattle; 10 miles

further we came to the river again; a few rods south of the rock at this place, there is a lake containing about 20 acres, perfectly covered over with saleratus, in appearance resembling a lake frozen over in a driving snow storm; from this we passed over 6 miles of heavy sand road, and came to the river again; grass plenty on the river; made 32 miles, and passed about as many dead cattle, mostly from drinking alkali water.

Friday, June 29th—Made 13 miles over very heavy sandy road; 7 on the river, 6 in the afternoon back from it; crossed it and camped on the north bank; drove our cattle two miles down the river for feed; mountains show snow on the summit on the left.

Saturday, June 30th—Crossed the river twice within 50 rods, being hemmed in by the mountains on either side; had to raise our wagon beds; made 9½ miles and crossed again; a good crossing, and encamped on the bank; mountains on south and west covered with snow; our route is winding between high mountains with little cedars scattered over them; no wood on the bottoms but sage, which burns readily; stream about 8 rods wide, 3 feet deep; emigrants seem to be in a great hurry to go ahead, and are generally crowding their teams more than they can stand; saw a dead ox on an average of one to the mile, mostly from drinking alkali water; some of our party went on to-day in pursuit of a murderer, who is said to have killed a man a short distance back, and took his mules and went on; passed us last evening; there are doubtless many scoundrels passing on the route.

Sunday, July 1—Our company seized the supposed murderer, who will be detained with us for trial as soon as the witnesses can be brought together; fell in with Col. Witt, and learned that Burrell and Sanborn were only one day behind; passed an ice spring, and obtained plenty of ice digging a few inches; passed a saleratus bank; made 12½ miles; weather rather cool, from cold wind from the snow-capped mountains in sight.

July first on Sweetwater.

We are all well, going ahead. We have lost an ox, Isaac's off one, Jolly, by drinking alkali water. We see about one dead ox to a mile on an average from the same cause. For the last hundred miles the country abounds in saleratus ponds and many of them are crusted over and look like ponds of water frozen over in a driving snowstorm. I think it is mixed with saltpetre

The ground and even the grass in low places is white with it. We take much pains to keep our cattle from it but they are very fond of it. We have passed the Independence Rock about sixty miles. There we left our cow with the greatest reluctance, she having got so footsore as not to be able to travel any further. We got her onto good feed and bid her goodbye. She will probably be able to travel again in a few days and someone will take her along.

Have got along very well with our team having made a crooked yoke and put on the seventh ox for a leader. Our cattle look pretty well. There are a great many curiosities seen all along the route. The greatest I have seen is about five miles from Independence Rock, which is a chasm called The Devil's Gate, the Sweetwater river running through a mountain making a channel about fifty feet in width, perpendicular on both sides, 400 feet high.

Mountains extending above the clouds are in full view, covered with eternal snow.

Monday, 2nd—Passed over some high hills for 4 miles; came again to the river and crossed twice; halted for noon; good grass; in the afternoon left the river, over very high and steep hills; camped on the high ground; poor feed; made 20 miles; these are the Wind river mountains.

Tuesday, 3 July—After 4 miles, came to a branch of Sweetwater; passed two other branches; the road rolling and hard on cattle's feet; passed the last branch of Sweetwater about 4 p. m.; snow by the side of the road in many places; boys had much fun snow balling; mountains covered some 1000 feet down; camped on high prairie; no timber, except small cedar, birch and poplar, occasionally on the side of the mountains; made 20 miles.

Wednesday, July 4—Passed the South Pass, and camped at the Pacific Springs; made 8 miles and laid over.

July 5—Passed Dry Sandy, a little poison water; for 10½ miles, traveled over a barren waste; nothing but wild sage; country mostly level; no water for man or beast for 24 miles; snow on the mountains to the right; the road leads off to the left for Salt Lake, 16 miles from the South Pass; from the information to-day, from some women whom we met, we were induced to take the Salt Lake route, as being shorter, better feed and better road; encamped on Little Sandy; plenty of grass; made 25 miles.

July 6—Made 9 miles; encamped on Big Sandy crossing; good grass; learned that from 500 to 600 teams had passed this way this year.

Big Sandy July 6th.

All well. We are fourteen hundred and thirty miles from home, having a Mormon guidebook containing the distance from Council Bluffs measured by a Roadometer so that we are able to see how far we are from the Bluffs and also from Salt Lake. It also notes the streams and camping places very accurately.

We came through the South Pass on the Fourth of July. I drank of the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific Ocean the same day. The waters that are not impregnated with alkali and saltpetre are the purest kind, being mostly snow water. Snow is to be seen constantly. The boys have had a jolly time snowballing by the side of the road.

The wind blows and the sun shines almost constantly during the day and we are tanned so black and so covered with dust that you would be puzzled to know any of us, I think if you should see us.

There is no man that travels the road that is more rugged than I am. I do a great share of the work, drive half of each day and stand guard one night of the week and do not get tired half as much as the boys, though they are healthy. Isaac is rather a poor traveler, not as good as Vint, but I can travel much better than either of them.

We are on the road to Salt Lake, having left the foothills road yesterday. We met some Salt Lakers and learned that there are only 500 teams that have taken the Salt Lake route and the road to the goldmines was 150 miles nearer that way than the other and there was no place exceeding twenty miles without grass and water, which gives a very decided preference.

We learned that their route is much traveled this season from the Lake to the gold region and there is plenty of gold for all. It is from this to Salt Lake one hundred and ninety-four miles and from thence to the Valley of the Sacramento about six hundred more making eight hundred to the end of the journey.

Our cattle need some rest and recruiting and on this route we find much better feed than back two hundred miles. We propose to drive slow and recruit while we have good feed. Burrell and Sanborn are along one day behind and we

hear from them frequently and expect them up with us every day as we are laying over for them.

There is a U. S. mail running to and from Salt Lake every month and we expect to meet it every day and to send this by it. We shall write again from the Lake, which will be the last, probably that we can send until we get through and then we shall write.

We are in hopes to get through by the fifteenth of September with good luck. There will undoubtedly be a great amount of suffering by the rear immigrants for the want of feed in the mountains. We have found the last 200 miles poor feed and more than three-quarters of the teams are behind us. We have heard of Doct. Spencer, who is probably a week behind us. I believe there is but one Will county man before and that Augustus Gooding in a mule train.

We wish you all to write and mail to San Francisco so as to have your letters reach in time. I write no more at present as both the boys are writing. May God bless you and us to see each other again.

Adieu.

Isaac Foster.

July 17th.—P. S.—We are in thirty-six miles of Salt Lake, getting along finely. The feed on this road is as good as can be; our teams in fine order. Burrell and Sanborn we have learned have taken the Fort Hull road. I left a note at the junction of the two roads advising them to follow me but they chose otherwise. I pity them for I learned that through the cut off that they took the feed and water are so scarce that the cattle die in such numbers that one man who came from there, a trader, says he saw as many as sixty dead oxen within a few rods of each other.

We learn that we shall meet the mail today and that we shall be at Salt Lake City tomorrow and push on immediately. You need not expect to hear from us again until we get through. We see lots of Salt Lakers daily and they tell us they have a first rate route to the gold diggings with plenty of grass and water most of the way through. Thousands of their folks have gone and are constantly going. They have lots of gold dust from there and say there is enough for all. With the blessing of God we shall be there by the fifteenth of September.

We have bought a horse of the Indians. Our health is as good as it can be. There have been a great many deaths on the road, especially on the St. Joseph and lower routes from the cholera. None on our route except one killed by Indians and some drowned. The Mormons have a pretty good country I think from what we see of the vegetation here in the mountains. Goodbye; love to you all.

Isaac Foster.

Saturday, 7—Made 17 miles and encamped on Big Sandy, a stream about 8 rods wide and two feet deep; plenty of grass on upland; bottoms covered with saleratus; got word from Burrell and Sanborn; they have taken Subblett's cut-off; so goodbye boys, I fear for your safety.

Sunday, 8—Made 10 miles; came to Green river, a rapid stream 16 rods wide; have to ferry at $3.00 a team; swam our cattle; difficult to swim; feed poor; saleratus on bottoms; stream running S. E.; snow on mountains, south.

Monday, 9—Crossed over wagon; ferryage $3.00; made 20 miles over rolling country; plenty of spear grass; for 15½ miles, no water; upset our wagons crossing a ravine; broke nothing; encamped on Black's fork, a branch of Green river, running around the south side of the great Salt Basin, and emptying into the Gulf of California.

Tuesday, 10—Made 15 miles; camped on Black's fork; caught some fish called mountain trout; good grass; no rain has fallen, save one small shower, since we came on the mountains nearly 4 weeks; road very dusty; making very unpleasant traveling for man and beast; the trip is hard on the men generally; saw a few Indians for a few days past, called Snake Indians; rather inferior, black looking and dirty.

Wednesday, 11—Traveled over a rolling prairie; no timber; 14 miles made without water; traveled until 10 o'clock p. m., and camped near Fort Bridger, on Black fork; made 26 miles; Fort Bridger is composed of 4 or 5 houses, on a somewhat extensive bottom for this country.

Thursday, 12—Commenced rising immediately after leaving Bridger; a cold spring 6½ miles; plenty of feed; got plenty of snow near the road; traveled over a smooth prairie free from sage, and well stocked with blue grass; descended the steepest and longest and strongest hill seen on the road as yet; camped on Muddy fork, so called, although very clear water; good grass; made 15 miles.

Friday, 13—Traveled 4 miles, and came to a copperas or soda spring by the side of the road; water very clear, but strongly acid; some of the men drank freely of it; the water as it issues from the spring colors the earth about the color of Spanish brown; then ascended a hill the highest yet passed on the road, altitude 7315 feet; rolled over a very hilly road; made 12 miles without water; crossed Bear river, a rapid stream, and had to cross, 6 rods wide and up to the wagon bed; made 20 miles and camped on the river; saw several Indians, believed to be Snake Indians; the last summit ridge passed divides the waters of the great basin from those of the Colorado, Bear river emptying into the great Basin.

Saturday, July 14—Passed over several high ridges; the country assumes a much more fertile aspect; rich grass to the top of the hills; the country much more rolling than the east side of the mountains; saw some singular skeletons of mountains by the side of the road, being composed of pebble stones cemented together, it seemed very dangerous to pass by them, they were almost upon a poise several hundred feet over our heads; camped on a rich bottom covered with good grass that would cut three tons per acre; made 16 miles; bought a horse of an Indian.

Sunday, 15—Traveled down a small stream called the Cache, or Echo, walled on each side by mountains from 500 to 1000 feet high, on the right side, mostly perpendicular, made up of rock pebbles, some red, some white, and some clay color; route a rapid descent; made 20 miles; encamped on the Weber river; richest grass.

Salt Lake City, July 15, 1849.—Arrived here yesterday; all well. We shall leave here in a day or two for the Sacramento. This Salt Lake Valley is not so large as I expected to have found it. Not as good except for wheat. No timber worthy of note. It is said the Mormons are about to declare themselves independent of the United States. Go it, fools.

I. F.

LETTER

From Isaac Foster, Salt Lake City, July 16, 1849,
to R. B. Olmsted, Plainsfield, Ills. Postage Paid, 10 cents.

Salt Lake City, July 23rd, 1849.

Dear Family:—

Knowing y[illegible] great interest in everything pertaining to us and our affa[illegible] I write from this place again, having writ-

ten a long letter along the road and finished it here when I arrived a few days since and mailed it to your mother.

I then appraised you that we should move in a day or two for the mines, but having fallen in with my old acquaintance and friend, Nathan Burr from Leyden, N. Y., I could not get away from him so soon so I am here yet. Friend Burr has been in California upwards of two years past and came from thence to this place last November. Was in the mines all last fall and got lots of the gold and is able to give all the information we need about the route, diggings, etc.

"Now," he says to me, "wait say until the 25th instant and I will put on an extra yoke of cattle with you and exchange a fresh yoke with you and go to the mines in partnership with you and work with you until we get all we want. For," he says, "we can get all we want if we can be reasonably satisfied."

He says he averaged over fifty dollars per day all the time he was in the mines and worked in the mines first discovered, which were not as rich as those later discovered. He says he dug more than a thousand dollars on a spot of ground less than eight feet square. And that he also dug and washed two hundred and fifty dollars in two hours.

Another of the company lay on his belly and poked over the dirt with his knife and picked out the gold at the rate of an ounce per minute. He says there is enough for all that come and thinks one hundred thousand men would hardly make it scarce in ten years. I think we take him along with us and share with him as I have known him to be a first rate man for many years and having been through the route and conversant with the mines he will of course be of great service to us.

It is possible we shall not leave this valley at all this season, for the Mormons say they have discovered more gold in the Great Basin than all the wagons and mules that have started for California can carry but they dare not open it or let it be known where it is until the emigrants have all passed for fear that their own men will leave their crops as the Californians did theirs last year and not harvest them and thus lose the means of support, and the emigrants all stop and all starve.

The Mormons have raised a surplus of provisions this season and are now harvesting their wheat. It is small straw but good wheat. Bro. Burr thinks he will start in a day or

two for California with provisions enough to last until winter and being a Mormon himself thinks he has been let into secret of the place of their gold discovery which he thinks is not five miles off of our route to California, about one hundred and fifty miles from here southwest.

If we find this gold mine he says we will dig until we want more provisions and then return to his house to winter though in an ordinary winter we could dig anywhere in Salt Lake Valley all winter as they seldom get much winter here. Last winter was harder than usual yet their cattle lived without foddering.

Should we not find gold plenty here we shall push on immediately to the diggings in California. He says there can be no scarcity of provisions in California. He says the country is full of cattle and that a man can live well and fat on beef alone, and that there is always plenty all kinds of food to be found there and gold plenty to buy it.

The Mormons have a great day here tomorrow to celebrate the anniversary of their arrival here two years since. I was at their meeting yesterday and heard the order of arrangements. It is similar to the common celebration of Independence in the east. The report that they are about to declare their independence of the U. S. is a humbug.

I do not think much of their country here. All the valley that would otherwise be the best of the place is so covered with saleratus and salt, salt, Epsom salts, saltpetre, etc., that it will not give anything of consequence. I send you a sample of the California gold enclosed in this and another in a letter to Mariett.

I think if I get to California and am successful and can find a safe place of deposit that I shall deposit my fruits to a considerable extent and send the certificates of deposit to you so that the avails can be drawn there and can be taken care of better than to keep it by us in the diggings.

We know not what is before us but hitherto the Lord hath preserved us and I have great confidence that He will yet bring us again together in the flesh. Take care of things as well as you can and may the God of peace be with you.

Isaac Foster.

Monday, 16—Crossed Weber river after 4 miles travel; it is a rapid stream about 6 rods wide and 3 feet deep; had to raise our wagon beds 8 inches; encamped in Pratt's pass, one and a half miles from the river, and lay over to give the

boys a chance to fish for speckled trout, of which there are plenty in Weber river. An ox team ran away and ran a wagon over a woman and injured her very much; made 5½ miles; met several Mormons from Salt Lake, going to Green river to buy provisions of emigrants.

Tuesday, 17—Crossed over a summit ridge 8 miles to Canyon creek, a stream 1 rod wide and a foot deep; many springs issuing out of the hills; two I tasted were so salt I could not drink the water, but most of them the purest water such as I never saw in Illinois; traveled up Canyon creek 8 miles, and crossed it 13 times; road very rough; left the Canyon and turned up the mountain, said to be the highest on the route; encamped about half way up; timbered with popple; saw a party of Snake Indians, an inferior set of looking fellows; made 17 miles.

Wednesday, 18 J., 1849—Traveled over the highest ridges on the route thus far; from the summit, 3 miles from our last camp had a view of the south side of Salt Lake valley; distant some 40 miles, but looked to be about 500; the worst hill yet passed, locked both wheels for nearly 3 miles; road excessively bad; traveled about 5 miles down Brown's creek; then ascended about one mile up a steep mountain, and then down again, following a small creek; crossed it 19 times in 5 miles to the mouth of the canyon into the valley of the great Salt Lake; made 14 miles and encamped.

Thursday, 19—Took a survey of the city of the great Salt Lake; it is situated on the N. E. side of the lake; distant about 20 miles in full view. The town is regularly laid out with wide streets runnng N. and S. and E. and W. covering an area of about 3 miles square, with a population of about 4000 inhabitants. The valley is said to be 35 to 40 miles from east to west by 100 from north to south. The Utah Lake and valley are about 40 or 50 miles south of the city and at the head of Salt Lake valley; the outlet of the Utah runs down the valley of Salt Lake; about 4 rods wide, 2 feet deep; it sinks into the ground before reaching the lake. The country is not very good for crops, has to be irrigated, being little rain during the summer.

Friday, 20—Laid over at my old friend's, Nathan Burr; found the countenance of an old friend refreshing indeed, in these ends of the earth. The river Jordan, as the Mormons call it, is the outlet of Lake Utah; the valley of Salt Lake, through which it runs is covered near the stream with soda or saleratus so as to be unfit for cultivation; I am inclined to think that this valley will not support a great population;

around the lake it is so salt that crops will not grow, the water being so strongly impregnated with salt that you can find it 1½ to 2 feet deep around the shore, said to be excellent salt; the country all around about is very destitute of wood and timber, and what they have is of the poorest kind; stone is plenty in the mountains around the valley, but poor; limestone and granite being mountain rock; there is as yet no coal found; a few years and the present scanty stock of wood and timber must necessarily be exhausted, even with the present population.

Saturday, 21—Still lying over at the City of Salt Lake; having become somewhat familiar with some of the brethren, I have been able to obtain some important information respecting the gold mines; Br. Burr (having spent more than two years in California, and some considerable time in the gold mines) gave me some valuable information; says there is an abundance of gold there, and is easily obtained; thinks he will go to the diggings wth us; it is said that there is plenty of gold within 200 miles of this place, but the head men of the church think it best not to open the mines at present, thinking it advisable to keep it a secret until the tide of immigration passes by and the harvest of the Mormons is secured, lest a famine succeed such an event; the Brethren say to me, if I will but tarry here awhile I will have gold enough, but I think there is gold enough ahead, and do not like this place well enough to tarry long in it; have been reaping to-day with friend Burr, and feel sleepy, so amen.

Sunday, 22 and Monday, 23, Tuesday, 24—Lay over in the city; on 24th attended the grand celebration and feast, great doings, went off nicely, great speechifying and bragging, a perfect set of enthusiasts; the self styled and Mormon styled Governor of Deserett, Brigham Young, is worshiped to appearances to the exclusion of any other God, and he boldly claims the authority of the most high, says he knows the hearts of all men, and the Elders all claim the same power. The President told the saints if any of the emigrants stole any of their horses and cattle to kill them dead on the spot and emigrants to do the same to the Mormons if they stole ours, and he would absolve them.

Wednesday, 25—Left the City of Salt with friend Burr, passed one warm spring about 2 miles from the city, a little more than blood warm, and at 5 miles a hot spring, so hot that the hand could not be held in it more than seven seconds; difficult to urge the cattle through the stream that ran from

it; both these springs are strongly impregnated with salt and copperas; the last one smelt more like hell than anything I could conceive of. Wrote three letters home with a couple of specimens of California gold.

Thursday, 26—Passed by a number of small lakes, and a large float of several miles in width, and covered with saleratus; the country has a more flourishing aspect than around the city, although the most of their crops have to be irrigated; it is interspersed with farms, occupied by Mormons; no timber of any consequence; our route lay along the northern shore of the lake, distant 4 or 5 miles; encamped on a small creek; good water and plenty of good grass; made 20 miles.

Friday, 27 July—Our route was about a north course, with mountains on our right, and Salt Lake on the left, distant from 2 to 8 miles, road for 8 miles, heavy sand, fifteen miles without water; encamped on the Weber river, barely fordable; grass plenty; made 20 miles; several families settled here.

Saturday, 28—Eight miles from camp; came to a point of the mountain, where issued several hot springs, the first one so hot that I could not bear my finger in it at all; several others within a few feet of it cooler, even a rock under which issued the spring was so hot that crickets hopping upon it died immediately; a few feet further on was an oil spring, all covered over with oil. These springs, the hottest very salt, are strongly impregnated with copperas, and a few rods away, was a large cold spring of pretty good water; passed several small mountain streams of excellent water; the mountains, some 2000 feet high; the lake is bordred on this side, N. E., with a marsh several miles in width, covered with salt, saleratus, etc.; the whole country nearly destitute of timber; roads good, grass plenty; made 24 miles, encamped by a large spring.

Sunday, 29—Passed on 8 miles, and came to a number of hot springs, the first was nearly boiling hot and very salty, the next cooler, and about a rod away is another, cold and fresh; another is a sulphur spring—makes a small lake within a few rods, where the boys had a good swim; found a number of excellent springs during the day. Our course about north; encamped on Bear river, a stream about 8 rods wide, deep swimming; the Mormons have a ferry here, at $4.00 per wagon; made 20 miles.

Monday 30—Crossed Bear river; two miles farther, crossed the Malad, bad crossing; water ran into the bed; en-

camped; fears entertained of an attack by the Indians, in consequence of two of them having been murdered by a company of emigrants, said to have been headed by a Captain Walker, for their horses, of which the Indians report they took four; there appears smoke in the mountains all around us, and it is said they are collecting in large numbers for revenge; our men are preparing to defend themselves; our company in camp consists of about 50 men; made 6 miles; our camp is near a large spring, brackish water.

Tuesday, 31—Passed through a pass in the mountains, 10 miles; then 5 miles to warm springs, in a valley, so salty as to be nearly unfit to drink; several dead oxen near by; thence 12 miles on the left, in the side of the mountain; reached it about midnight, after crossing a rugged mountain, hard on our wagons; spring and grass good; made 27 miles.

Wednesday, August 1, 1849—Passed over rolling ground; six miles to deep creek, plenty of water, but poor feed; thence over sage plains to a spring brook; good camping, plenty of grass; made 12 miles.

Thursday, 2—Passed over a sage plain; dusty, no grass, 10 miles, came to the sink of deep creek; plenty of water and grass; from thence 9 miles, mostly rising ground, to a spring in the mountains; watered teams and thence half a mile and camped near the mountain; plenty of grass; snow on the mountains. I have seen snow every day for 5 to 6 weeks, though a distance of 500 miles; made 20 miles.

Friday, 3—Came into a large valley, probably 25 by 100 miles; made 8 miles, and came to a fine mountain stream, plenty of grass; saw a lot of Indians; halted for noon, passed on, four and a half miles and encamped on prairie; grass, but no water; made 12 miles.

Saturday, 4—Passed on 3½ miles, found a mountain stream, another in 4 miles further; sage brush and no grass; came to another creek, nine miles from last camp, fine stream, plenty of grass; crossed it twice and halted for noon; snow in sight; days hot, and clouds of dust; nights cold; made 12 miles, laid over; caught lots of speckled trout.

Sunday, Aug. 5—Made 6 miles up the stream; good camping.

Monday, 6—Left the creek, passed up between the mountains and entered into the old road leading from Fort Hall, near the Steeple Rocks, being several white rocks in a conical form, some 300 feet high, in an isolated condition; found lots of teams on the old road; after crossing the mountain ridge and a small valley, halted for noon, about twelve miles from

last camp; good grass and water; during the afternoon drove over such high hills, and in succession, with a rapid descent, as probably was ever rolled over with loads on the continent; descent for 14 miles was probably 2000 feet, one hill about 30 rods in height, so steep that we had to chain all the wheels to descend it. The whole country around is volcanic, and rougher than ever I saw before; encamped on Goose creek, a small stream, 12 feet wide, usually good camping, but much fed off; made 22 miles; said to be gold on this creek, which evidently sinks.

Tuesday, 7—Passed on 4 miles, before breakfast, and turned out for feed; grass being good; passed on 11 miles and encamped; roads good; grass all along; the country destitute of timber except some cedar on the mountains; sage plenty, and grease wood to a vexation; no rains or dews; made 15 miles.

Wednesday, 8—Passed on up Goose creek 7 miles, and turned to the left over the hills, from the last camp to where we left the stream; feed was poor, being all devoured by the emigration; over the hills without grass or water; 13 miles to a good spring; no grass; passed on 5 miles down the valley; tolerable grass, water near by; found probably 200 wagons encamped here; this is the head of the valley of Mary's river (doubtful); made 25 miles.

Thursday, Aug. 9—Passed up the valley 12 miles; grass occasionally, coarse bunch, rather poor; water may be found in sinks, in the bed of the water course, in which the water runs occasionally; the stream runs sometimes one way, and sometimes the other, in this valley; made only 12 miles.

Friday, 10—Passed on 2 miles to a large bottom, good feed; still farther 7 miles, several deep springs; feed plenty all along. The water in this, as in most all of the rest of the streams in this desert, sinks after running a little way from the fountain; 5 miles farther a good spring, and plenty of grass; made 14 miles; near this are several hot springs, nearly boiling hot, whence the valley takes its name, and is called Hot Springs Valley, size 37 by from 1 to 5 miles. From the Hot Springs to the head of the valley is 6 miles; good spring here, not much grass.

Saturday, 11—Over the hills 8 miles to a branch of Mary river, or Humboldt river; plenty of good grass and water. Here might be made a cut-off and save a heavy hill by bearing to the left from the branch of Mary, and coming into the head of Hot Spring Valley, to the west of the old route. The road a little before we came to the branch of Mary forks,

the old route taking the right, and the new going straight forward to avoid the canyon on the old route; we passed on the old route, 8 miles through a canyon, crossing the creek 7 times in the canyon; good camping in the canyon; encamped; made 22 miles.

Sunday, 12—Soon after coming out of the canyon there is plenty of grass; several warm springs near by; snow on the mountains at the left; we have seen no snow for the last 70 miles, until now; passed down the valley. The stream sinks, and rises occasionally; 9 miles to a noon halt; passed on 8 miles, and camped at the Willow Springs; the cut-off is shorter and much better than the old route, and having plenty of water, grass; made 17 miles.

Monday, 13—Passed on 4 miles, and came to west fork of Mary's river, a small stream, 8 feet wide and 6 inches deep; passed on and camped; made 15 miles; plenty of water and grass all along; snow on the left; road good but very dusty.

Tuesday, 14—Passed on 9 miles, and came to Sawtine fork; passed over 3 bluffs in 4 miles, where the river runs through the canyons; roads very dusty; camped; good camping; made 20 miles.

Wednesday, 15—Made 15 miles down the river; grass plenty; made 18 miles; snow in sight; days very hot; nights cold.

Thursday, 16—Passed on 5 miles; crossed the river, and entered a canyon, having a road on the right, running over the hills, to avoid the river and canyon. We passed through the river and canyon 5 miles, camping afterward, but poor feed; passed on 4 miles and camped on Martin's fork, a branch coming in from the northwest; made 16 miles; grass poor.

Friday, 17—Passed over the hills, a tedious route; no grass or water, except two or three springs, near; passed the summit 20 miles down the river; no grass, all devoured; made 20 miles.

Saturday, 18—Made 18 miles down the river in a N. W. direction; roads very crooked; grass scarce; Indians plentiful, but secreted in the willows; lots of horses and cattle stolen; several Indians killed; made 18 miles.

Sunday, 19—Course S. W.; made 15 miles; grass poor, fed off and dried up; valley from 2 to 5 miles wide; several cattle shot last night, near one camp; passed about 100 teams in 15 miles.

Monday, 20—Passed on 4 miles, and rounded the point of the mountain, near a hot spring, the river crowding the road on the mountain; thence over a saleratus bottom, very troublesome to man and beast; then crossed a sage plain, stony at first, then dust nearly to the cattle's knees; no grass or water; 9 miles to the river again; ordinarily good camping, but now short feed; made 20 miles.

Tuesday, Aug. 21, 1849—Passed on down river, 11 miles to a noon halt; camping as usual; feed much fed off; thence over a bluff to the river, 5 miles; thence down the river, 4 miles; roads good; feed passable; snow in sight again, after an absence of 3 days; made 20 miles; our course to-day, nearly north.

Wednesday, 22—Passed on down river, very crooked; made a long sweep to save crossing the river twice; to a noon halt, 10 miles; thence 8 miles over a long sand bluff, to the river again. There is a good road running down the river, which is far better than the road over the hills; there might be a cut-off made from the point, 36 miles up the river to where the road crosses the sand hills to-day, saving probably 15 miles, by crossing the river, and passing on the left side, going down stream. Camped on the river; feed poor; made 18 miles; snow in sight.

Thursday, 23—Passed down the river; feed very scarce, until afternoon; thence 8 miles, mostly bottom; an abundance of feed; made 20 miles; course about west; a few drops of rain; quite a rarity in this dry desert.

Friday, 24—Passed on 10 miles, to noon halt, on the bottom; thence over a sand bluff, and crossed over the river, and camped; made 18 miles; feed getting poor.

Saturday, 25—Passed down the river, feed scarce; 10 miles, camped on the river. Last evening we came to a road running down the east side, which is much shorter and better than the one on the west side. At our noon halt to-day, we met 15 Mormon wagons from the gold diggings; the men brought us good news, which cheered us up much. (Gold and provisions, plenty.) Passed down the river, crossing it three times; camped near the river; feed passable; made 15 miles; there are two roads running on either side of the river.

Sunday, 26—Made 8 miles, and lay over; plenty of good grass.

Monday, 27—Made 14 miles, heavy sand most of the way, feed very scarce; camped at the forks of the road; this being the place that the Williamette, Oregon, or Myer's cut-off to

Feather river turns to the right, concluded to take the cut-off as the most desirable route, as from the best accounts there is little chance of getting our teams through on the old route. This, the lower crossing of Mary's river, 61 miles from the Sink and 29 miles from Pleasant Valley gold mines, 344 miles from Sutter, on the Fool's cut-off 624 miles, canyon route 344—or 280 difference; from Mary's river to Sutter 624 miles.

Tuesday, 28—Left Mary's river and took the South Oregon road across the desert; made 12 miles, and came to a spring on the left in the mountain; good water and no grass; thence over a mountain through a rough valley, over another mountain, and through a canyon to a spring 20 miles; roads good; no grass.

Wednesday, 29—Thence across a long valley to Rock Spring, 21 miles on the left; volcano in sight; water hot and poor; no grass, road a great flat desert.

Thursday, 30—Passed on 2 miles and found some grass at the boiling springs, about 20 in number, some of them boiling like a pot. Cattle have rushed into them and been literally boiled whole. We have seen about 200 head of dead cattle within the last 50 miles. We had the precaution to cut grass on Mary's river for our teams, and have come thus far safe. Passed on 8 miles and camped; made 12 miles.

Friday, 31—At the noon halt yesterday, were several boiling springs, two of which were great curiosities, like twins standing side by side, with hard ground all around them, and a little neck of sand about 6 feet in width separating them; they are in a circular form about 30 feet in diameter, and send forth quite a little stream; they were attempted to be sounded but a line 300 feet in length was insufficient to reach the bottom; the water a very little of a saleratus taste, very soft; here we did our washing, and cooked our beans in the spring; the country is highly volcanic, and the ground even hot in some places. Here the boys gathered what they called diamonds; much of the plains around us are entirely devoid of any kind of vegetation; here at the left of the main road, about 25 miles, we find plenty of grass and good water; here we left Old Buck. Passed 15 miles over heavy sand roads and encamped on Mud Lake; made 19 miles.

Saturday, Sept. 1, 1849—Lay over at Mud Lake, plenty of grass dangerous to cattle, and good water. This lake is made from springs, some hot and some cold. On the east side is a high mountain which I named Scoop mountain, from its being scooped out in two places, one where the sun rose to us,

and the other where the moon rose. The Indians killed some of the horses and mules here, and they killed a man in government train, a week ago.

Sunday, Sept. 2—Lay over; the plain is about 20 miles N. of the Pyramid Lake, and 70 miles from the head waters of Feather river.

Monday, Sept. 3—Passed over a mountain, the road dusty; thence across a sage valley, 8 miles; thence through a canyon, 6 miles to water and grass, the road through the canyon good, being nearly level, the mountains on each side some 600 feet high; here we entered a cave at the base of the mountain, dimensions 20 by 40 feet; another large one, some 200 feet up in the rock was seen, but inaccessable, the rock being perpendicular; made 14 miles. This canyon is a great curiosity.

Tuesday, Sept. 4—Passed on 10 miles in the canyon, beautiful roads, plenty of grass and water; noon halt on a swale; thence through a canyon and encamped; made 20 miles; feed here poor.

Sept. 5, 1849—This day I am by the grace of God, 59 years old, and in the best of spirits and health, for which I bless His name. Our route was over a rough and sandy road, 6 miles to a spring, all grass being eaten off; thence over a sage plain into a small canyon, where is water. [illegible] Traveled two-third of the night and found good grass, made 20 miles.

Thursday, 6—Lay over on a spur of the Sierra Nevada.

Friday, 7—Passed over the spur; 14 miles to a warm spring; roads partly stony, hilly, and sand plains; grass at the spring, much fed off; moved on 3 miles to a warm spring; good grass. The mountains and hills have cedar on them, which relieves the long mountainous desolation that surrounded us for weeks; the country for several hundred miles has had little but sage and grease wood; made 17 miles.

Saturday, 8 Sept.—Passed on 3 miles through sage, and came to a desert of 5 miles; thence over a grass plat, plenty of water in rivulets from the Sierra; thence north along the foot of the mountain 6 miles, and camped at the place where the road leads up the Sierra; made 14 miles. There is a large flat desert at the foot of the Sierra, varying from 5 to 8 miles, that is probably covered with water, some part of the year, but now dry and hard, making the best of roads. The ascent of the mountain is not difficult, the roads smooth; here, for the first time in 1300 miles we have pine trees, being a species of pitch pine, as large as four feet in diameter;

this is the first mountain that shows timber that we have seen: grass plenty.

Sunday, Sept. 9, 1849—Broke camp at sunrise, and commenced ascending the Sierra Nevada mountains, so long dreaded; the ascent was rugged, but not so steep for 2 miles as to require any additional teams. From thence to the summit one mile, we doubled teams and found it hard pulling. The descent commenced as soon as we arrived at the top; descent very steep for one and a half miles. Immediately found the hills and mountains beautifully covered with Norway pine, of a splendid growth; at the foot of the hills we entered a handsome valley, with good grass and water; good camping for 5 miles; made 8 miles.

Monday, 10—Passed a beautiful mountain stream at 4 miles, course N. W.; thence 3 miles over a rugged road, and down a steep hill to Goose Lake, probably 20 miles long from N. to S. and 5 miles E. to W.; thence south 6 miles to the junction of the Oregon and California roads, the right to Oregon; here is a very pleasant valley, better than anything seen since we came from the States; passed on 4 miles and camped between two splendid mountain streams; feed good all along; the valley is prairie; the hills covered with pine, cedar, and redwood; made 17 miles.

Tuesday, 11—Passed on a southwesterly direction; plenty of grass and water, timber on the hills, the Sierra chains on the left; saw a singular group of pyramid rocks, about 50 in number, near the Pitt river; encamped on the river bottom; made 18 miles.

Wednesday, 12—Passed down Pitt river, plenty of good grass and water, and plenty of roads; crossed the stream twice, during the day, stream rather sluggish; the hills around are covered with evergreens, mostly pine; prairie chickens and sage hens are plentiful; made 20 miles.

Thursday, 13—Passed on 10 miles, and made a noon halt, and searched up a small creek for gold, without success; probably should have found it, had we gone far enough into the mountains; here are very beautiful groves of pine timber, the bottoms on the river in many places are wide and richly covered with grass. To-day I feasted on choke cherries and plums; made 18 miles; found a quarry of white chalk. This is one of the headwaters of the Sacramento.

Friday, 14—Passed down the river through several canyons, and crossed the stream 9 times; made 12 miles, and camped; this afternoon for the first time since we left Fort

Laramie, we had a smart thunder shower; I took shelter under a stately pine, but got considerably drenched.

Saturday, Sept. 15, '49—After traveling 3 miles, came to the Oregon road, coming in on the left hand, and about 11 o'clock met a government exploring party, who told us it was 170 miles to Lawson's and 100 from there to Sutter; roads good and grass plenty; passed on down the river and encamped; made 18 miles; plenty of Hawes and choke cherries, which were very acceptable.

Sunday, 16—Passed over an extensive river bottom, plenty of grass, roads excellent, to a noon halt 10 miles. The adjacent hills are covered with beautiful pines; crossed the river to the side and encamped; made 20 miles.

Monday, 17—Left the river and traveled over hills and dales, the hills covered with stately pines, the valley cracked open with the drought, so as to let the cattle in up to their knees, went down a mountain, very stony and rough; struck the river again and camped; made 15 miles.

Tuesday, 18—Crossed the river again, and immediately left it on the right; roads pretty good for 5 miles, and then rough and rocky enough; made a noon halt at 8 miles, grass and water; passed on 7 miles and camped in the woods by an excellent mountain spring, plenty of grass; made 15 miles.

Wednesday, 19—Passed on 8½ miles, found a good spring on the left, no grass, hills covered with heavy timber, mostly pine, redwood and balsam; road good, but rising ground, course S. E.; passed on 6 1-3 miles and camped; 15 miles made; good bunch grass but no water, gathered pine nuts, red plums and a sweet black plum, looking much like a whortleberry, all very acceptable.

Thursday, Sept. 20—Passed on 7 miles to a small prairie and found a spring on the left; went one mile and found grass, then on through a forest of beautiful pine, taking the right hand road, eleven miles to an excellent little mountain spring, plenty of grass and willows; made 18 miles, course S. E.

Friday, Sept. 21—Passed on 4 miles to Feather Lake, merely a pond, without outlet; one mile farther passed another of the same character, great quantities of feathers around them, shed by the water fowl that frequent these waters; passed on one mile from this and found grass, and turned out for noon; from here the road forked; the train took the left and Vincent and myself took the right, supposing them to come together again in a short distance, but to our disappointment we traveled until sundown before the

roads united, and then had to travel back on their road to meet the teams a short distance; plenty of grass and water on the right hand road, and none on the left; distance 10 miles; encamped in the woods without grass or water; made 15 miles, course about south.

Saturday, 22—Passed on 7 miles and came to a large spring lake, containing several acres, being the head of Feather river; this is a beautiful crystal lake, surrounded by numerous large springs, making in the course of 2 miles a stream sufficient to propel two saw mills. Here we lay over, there being plenty of grass. Doctor and I regaled ourselves with as many whortleberries as we wished, it being a great treat in this wilderness world. Many of the emigrants are getting short of provisions, paying 50 cents for flour, some two dollars per pound for bacon; many that are far behind must suffer if not perish before they get through.

Sunday, 23—Passed over a rough road heavily covered with several kinds of pine, and encamped beside of a large marsh; made 11 miles; two children born at the camp we left last.

Monday, 24—Made 5 miles and encamped on the spring branch of Feather river, a large bottom and a fine stream about 25 feet wide and 3 feet deep; here Mr. Burr, son Isaac, Mr. Webster and Abby left to follow down Feather river to hunt for gold; lay over for the day to cut hay for the 50-mile desert ahead; made 6 miles.

Tuesday, 25—Passed on over a hilly mountainous country, heavily covered with evergreens as heretofore; made 14 miles, and encamped at a good spring in the woods; water at several places during the day.

Wednesday, 26—Made 8 miles and encamped on Deer creek, a large marshy bottom.

Thursday, 27—Passed over a very hilly road, and heavy pine; water at 8 miles and 14 miles; encamped at a small spring in the woods, no grass; made 14 miles.

Friday, 28—Made 18 miles over a hilly road; the latter part of this day travel was very bad; went down a hill probably about as bad as ever a wagon was let down by oxen, and encamped, and drove our cattle 2 miles down an almost impassable canyon for water. Many of the emigrants' cattle never got back to the wagons; no grass; made 18 miles.

Saturday, 29—To start with this morning, we rolled up an exceedingly heavy hill and found the worst and most difficult road we have passed on the whole journey, being very heavy, rocky and sidling; saw probably a dozen wagons

crumbled up, and a lot of dead cattle lying beside of the road; no water without getting down a tremendously steep mountain; we watered once during the day, which was worse than a half day's travel on our team; made 18 miles and encamped without grass or water.

Sunday, 30 Sept., 1849—This day we made the fabled and far-famed valley of the Sacramento; the first thing worthy of note was its luxurious grapes, of which we found an abundance, they are about the size of the Illinois frost grape, but not that sour taste, being very pleasant to the taste; we fell to, and spared not; made 10 miles.

Monday, Oct. 1—Lay over on the river bottom; this river is a noble, majestic stream, somewhat larger than the Illinois river below Peru; the country about has a picturesque appearance, being dotted over by large spreading oaks, vegetation pretty much dried up; there is the oat straw standing very bright, but the oats shelled out. There is also a small black pea in abundance; these grow spontaneous, as does also barley. The only feed for stock is on the river bottom, being in many places several miles in width. Provisions at this point are high: Flour 50 cents, sugar 50 cents, pork 75 cents, beef 35 cents per lb. There are a great many emigrants going up the river to Redding diggings, 65 miles above this, and Trinity diggings, 35 further. There is a great running about for the best, but no one can tell which is the best.

Tuesday, 2 Moved on down the river during the night, the day being too warm for the teams; made 21 miles and encamped near a rancho; saw the old settlers lasso a wild steer, in which they are very expert, having caught him by the hind leg, at full speed, the horses understand it well, and brought the steer down apparently easy, from what I saw; the Spaniards and Indians do nothing but eat and sport.

Wednesday, 3—Passed on down 8 miles to Neel's ranch, expecting to find our company that left us at the head of the Feather river, but we are sadly disappointed, they not having arrived.

Thursday, 4, Friday, 5—Laid over waiting to no purpose.

Saturday, 6—Still laying over waiting for our men, with much anxiety for them and ourselves. The men arriving this morning, much to our satisfaction and comfort.

LOST IN A MOUNTAIN FASTNESS

A STORY OF HUNGER AND HARDSHIP

By Isaac G. Foster

We left the train on the morning of the 24th of September, 1849, at a large bottom on the spring branch of the Feather river, with the intention of following down this stream and meet the train on the Sacramento river, at its junction with that stream, and so prospect it for gold. There were in the party four of us, Mr. Burr, an old hunter, prospector and mountaineer; a young man by the name of Abbey, and one by the name of Webster, and myself. Our outfit consisted of a tin pan for washing gold, a short-handled hoe, a pack of provisions to last three days, short rations, a shot gun and an old style "pill-barrel" rifle. Thus equipped we started out and traveled down the river, which we found much more rugged than we expected. After following the stream for three days as best we could, but making very slow progress, and our provisions having given out, the mountains shut together, and the water leaped over a precipice. It was clearly impossible to go any further, so we commenced the ascent of the mountain, which was so steep that we had to cut steps in the side of the bluffs to pass over, and pull ourselves up by bushes and twigs. Before getting half way up our canteen of water gave out, and before we get to the top, from the sun beating on our backs, our tongues were swollen and out of our mouths and we could not get them in, until, by placing a little salt on them (of which quite a quantity remained from our provisions), we were enabled to reduce the swelling. We reached the summit at sunset, and instead of the valley of the Sacramento which we expected to see, nothing was in sight but mountains, one piled upon another as far as the eye could reach. We consulted what to do, and decided that we could only return to the river or die of thirst. We reached the river and lay down on the ground very much discouraged, and thus for three days more we were alternately following the river and climbing the mountain to pass some impassable barrier. Each time we arrived at the summit to be disappointed in our expected view of the Sacramento valley. On the fourth day we had been without food, one of the boys shot a cow, which we tried to eat, but it would not stay on our stomachs, so we gave up the attempt. A little later Abbey, who carried the shot gun, stopped back, and Burr, Webster and myself concluded to try an apparent opening at one side, thinking it might be

better traveling than the rocky bed and sides of the stream. The opening proved to be an old burn, on all sides of which the chapparel was ten or twelve feet high, and in the center was a large pine tree, and near it another had fallen down. We reached the fallen tree and sat down to rest and wait for our companion. We very soon heard him hallo down the canyon, he having evidently missed our trail and gone on down the stream. We shouted in answer, but he hearing the echo and still thinking we were ahead, kept on down, and soon we heard him shoot off his gun. I said to Burr, who carried the rifle, "You fire one barrel of your gun and we will all shout, and he will hear us this time," which was done. The echo had scarcely died away before I heard some animal breathing on the other side of the log, and thinking it was deer who had mistaken the echo for our voices and had run onto us, I said to Burr, "Up with your gun; there is game." The old man was very hard of hearing and he said, "Where?" I answered, "There right over the log," and as I spoke a huge grizzly with a cub at her heels came around the butt of the log, and as she saw us reared on her haunches, the cub shooting past her to the brush, only a few feet distant. I said, "Give it to her, Burr, give it to her." He coolly drew up the gun, took deliberate aim at her heart and pulled the trigger, and the hammer clicked in the pan; the "pill" had rolled in the barrel. He partly took the gun down from his face, gave it a jar with his hand to roll the "pill" to its place, and again raised it to his face, but the bear taking his action as a hostile one immediately charged at him, and this spoiled his aim. He shot her too low, or just through the point of the heart and the bowels. I shouted, "Run for your lives," and started for the big pine tree, Burr taking the same course and Webster going a different direction. As I reached the tree I glanced back and saw Burr going around the other side, and I thought she had hold of his coat tails. I met him on the other side, the bear at his heels. She reared to hug me, and as she did the blood spurted all over me. I carried the short-handled hoe which I had hung onto all this time, and as she raised, I aimed a blow at her thinking to cut her nose off. She easily avoided my blow and the hoe sunk into the tree up to the handle, and at the instant I saw her ears prick up, and heard the brush crack, and she instantly passed me so closely as to brush my clothes, and went into the brush. Her cub had become restless and had commenced moving around, and she, fearing it was in danger, had gone to defend it, thus leaving us; and to that cub I

undoubtedly owe my life. And not until now was I scared, but when all real danger was over my legs commenced to tremble and I got so weak I could not stand up.

By this time Webster had returned and Abbey coming up we, after discussing the situation, and loading up both guns and getting our knives ready, proceeded to follow trail where we found huge pieces of entrails where she had torn them off by stepping on them, and the ground being dyed with blood. After going a piece we found where she had joined her cub, and there she had torn down a quarter of an acre of brush, by rolling in an effort to stop the blood, which she succeeded in doing so that there was a pool at every step, whereas before it had run in a stream. We followed to where the brush became so thick that we had to crawl on our hands and knees. After going thus awhile I said to the other boys, "Hold on! that bear is just the color of this brush; if we run onto her here, as we are likely to do at any moment, and if she is not dead, she will certainly kill one, if not all of us." We then held a consultation as to what was best to do. We could not wait for her to die, so concluded to give up the search and leave her, starving as we were, and go on in the hope of reaching the valley or some belated Indian camp; for at this time of year the game all leaves the mountains, and the Indians also, which was the reason we had not yet seen anything; besides it being the fall of the year and everything in this dry climate being very dry, we made so much noise as we proceeded, it doubtless frightened whatever game may have been there. We stopped for the night on a grassy plat, and the next morning I awoke about 2 o'clock in great misery, and knowing it was the last pangs of hunger, and unless I bestirred myself, I would die right there. I got up and ran and jumped as best I could, in my now weak state, until I was in a white heat, and soon I felt better, and lay down till daylight, at which time we again commenced our descent for the river. Soon the boys, one after another, complained of the same feeling I had experienced, but were induced to keep up until Abbey was taken; he proved to be harder to get on, and lay down on the ground and declared he was dying and could not and would not go any farther. He begged us to go on and leave him and get through if we could, and gave me many messages to his wife and little girl to deliver in case I got through. I knew he must be roused in some way, and I then said (after all other efforts failed): "Well, we must draw cuts to see whose mournful duty it will be to draw trigger on him, and we will cover

him up as best we can. We can't leave him for the coyotes to eat up, and we can't stop to dig graves here." He looked at me, his eyes snapping, and he said, "——you, do you talk of killing a man in cold blood." I answered, "I don't talk of anything else, sir." At that he sprang up, and at me like a mad man. I was watching him, and being the more agile easily kept out of his way. The other boys pitched sticks between his legs, tripping him up and laughed at him, telling him he looked very much like a man who was dying. After he had run around for awhile, and got warmed up, he felt better, and continued with us on down the stream; and thus for two days more, and then held a consultation.

After climbing the mountain we found we were completely lost, nothing but mountains all around and no sign of the valley. We got back to the river and followed it some ways when we came to an Indian camp that had lately been occupied, for there were coals of fire yet alive. We hunted around and gathered up some bones, and got to sucking them, and lay down to sleep, more dead than alive, this being the seventh day we had been without eating. As we were about to lay down, one of the men picked up Webster's pack, and feeling something hard in it said, "For heaven's sake, man, haven't you enough to carry without carrying stones?" He thought a moment and answered, "As I live it's a biscuit!" "Well, worse yet, here are four men starving and you, one of them, carrying biscuits!" Then I remembered that on the morning we started I broke open a hot biscuit and put it in each corner of the sack, to keep the string from slipping off. It did not take us long to get those strings off, but it was a longer job to get those biscuits in four pieces, they having got as hard as stone; but it was accomplished, and each man lay down with a soaking in his mouth. In the night I awoke, my stomach gnawing and in much misery. I got hold of my boot and chewed the straps all off. Just at sunrise I saw as I lay, two Indians coming along the trail toward me. They were entirely naked, and around their necks was a string to which was suspended a knife, which I could see glisten as they turned the windings of the trail. I lay still until they saw our camp, when they stopped stock still. I at once rose up and commenced motioning to them, but they did not move. I then got partly up, motioned to my mouth, my stomach; showed them how emaciated I was, and tried to get them to understand that I wanted something to eat. They exchanged a couple of words and turned and darted back the trail, the way they had come. I at once roused up the other boys,

and told them what had happened. Burr commenced fault-finding, in fact he had been finding fault with me ever since we started, for after the first few days they had elected me their leader, agreeing that I should decide all matters, and go ahead of the party to choose the route. He said I had brought them into these mountains to starve, and now was going to take them among the Indians to be killed. However, we crept on down the trail, being now hardly able to more than crawl to the brow of the hill, and there in full view was a whole camp of Indians, who were all coming out to meet us. I at once sighted out one with an old white shirt, the rest being naked, for I knew that shirt had seen white men and that the Indian must have seen them, to get it. I told him we were very hungry and made appropriate signs to indicate that we had not eaten anything for eight days. He said, "habla Espanol." Now I had never heard a word of Spanish in my life, much less spoken it, but had a good Latin education, and knew the Spanish was largely derived from that language, so answered, "si habla," to which he answered, "Campo," and signalled that there was something to eat. I said, "Come on, boys, he says come to the camp." Burr says at once, "Yes, to be butchered, probably." We got down to the camp and there were kettles sitting around the fires full of a mixture of (as I afterward ascertained) crickets, herbs, acorns and berries, all pounded together. The Indian ran his hand into it and then through his mouth, smacked his lips and said, "muncho buena," which I interpreted to mean that it was good. They gave us some, and we partook of it; but it would not stay on our stomachs in their weak condition. The Indians seeing this gave us some that had been cooked onto the rocks, with which they cook this food by dropping them into it when they are hot. These stones resemble a chunk of lead as much as anything. We all fell to gnawing them, and they proved much better than the mixture, and stayed on our stomachs, and by putting salt in the mixture we ate a little of it also. The Indians getting a taste of our salt, commenced begging for it, and I was compelled to give it most all to them, for I did not yet know whether they would prove friendly or not. After we were a little refreshed, thinking it strange that there were no women or children with the Indians, I asked by signs, where they were. The chief (as I now found the one with the shirt to be), cast his eyes upward, and following him I saw them all on a big rock, looking down on us. They had all fled when we were reported by the two Indians. They now came trooping down,

and were nearly as naked as their braves, and large children were entirely so. I had a few beads, brought along for the purpose, which I distributed among them. These pleased them very much. I was very anxious to get the friendship of these people, for I knew that on their assistance we must depend to get to the valley, and our friends. Burr was for pressing them into our service, but that old buck with the shirt was very independent with him; he was lord of that country. However, by coaxing I got him to agree to pilot us to the Sacramento Valley.

The chief prepared some of the stones in a sack and started off, beckoning us to follow, and we took up the march, nearly the whole camp following us, they dropping back in twos and fours till only our Captain remained. After going a piece we came to some grape vines with small-dried up sour grapes. These we commenced to pick and eat, but the Indian kept hurrying us on with many motions, saying, "Vamos! poco tiempo, muncho!" I interpreted this to the boys, saying, "He says, 'come on, we will find lots of them pretty soon.'" Burr answering, "Poco tiempo, muncho, that sounds very much like lots of them by and by, don't it?" After going a piece the Indian motioned for us to sit down, seeing we were unable to go any farther, and motioned for the tin pan carried by Abbey. Again Burr demurred, saying, "That pan is worth $5 in this country, and if you let that rascally Indian have it, that will be the last you will see of either." But I told Abbey to let the Indian have it; he took it and went off into the brush, being gone some time, and came back with the pan heaped up with I thought the finest grapes I had ever seen. These he brought directly to me and I divided them equally among us four. The Indian at once sprung up and taking a large bunch from each of theirs put it with mine, saying, "Captain." But I put them back, at which he seemed much disgusted, doubtless believing that a chief who would not take the largest share could not be much of a chief. After eating the grapes we felt much refreshed, they being the very best food possible for our weak stomachs, and we commenced moving on, our leader seeming in a great hurry and running on ahead and waiting for us to come up, once going so far out of sight that we despaired of ever seeing him again. But returning after a time, finally seeing how utterly impossible it was for us to keep up, he motioned us to sit down, and running up to the brow of a hillock gave a peculiar whistle. Presently two Indians came up, one carrying a quail and the other a turtle. One com-

menced to build a fire and proceeded to cook the quail just as it was, without so much as removing the feathers, after which he brought it to me. I tore it in four pieces and divided it with the other three, and a sweeter morsel never passed my lips than that bird. The turtle the Indians ate themselves.

After moving on apiece our guide ran up a hillock, motioning me after him. I pulled myself up as best I could, and there before me I saw a blue line. The guide swung his arm in a southerly direction and said, "Weam Carson," and then southeasterly, saying, "Sam Carson." I sung out to the boys, "He can talk as good English as any of us, and says, Bill Carson lives over there, and Sam Carson over here." I then asked him in English, "How long it would take us to get there?" He showed how well he understood by making motions, pointing to the sun, and indicating that it would rise and set before we could get there. We went down to where my companions were lying fast asleep, and it was a hard time I had getting them up. At fast as one got partly awake and I left him to awake another, he would go off again. Finally, however, it was accomplished and we set out the same evening. We arrived at a ranch where we found a Frenchman sick with fever, he having two Indian wives, and they both being sick. He had, he said, lain thus for three months, until a piece had actually rotted out of his side. He made us welcome, and told us to help ourselves, saying there was plenty of fresh meat brought him every day by his herders. One of the women got up and pounded some coffee and set it to boil, while our guide roasted some beef, and we ate our first meal in eight days, in fact ate too much, for the next morning we were pretty badly off. After getting breakfast we prepared to leave our generous host. I offered to send him pay for what he had given us, but he refused, saying, "All I ask is that you all promise me if you ever find a poor devil in distress, that you will help him." (Note—And that promise, I believe, was ever kept by at least one of them.—F.) We started and just at sundown came to the valley, and found, much to our disappointment, that the train, after waiting several days had gone on, as every one told them it would be of no use waiting, for we would never get through; if we did not starve, the bears would tear us up and the Indians kill us, and my father very reluctantly started on, for provisions were enormously high at this point, and the train had consumed all they had, making it imperatively necessary to do so. The next morning we started

very early, and after traveling a short distance, I espied one of my oxen feeding. I called out, "Hi Bright;" he came cantering up to me, manifesting the most intense delight, playing around me, bellowing and acting like mad, and before we reached camp every ox in the team were following us and capering around us. We came to the wagons and I asked for my father; he was pointed out to me watching some men sluice gold. I sent for him, telling the messenger to say some one wished to see him. He came up to me and said, "How do you do sir; did you wish to see me?" I answered, "Why! father, don't you know me?" "Why, Old General," he said, "I never expected to see you again," and fell on my neck, and cried like a child.

That was a happy camp that morning, for the teams lay over for us to rest, and that Indian—nothing was too good for him. He was rigged out in a full suit of clothes and an old plug hat, of which he was as proud as a peacock; and being able now to talk good English, he made all sorts of promises, saying he would go on to the mines, "heap sabe, dig gold," etc. The next morning the Indian was gone, as was also my brother Arthur's vest, and father's feather pillow; he had got his eye on them, had taken the pillow out to the edge of the camp, and emptied the feathers out and taken the tick along. Father missed the pillow very much, and said if the Indian had taken anything else he would not complain, but to take his pillow, which was the only real comfortable thing he possessed, was too bad. He had to stuff a sack with straw and make out with that, though he missed his pillow sadly.

Sunday, 7—Passed on to Feather river crossing, 28 miles; good roads, found plenty of grapes; some gold found where we first came to the river, 8 miles above the crossing; made 28 miles.

Monday, 8—Crossed Feather river, a stream 120 yards wide, 2 feet deep; passed on 8 miles and camped; made 8 miles.

Tuesday, 9—This morning we met the Owens on their way up to the Redding diggings, 7 miles; crossed the Yuba, 60 yards wide, 2 feet deep; gold is plenty up the stream; made 16 miles.

Wednesday, 10—Passed on 8 miles and camped, being rainy; made 8 miles.

Thursday, 11—Passed on 7 miles and crossed Bear creek, a small creek, but rich in gold; passed on 8 miles and camped, not much feed, no water; made 15 miles.

Friday, 12—Passed on 8 miles to Vernon, a small village at the junction of Feather river and the Sacramento; thence to Sacramento City, 20 miles.

Saturday, 13—Bought our outfit of provisions and started for the diggings at Mormon Island, on the American fork.

Wednesday, 17—Explored the diggings on the American fork, and washed about $2.00.

Thursday, 18—Left the American fork, and went about 5 miles on the prairie to prospect, and in a small ravine found about one ounce of coarse gold.

Monday, 22—Went to work on the Cosumnes washing fine gold (east of Sutter's 25 miles, at the foot of the hills).

Saturday, 27—Made about $100 each man this week, being a trifle over one oz. each per day.

Saturday, Nov. 4—The weather has been somewhat wet this week; we have made only about $65 each per man this week.

Saturday, Nov. 10—Made about 1 oz. per man per day; 3 days rainy this week; vegetation begins to start up green; the weather warm, there has been no frost about here, although the mountains are to be seen covered with snow, 30 or 40 miles east of us; when it snows there it rains here; the climate is very mild at this place.

Tuesday, Nov. 13—This is the birthday of my beloved wife, she being 57 years old, if in the land of the living; God bless her, are the prayers of her unworthy husband, who is anxious to see her. The day is rather a gloomy one, being rainy, and our house nothing but a tent, and what makes it a more anxious time, is the sickness of my son, Vincent, for whom I feel deeply. May that blessed God, who has been heretofore so merciful and kind to us, restore him and again bring my beloved family to embrace each other again in this world, and unite us all in a better world, where sickness and sorrow will never come. I. Foster.

Nov. 16, 1849—The face of nature has the appearance of spring, vegetation has put forth, seed on the surface of the ground springs up so fast that feed for beasts is getting good. The rain falls more or less about one-third of the time, and the thermometer ranges from 48° to 60°, but usually about 55°. Snow can be seen about 20 miles east of us constantly. As for the gold of this country, it is in abundance, but generally so scattering as to require labor to accumulate very much of it; there are hundreds of places where able-bodied, industrious men can prospect one oz. per day, and many places more can be obtained, and many men are daily falling

Judge [illegible]e Foster
Isaac [illegible] Foster

Grace Parsons Foster
Roxanna Cheney Foster

Mrs. Harriet Foster Cummings
R. B. Olmsted
Arthur T. Foster

William Cummings
Juliet Foster Olmsted
Vincent Foster

on to lots and getting it in large quantities: no doubt it is inexhaustible, and I doubt if there is a foot of earth in this country but what gold may be found in to some extent, but the miners are eager for the glittering dust, and many of them, regardless of health, work in the rain and water until they pay the forfeit by prostration and sickness, which is the case of my son Vincent, who is at this time very sick. Oh! what is all the gold of California, compared with health; we are as comfortably situated as most others, dwelling under a tent, so constituted as to keep us dry and warm, with a bed-tick filled with hay, and a bag full for a pillow, but after all it is a poor place to be sick. May our heavenly Father give us health of soul and body, and enable us to serve him perfectly.

LETTER

From Isaac Foster At The Gold Fields To His Family

On the Bank of De Cosma, Dec. 2, 1849.

Dear Wife and Children:—

Once more I would tell you about matters and things in this land of gold. First we are in tolerable health. Vincent has been very sick awhile past but is getting so as to work a little. Two weeks since we thought we should have to bury him here. The rainy season commenced here about the 5th of November and we were washing gold at the rate of an ounce per day to a man, and "the Doctor" was so avaricious for more that he would work all the day in the rain and take no care of himself at night, frequently sitting in the open air all the evening with nothing but shirt and pants on.

I expostulated with him but he was so rugged and the climate so mild he thought he could stand it. But he found himself mistaken. He took cold and was taken a vomiting and dizzy in the head. He took physic but it was six days before he could get anything through him. Finally by stimulating his bowels and giving injections we succeeded.

He is now getting quite smart. Well, the General's course has been much like the Doc, taking no care of himself, and he has had two chills of the ague by which he has lost some time but they will learn wisdom by the things they suffer.

As for me, I am remarkably healthy. I practice showering myself three times a week and have done so all summer and there has not been a day since I left the Missouri River but what I have eat my allowance and been able to do as much labor as any man.

As for the climate I like it much so far as I have seen it. It is very temperate; it has not varied more than thirty degrees by the thermometer since the rainy season commenced, varying from thirty-six to sixty-six. I keep a weather table.

The rain season commenced the second of November, and it has rained only six days up to this time. The rest of the time has been delightful pleasant weather. We have had no frost yet. We are about one hundred miles a little north of east of San Francisco and twenty-five miles southeast from Sacramento City on a stream about the size of the Dupage, a very pleasant place. We are digging gold on a bar of the stream and have worked five weeks and obtained something

over five hundred dollars to a man or $100 per week to those that have worked.

Isaac Foster.

This is accounted one of the poorest diggings in the country. It being the nearest digging to the city it has of course been dug over considerably. We located here for the winter, it being at the foot of the hills and more comfortable to winter.

Winter digging can not very well be carried on in the mountains although much richer than below. There have been many fortunes made in the country this year. The country is covered with gold. Scarcely can you wash a pan of earth from the river to the top of the mountain without finding some gold but it generally requires labor to get much of it. We think we can hardly afford to wash it unless we get twenty cents per bucket. A smart man will dig on the bar and wash one hundred buckets per day.

I have washed five dollars from one pan of dirt and there have been instances of washing five hundred dollars from one bucket of dirt up in the mountains and also in the dry diggings. The gold is found from the smallest particles to one pound and there have been pieces found to weigh as high as fifty, it is said.

The largest that I have found weighed six dollars. I expect to if I live and have my health get some of those big rock I used to talk about when at home. When the spring opens tell Fayette and George and Fred if they want to get gold come on but by all means come by the Isthmus. The fare will probably be $300, which can be made here in three or four weeks.

I do not think the gold stories at the east have as a general thing overestimated the amount of gold in this country. It is estimated that over half a million daily is taken from the mines of this country. I think we shall by the end of another year with Divine permission be able if doing no better than at present to return with several thousand cash.

I wish you would enlarge the orchard north of the house by at least 100 trees of the best varieties of fruit that can be procured from the best nurseries and I want Olmsted to get all the wall made around the farm that he can.

Let there be as much of the farm seeded to grass as is convenient [illegible] the place over the river or otherwise manage

it as you can. I would not advise the sale of any part of the land at present. I do not know how I shall make up my mind about this country yet, not having seen it around the bay or coast.

I like the climate for a winter, or rather for a summer, I should call it. The grass is growing up fresh and green and appears like spring. Those trees that shed their leaves in autumn are leaving out. We have our garden sowed.

Our living is the best we can get, being meat, bread, sugar $18, pork $40 per barrel, flour $20 per hundred and up in the mines, frequently ten times as much. But with all the high prices a man can live cheaper than in Illinois in proportion to the value of labor.

It is the greatest place for making money I ever saw at anything a man has a mind to go at. The country produces all kinds of small grain in perfection. I want to know how Olmsted gets along in paying for his farm. If he has not sold it I will send him the money to pay for it the first opportunity.

I think he had better keep it by all means for I think that real estate must rise for the next few years in the States in consequence of the great increase of money from this country.

We have not received any letters from home since we arrived here. I wish every one of you to write every two weeks as the mail comes that often and direct to Sacramento City, California. May God bless you all.

Yours forever,

I. Foster.

LETTER

From Isaac Foster; Inscription Missing.

DeCosma Gold Mines, Dec. 10, 1849—We are all well by the Divine blessing and doing pretty well in getting gold for the time of year. We have had no rain for the last twelve days and the weather has been very pleasant with only a few white frosts so that we could work every day.

I got about two hundred and twenty dollars last week for my part and when the winter is gone up in the mountains so that we can get up to the coarse gold mine we confidently expect to get from fifty to five hundred per day which is not uncommon and many times as many thousands.

When I can ascertain that letters go safe to the States or as soon as we get one from you I intend to send you a draft for five hundred dollars. The mail passes every two weeks to and from the States and I want you to write every mail and pay the postage for it is said that letters not paid do not pass the Isthmus.

Tell Olmsted to write and all of you write. I suppose there is letters at San Francisco for us but we have not had an opportunity to send there lately. I wish you to direct all your letters to Sacramento City. Do as well as you can. Live in peace and take all the comfort that you can. But remember this: This is not the only world to live for.

Our work is hard or at least we work hard. There is something in the very nature of the business that will induce men to work even if they are naturally lazy where in washing from one bucket of dirt a man may get from twenty-five cents to five dollars. After he has done day's work enough he will want to wash a few more dollars' worth and is apt to do too much.

We winter in a tent comfortably. The fare is bread and meat and without vegetables but the time to come home will soon come. For a month is soon gone. We intend to be home as soon as talked of and with plenty of the rock.

Our love to all.

I. Foster.

Thursday, Dec. 11—Wrote home yesterday; to-day I am unable to work, being afflicted with disentary, which is the first illness I have had since leaving my beloved wife and children, and have a stronger desire to be at home with them than at any time hitherto, almost bordering on "being homesick," as the term is. Oh! much better if a person is sick to be at home where the wife of his bosom and his dear friends can syn pathize with him, and administer to his relief, than to be surrounded with gold, without them. But here I am about 3000 miles from most of those I hold dear, a cloth tent for my house, and my bed on the ground, without suitable medicine, and no physician but myself; my sons are kind to me and are willing to do what they can for my comfort. The disentary probably kills more people in this country than all other complaints, though upon the whole it may be considered a healthy country. The manner of living in the mines, and the nature of the work, especially the washing of gold at this time of year, tending to bring it on, the water being snow water from

the mountains about us is extremely cold, and of necessity the washer must work by the water, and get more or less wet, which causes him to take cold. In this way have I probably been made sick, but although I thus lament and am cast down, I am not without consolation, for the Lord comforts me I have confidence in Him, believing as I do, that He controls all things aright, and orders all things for our good, and that He does not afflict willingly, but for our profit; perhaps He sees my foolish heart running away from Him after gold, and designs by this to bring me back again; if this is the case, my prayer is that the Lord's will be done, for I esteem his favor better than gold, and though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him. J. Foster.

Thursday, Dec. 20—By the Divine Power we are all well; the weather for the past few days has been wet and unfavorable for business; the rains have raised the stream where we have been at work, so as to mostly cover the bar, and prevent the digging of gold, and the rain has so softened the ground that we cannot remove to a more favorable place, so we can do but little. The time of most of the miners is spent in making their tents comfortable, and in hunting deer, of which there are a great many about us, their meat selling for 25 cents per lb. Some kinds of provisions are very high, for instance, eggs are $1 each or $12 per doz., potatoes 75 cents per lb., but gold is more plenty than either. Men that arrived in this country the present season, have obtained some 5, some 10, some thousand, and have shipped for home, but the common amount is about 1 oz. per man per day.

Jan. 9, 1850—In consequence of a heavy fall of rain, the digging of gold is suspended for the present, the bars on the stream being overflowed. The weather is warm; there has been no frost since the 11th of Dec. Nature presents the appearance of spring. The earth is beautifully covered with grass. Stock is thriving finely, the climate is exceedingly mild, the weather not varying much in temperature from day to day.

(God bless my family.)

Jan. 11—This day my youngest daughter, Mariett, is 22 years old, and I wish she was here, together with all the rest of my dear family and friends, where winters are no more. I am highly pleased with the climate for the winter in this country. Nothing to do, the water is so high that I have only made 50 cents worth of gold to-day, added to mother's purse.

Jan. 29—The weather for the last month has been rainy a good part of the time, so that the streams have been high, and consequently retarded gold digging during that time.

On about Christmas, Isaac and I took a tramp about 30 miles up the mountain for better diggings, but found the weather so much more severe there concluded it not advisable to winter there; the country where we traveled was extremely rough and broken, full of deep gulches, and gold is found in them all, and on hills; there were many diggers faring miserably, living on meat and bread and working in the mud and water daily, and sleeping on the ground at night, consequently many of them were sick, mostly with the scurvy, and many die with it.

We are pleasantly situated. Where we are there is no winter. I have not seen a flake of snow fall since the winter commenced; though raining, it has been warm. Our living has been bread, meat, rice, beans, coffee and sugar, so we have not had the scurvy, but all of us have been troubled in our bowels. Vincent was first taken, and no passage could be effected for 8 days. After that I was taken with dysentary, and it lasted 8 days, and now I am suffering the second attack, which has been very severe for 8 or 9 days, but now assumes a milder form. Isaac G. is now suffering with the same complaint, but we hope by the divine blessing to survive. Our diet hereafter will be more of a vegetable one. Greens (shulha) are getting plenty around us, and they are of an excellent kind.

No letters from home; it makes us almost homesick. Isaac G. threatens hard of putting off for home. We have sold our oxen and wagon (2 yoke oxen) for $600.

LETTER

From Isaac Foster to His Son

California Goldmines, March 6th, 1850.

Dear Arthur:—

I take advantage of a wet day to write a few lines to you for whose welfare I have a great solicitude, as well as for the rest of my dear family, from whom I have not heard anything since we arrived in California although we have written nearly a dozen letters home.

We have not received a single one in return. We have spent nearly a hundred dollars' worth of time in going to the postoffice, but no letters. I wrote home by Mr. Kellogg the

next day after I got to Sacramento City and Chicago papers have been received here publishing his arrival home but still we can get nothing from any of you.

Are you all dead or have you all forgotten us or what is the matter? Other people's letters and papers come every two weeks but ours, never. I suppose you have received lots of letters from us, so I shall not attempt to repeat much that I have written about things here. I wrote a letter for publication in The Citizen some time in January last which you have probably seen published.

We are all well and hearty and you would hardly know Vincent he is so fat. He was never so healthy in his life as he is here, although he was sick the first part of the winter or in December I should say, for we have no winter here. I have not seen a flake of snow fall since I have been in California.

We have wintered in our tent that we brought from home very comfortably. There has been but little frost here this season. The grass and flowers have bloomed all of the season. It has rained about a fifth part of the time from the first of November until the first of February. Since then we have only had occasional showers.

I like the climate much. I have not been down to the bay and cannot say how I shall like it yet. Our first object is to get lots of gold in this country but it is up in the mountains mostly and it can not be found on account of the snow which falls there, which will not be off so as to admit our getting much of it until about May and then by the blessing of the Lord we expect to get what will do us.

And if we are successful in making our pile in season we may take pack animals and go overland the way we came and get home in October. But if not we purpose to stay until winter and come home by the Isthmus.

We did not expect to get much more gold this winter than to pay our way but we have done better than that for we have after paying expenses, etc., probably between three and four thousand dollars of the dust on hand. I intended to have sent home considerable of a sum by the return of Mr. I. A. Gooding but he left without my knowledge.

I understand Doct. Spencer has gone home. We have not seen a Plainfield man since we have been here except Doct. Spencer when we first arrived. Isaac was in the city yesterday and heard that a party that left Salt Lake early in the winter, taking the Southern route for California mostly per-

ished on the desert. Among those who perished was Mr. Wade and his whole family, who used to live down the Dupage near Mr. Grinton's mill.

March 14, 1850—Mr. Nathan Burr died on the 12th inst. after an illness of eleven days, occasioned probably by getting into the river. I attended his funeral yesterday, and settled up his affairs and paid his debts; I placed the balance of his effects (it being $350 in cash, and probably about $40 in other property) into the hands of Jas. C. Sly, a brother Mormon, to transmit to his family at Salt Lake. By this providence I feel admonished of the great uncertainty of life, and the necessity of being in readiness for the messenger of death at all times. God grant me a fitness for it. Wrote a letter on the 9th inst. to Arthur; Isaac also wrote to his wife. No letters from home yet.

LETTER

From Isaac Foster to His Family

Sacramento City, April 9th, 1850.

Dear Wife:—

I arrived at the city from the gold mines two or three days since and to our great satisfaction found yours and Mariett's letters of the 1st January last, those being the first that we received since those Mr. Farnsworth brought last fall. And this is the first that we have heard from home anyway. None of your previous letters have come to hand and it appears that you have not received ours.

I have written I believe seven home besides one for publication in The Citizen since I wrote by Mr. Kellogg. The mails have been shockingly managed at the Isthmus but of late there is a U. S. agent there to attend to it so that probably hereafter communication will pass regularly.

The mail now is expected to arrive every two weeks so I shall expect some of you to write as often. Poor Isaac feels bad because he has received no letter from his wife but learns from yours that she has gone east. I comfort him by telling him that her letters will probably come with our back ones.

Doc is not much troubled about anything. He enjoys life to the brim, is very healthy and grows fat, as does Isaac. Indeed the climate agrees with us all. We have all enjoyed

better health for the last year than before since we immigrated to Illinois.

This climate so far as my experience extends I consider far better than any I ever lived in. The winter has been very mild. I have not seen a flake of snow fall since I have been here and but very few slight frosts. There is but little wind and but little variation of the weather.

We have wintered up in the first range of hills toward the mountains and about forty or fifty miles farther up is lots of snow even now to be seen from here(the city) so you see that snow is not so contiguous to the Great Valley as we supposed, it being from 50 to 100 miles from the Sacramento.

We came down from our winter quarters, thinking to visit the Pueblo Valley, situated at the south end of the bay and about fifty miles from San Francisco to make us a ranch for a future residence, thinking very likely we should bring the whole of you here next winter by the leave of Providence. How would you like that, ha?

But not finding it exactly convenient to make a trip down there at this time have concluded to pack our animals into the mountains and roll out some of those large chunks I used to talk about when at home. The gold we have got as yet is very fine. That in the mountains is all coarse, i. e., from the value of one dollar upwards to blocks, I know not how large.

We do not expect to do a very good business until summer on account of the snow lying on until then. And then with Divine permission and blessing we shall load our mules of which we have three with the Big Rocks. We have so much of the stuff now on hand that it is a great burden to us to keep it around with us. I wish you had it home but it is so risky sending by mail that we do not like to risk it.

We could get good drafts, probably, but they want to shave us out of thirty dollars on a hundred. I have sent some in a letter to you, Mariett, Olmsted and Arthur, some three or four dollars each, but it appears you have had none of it when you wrote.

I now venture to send you a piece worth about six dollars, hoping you may get it. You must get along the best you can and borrow no trouble about us. It is all foolishness. That blessed God Who has hitherto watched over us for good I trust will bring us safely back. I most confidently believe he controls all things, even the smallest, for our good.

So let us lean on him with thankful, obedient hearts and not try to wrest the government from him. We shall see it

all right in the end. All the trouble we have in this world arises from a rebellious spirit and neglect of duty on our part. God will most assuredly lead us if we seek to be led by Him. Try it in all things and you will lose all your troubles.

I want Arthur kept at school constantly, let the cost be what it may. It is our duty to give him that moral and intellectual training both by precept and example that will make a man of him and certainly I love him too well to neglect it.

If the Lord will, we shall be home next fall or winter with funds enough to make us comfortable, either there or to return here with our family. I write at this time a letter to Marriet and Olmsted and Juliet and send a specimen of gold.

As to that part of your letter which refers to Mormon preaching and Mormon wives, I can't waste my time and paper to reply to it.

I remain,
Your affectionate husband,
Isaac Foster.

LETTER

From Isaac Foster to His Son

Dear Arthur:—

I have more anxiety for you than for anything else, feeling that your future destiny depends more upon the character that you are now forming than upon any other period of your life. Oh, how fervently do I pray God, Who only can guide us, that He will incline your heart and put in the good and the right way. As you regard the affection of your father or your friends or your future wellbeing and above all the favor of God, strive to cultivate your mind morally and intellectually; be faithful to school; kind to your dear mother and friends; good to all.

Avoid every bad habit. Try to get the goodwill of everybody. You are now of the age that boys are apt to think they know how to take care of themselves but be assured my dear Arthur that is one of the greatest mistakes a boy of your age ever fell into. Thousands make shipwreck of themselves on the rock and also they find it out when it is too late.

God has wisely put them under parents, tutors, and governors until they arrive at more mature age. You will

best secure your future interests by following their council until you are a man indeed.

I have many things to tell you about if I had time but you must wait until I get home for the most of them. I saw a great volcano while coming over the plains throwing its dense clouds of smoke up to the heavens and a great many boiling springs that would boil a kettle of pork and beans quicker than you could do over a fire.

This is a very interesting country. There are thousands of wild horses and cattle, deer and antelope and elk without number. And there is getting to be a great many folks here and a great deal of gold, but it is hard work to get it, i. e., the work is hard. A great many spend it as soon as they get it and some get little and some get much.

We have not been so lucky as some but have done tolerable well. We are now about going up into the mountains where the big chunks are to be found. We have sold the cattle we got through with. Two yoke and the wagon brought in six hundred dollars.

We have bought three mules for packing into the mountains which cost near four hundred dollars. We have not gotten in with any of the Will county folks since we went to the mines. The mining district is very extensive and the people settle over an extent of country measuring one hundred by one thousand miles. So you see we might as well look for a needle in a haymow as for an acquaintance unless you happen to come across him.

I received a letter from Miss Farnsworth enclosing one to her brother. Not having seen him since last fall and knowing nothing where he is, put his letter in the postoffice

Adieu, my dear boy.

I. Foster.

R. B. Olmsted.

June 12, 1850—Bought a rancho, and commenced keeping tavern.

LETTER

From Isaac Foster to his Family

Sacramento City, June 14th, 1850.

Dear Wife and Children:—

I came into the city this morning and found in the postoffice your letter of the 6th April, and Mariett's by Sam Nor-

ton and rejoice to hear from you again that you are are all in the land of the living and well. But I very much regret to hear that the wife of bosom is so disconsolate and borrows so much trouble, for I know it is all borrowed. And a want of confidence in God whose eye watches every step we take and that for good.

Why, my dear wife, don't you trust God? He governs all things and everything and everything connected with all our movements. Surely, I tell you that I have never had so much confidence in my Heavenly Father's government as I have had since I left home. I feel safe and firmly believe he will bring it all out right.

O, why should we fret and worry? By so doing we can not make one hair white or black but only make ourselves miserable. Let us trust in Him at all times and He will direct us in all our paths and then whether we live or die we shall be the Lord's.

I have written a great many letters home and have some seven or eight with gold in, some to each of you, but it appears you have got none of them or you would acknowledge the corn. You say you wish I would send you some gold but it is so uncertain about your getting it that I think you must try to get a living from the means in your reach.

Try to do right and live in love and peace together and I think you won't suffer much for things to live on. By all means keep Arthur at school. Mariett seems very anxious to come here and I wish she was here for in our present circumstances she would be of great service to us as we have left the mines and bought a ranch and are now keeping tavern in the Sacramento Valley, 20 miles from this city on the Johnson road, the principal route to the northern mines.

The last letter I wrote you we were about 120 miles northeast of this city on the Yuba, but finding it such a cold, mountainous atmosphere and not very profitable digging on account of the high water that we sold out and in coming down fell in with what we think a profitable establishment, concluded to try this branch of business a spell.

If it proves profitable we shall probably continue here until the rainy season and then sell and clear for home. If it does not pay somewhere about an ounce to each of us per day we shall sell and dig again. But we had much rather be in this business than in the mines. It is more healthy, for we live much better and more comfortable than we can in the mines.

The boys make the best of cooks. All such business you must know is done by men in this country. I am now at the city getting supplies for our establishment and lumber for building a tavern house. I wrote in my last that I hoped that Mariett would content herself until we return.

The hot season will not do to cross the Isthmus anyhow. When we get home (if God permit) and talk it all over we may conclude to emigrate, all of us, to this country. It is not worth while to be in a hurry. The gold in California will never be exhausted nor the climate cease to be a pleasant one, in some parts at least.

I shall ever endeavor to follow the leading of God's providence in all things, for He orders all for the best. Our health is at present very good and the health of the country fine in general. I learn this morning that about one-fourth part of San Francisco was burnt up yesterday.

Provisions are abundant for all the United States if they come here and gold plenty but costs a mighty sight of search and labor to get it. Lazy, shiftless fellows get but little but industrious and persevering men will make money here at almost anything. Many after they get it gamble it away but we shall probably take care of what we get and endeavor to bring home some of the dust at least.

I was glad to read a few lines from Arthur. I hope he has by this time got the letter that I sent him with a lump of gold in it and I hope you will write again my dear boy. Be faithful to school and kind to mother and all. My love to all the dear children and little ones and don't be troubled about us as we are always right side up with care.

Yours forever,

Isaac Foster.

We shall endeavor to write often and want you to do the same. We got two letters, one from Mother and one from Olmsted and Juliet about the 20th of May and Isaac got one from his wife dated 6th March at Groton. Goodbye. God bless you all. I. F.

I have not seen one of the Plainfield boys lately. I fell in with William Graves, the son of Henry Graves of Boonville, N. Y. the other day and learned that Ethan Perry of Turin was here. We get papers from the States and I wish you would send one every week. Mathers lives at Pueblo Santa Rosa or Jose, the best and most delightful spot in California if not in the world and there is where I propose to locate if I remove to this country.

I saw a gent today that lives near Mathers and says he is rich and respectable. I hope Fayette is coming but why do they come across the country when they might have come in the winter for less money and one quarter of the time and a small portion of the hardship?

But every one to his liking. Take good care of the fruit trees on the place and all of you do the best you can.

I. F.

LETTER

From Mariett and Mother at Plainfield to Isaac Foster in California

Plainfield, June 16th, 1850

Dear Father:—

We received your letter a few days ago and were very glad for your sakes that you had heard from us. It must have relieved you of much anxiety on our account. You have doubtless received more communications from us since then as we have written quite often. Mother and Mary Ann have gone to church from which I am detained by an enormous boil on my chin, so I thought I would scribble to you.

We have no news of much importance; the dull monotony is seldom interrupted. Everything passes along in the old routine, very little sickness, not enough to feed one's M. D.; no weddings—nothing.

It was with the greatest reluctance I gave up the idea of going to California. I do not know that I shall ever have the fever as bad again. However, if you think best to go I am with you. I do not know that I should like to settle there permanently, but I should like a few thousand of its glittering ore.

Plainfield looks lonely, very; all its young men, nearly, have started for your El Dorado; doubtful whether one-fourth of them ever get there. Poor Warren Broughton died in Iowa soon after he started by a relapse, after having the smallpox. Orville has just brought down a letter from Anne Foster. She thinks of returning to Illinois directly. Is probably on her way now. Eugene Foster talks plainly. She was at Newburyport. She says Eugene wants to know every day when the "Old Man" will come and take them out riding.

I never w[illegible]d to see you half as bad as now. It seems as though we [illegible]ld not possibly wait for you to come home.

I wish I was there. I believe I could dig as well as Vint. Don't you believe I could? I want you should write just what you think we ought to do, for I am often in a quandary as you call it.

I am blamed by somebody, either Olmsted, Juliet or Mother, let me do what I will. I have tried to do as near as I thought would please you as I could. If I have failed it was from inexperience, not willfully.

I have nearly despaired and been tempted to clear and should certainly have done it if it had not been for you. When one is considered as nothing but an intruder and has no control over anything which they are responsible for, it is rather uncomfortable circumstances to be placed in. At least for me.

I cried when I read in your letter that you thought "I missed Pa." I thought you could not imagine how much. I hope you will take care of your health during the hot season and come home alive if not rich. Dr. Spencer gives the most doleful account of your El Dorado imaginable. He says there is little gold but much sickness; lizards and vermin, plenty. He says if you should get $50,000 you would earn every cent of it in the dearest manner.

I should not think that I earned it very dearly if I took out in the course of a day twenty pounds of gold. But I guess I do not know much about digging. We think some of going back to the farm to live. The old house will fairly talk. Olmsted has turned it into a cornerib during the winter. I do not know as we can stay in it but we shall have to try, I believe, if Ann comes back.

The place we live in will be entirely too small for our family, and the old house in its present dilapidated condition is too cold for winter. There is no school for Arthur and the influence is bad. It is the best place I can devise.

Write to us often, dear father, and tell us what to do. And believe me to be

Your affectionate daughter,

Mariett

Dear California Husband:—

I just write you a line in remembrance of me for verily I have written so many I have nothing interesting to communicate only I have passed the painful ordeal. Dr. Spencer says you will thank him when you return for extracting thoroughly tumors from my scalp. Yes, it is done, glad am

I. Should like very much to have your company while under the operation.

The wound is now healing up and doing well. I calculated to have started east before this but was disappointed in not getting the means to go with. Rufus has sold some of his part of the corn, contracted for 49 cents. It has been as high as 52 but is now falling to 40. We have not sold any only for repairs on the farm, for we are always put off, the last served. I do wish you were home to see to your business. We have got out of the sight of the doings for it did rather cross the grain of a body's conscience to see how things went on at the farm.

I received your letter and the lump of gold, it being the first I had ever receivd from you from which receive my thanks. If I understand you wrote you had sent eight letters since Mr. Kellogg returned. I will just give you memorandum of the letters I have received from you since: One Dec. 2; one to Arthur dated March 6th and three since, all of which contained gold; one to Olmsted dated April 9th; one to me and Arthur; one to Mariett.

Tell Isaac that his wife writes she has received all the gold he has ever sent, namely, four times. She says she has enough to come home with. I saw the letter in The Citizen that you sent for publication, although we do not take that.

You differ very materially with respect to that country with some that have returned, Mr. Bingham from the Ausable, Doctor Spencer and others. The doctor is getting better. It seems that the climate did not agree with his health; thinks if he had remained there he should have died ere this. He has just received a letter from a friend in Sacramento.

While there he says he had $25 stolen. So you must look out for it seems you have thieves there. I have just returned from the office, which has fatigued me very much. No letter. I hope you have no hotter weather than we have had for about a week. My health is not good and the heat is most oppressive.

Olmsted's entire family and all ours except myself have gone to Joliet with Quick and Strong to draw them, 12 in number, to a caravan. I am alone, poor lonely being that I am, but you say I must not complain. Do not forget to write to us if you can send to the postoffice when you get into the mountains. I know you are even there now. I should like to be with you.

18th—Mariett has rode out with a merchant in this place by the name of Coughman. Fond of the Dutch. There is four stores in this place, two new ones. So you see Plainfield is going ahead. They raised the new bell to the new Methodist church yesterday. It is now ringing. The Presbyterian church is almost enclosed. There is no high school in the place. Arthur is running about the streets, caring for no one. I have been trying to persuade him to write to you but can not succeed. I long for the time to come when he will have a father to see to him but I must close.

Wishing you prosperity and Heaven's blessings.

G. Foster.

July 28—Got our trunk from Cosummes.

Aug. 28, 1850—Left the diggings on the Cosumnes for home, leaving my son Vincent and bidding him an affectionate farewell. I feel it hard parting with my dear boy, but my health being poor, deem it expedient to leave for home. Isaac goes with me to Sacramento city, to the ranch for my trunk, etc.

Aug. 30—Parted with Isaac at visiting the postoffice, and getting three letters from home, one from Olmsted and wife, one from my wife and one from Mariett; took steamer "Senator" at Sacramento city for San Francisco, price steerage $17. Passed down the Sacramento river about sixty miles and entered the bay of San Francisco. The river Sacramento is navigable by the largest class of sea vessels as far up as Sacramento city, 160 miles from San Francisco, and 50 miles farther up by smaller boats during the whole season, and during the season of high water some steamboats run 250 miles up it, and its course is from N. W. to S. E. through an extensive valley, from 20 to 50 miles in width. The valley of the San Joaquin is about as extensive as the Sacramento valley, and watered by the San Joaquin river, nearly as large as the Sacramento; they unite at the head of the bay. The bay of San Francisco is a beautiful sheet of water. The country around the bay and on the east side especially, is low and marshy, there are several beautiful and delightful valleys around this bay, on the north Sonoma and Napa besides several smaller ones, on the south the extensive valley of Pueblo, in which is located the Capitol of California. This valley is by far the most desirable portion of Northern California for residences, being shut off from the coast by the Marin range of mountains, and from the San Joaquin by

another range, and situated on the south lobe of the bay, 50 miles from its mouth, it possesses a mild and healthful climate.

San Francisco, Sept. 1, 1850—This city is situated about 7 miles from the ocean, on a kind of an amphitheater, or rather three of them, the hills rising abruptly from the water's edge; in many places the ascent to residences is very steep, and in many others difficult. The city streets are cut in the side of the rock, and in some instances a channel is cut through the same. The harbor is excellent and most secure.

Took passage on board the steamboat "Republic," which sailed at 2 o'clock p. m. Passed out of the harbor through a fleet of about seven hundred sail of vessels of every nation and class under the whole heavens. The entrance into the bay is about seven miles in length, and at its narrowest place about one mile in width. At this place there are fortifications on either side. In about one hour after weighing anchor we were on the broad Pacific Ocean. Sensation of delight mingled with awe pervaded my bosom as we plowed the proud waves of the mighty deep.

Sept. 2—The weather foggy during most of the day. Our speed was about 8 knots per hour, our crew of passengers consisting of about 100, our fare, or grub, as the sailors call it, is tolerable good for this coast. My health, which for some time past has been rather poor, (being afflicted with flux,) improves rapidly, and my appetite is growing ravenous. My stomach digests its food much better, for which I feel thankful.

Sept. 3—10 o'clock a. m. Passed the Island of St. Nicholas on our left, about 300 miles from San Francisco, and near the bay of San Diego.

Sept. 4—Sailing through the day, at about six miles per hour. The weather pleasant and agreeable. The number of passengers as per list is 109, mostly gold hunters that have made at least enough to get home. Some blacklegs of course, easily enough told by a man acquainted with human nature and especially physiology.

Sept. 5, 1850—On board the S. S. "Republic." Lat. 34 degrees N. near the Island of Guadalupe; weather fair and pleasant. This day, by the favor of my Heavenly Father, I am sixty years old, in fine health and spirits, my health having greatly improved since I came on board.

Upon a revision of the scenes of my past life, I feel that I have cause for both humiliation and deep gratitude—humil-

iation in view of the multitude of my transgressions, and neglect of duty both to God and man, and for which I humbly hope and pray for forgiveness of God through the merits of Jesus Christ; of gratitude for the hope of salvation through grace and for great and innumerable and providential blessings bestowed on such an unworthy sinner as I am; and I would reservedly call on His holy name if He, who has led me safely through danger and difficulties, shall see fit to employ me in building up His holy temple. May I strive to show myself a good workman, that needeth not be ashamed, and when my work is done may I be found of Him in peace, not having my own righteousness but the righteousness of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ, who loved me and gave himself for me, that he might redeem me from all unrighteousness, and purify me unto himself. So let it be.

I. Foster.

Sept. 6—Sea rough, out of sight of land.

Saturday, 7—Passed a point of land called by the Spaniards— ——; distant about 3 miles.

Sunday, 8—Sea rough, a little rain; boat's crew quite civil; religious services on board.

Monday, 9—Sea rough, a number of seasick on board; off the Gulf of California.

Tuesday, 10—Rough sea; fowls of several kinds flying, and flying fish in great numbers; also porpoises and dolphins playing around the boat.

Wednesday, 11—Some rain this a. m.; the weather hot; a great falling off in the quality of the food in the steerage; much grumbling; for my part, it is for my good, my appetite having been most voracious ever since I came on board. I have been prone to eat too much for my stomach; poor fare helps much to govern my appetite, so as to relieve my stomach. The passengers are divided into two divisions, steerage and cabin. While scrutinizing the two companies I am forcibly struck with the false estimate society makes of character and worth. Our steerage passengers are mainly composed of intelligent, industrious laboring men who have been to California and labored hard and fared hard to get gold, and are returning with some more and some less in as convenient a way as possible to their families and homes with the fruits of their toil, to enjoy it with their friends; they are restricted to the fore end of the ship and fare hard in proportion to the money they pay, [illegible]0 to Panama.) The other division of passengers pay $200, and appear to be mostly composed of men that nev-

er benefit the world by any labor or any other honorable act, but forcibly impressed on my mind the group described in the Revelations, as without the gates of the Celestial City; although here rioting within, their appropriate place is without.

There is but one female on board, and she is, professedly at least, the wife of Criss Lilly, the noted man-fighter, (the man who killed Coy in N. Y. several years ago) of course, cabin passengers. Another of the privileged class is a creole, with his fingers loaded with gold rings and a gun that cost $400 and a dog as large as a yearling, valued at $800. Now when this thieving, knavish aristocracy, with their costly apparel, have to them the supposed cabins and their costly dainties, into which a steerage passenger, however respectable in a moral and intellectual view he may be, may not even look without it is considered an insult, and so very particular are they in their etiquette, that it is considered indecorus for any one to appear in the cabin without a coat on, although it is as hot as an oven. Yet a great nasty dog may be the constant associate, and nasty when and where he pleases, and yet no offense is taken; forsooth, he and his master belong to the same order of nobility. Now all this, at least in my eye, is inconsistent; so let it be. The grub of the steerage is quite exceptionable, and many raw potatoes have I eaten because I could get nothing better. Our fare consists of some meat, hard bread, and sugar, Indian pudding and beans, poverty-cooked coffee and tea—poor.

Thursday, 12—Land in sight during the day, distant from 20 to 30 miles; off the coast of Mexico, lat. 14 degrees. Passed the steamship Panama loaded with a multitude of passengers, bound for the diggings; spoke her, and obtained answers to inquiries; gave her three cheers and passed on. Sea calm. Weather hot.

Friday, 13—About 10 o'clock last evening the heavens gathered blackness in the east, the lightning flashed, and the thunder roared in awful grandeur. It was a perfect calm, and the wide spread ocean lulled to sleep at the setting of the sun, but soon after sundown there appeared flashes of lightning, as is very frequently seen in hot weather. No one dreamed of a storm to arouse the mighty deep that should make the heart of the sturdy mariner tremble and quail before the voice of the mighty creator of universe, but he spoke by His voice of thunder and caused His lightning to play, and the awful tornado to hurl His waters, and every man on board felt his nothingness before the mighty tempest. For about an hour the sea had the appearance of liquid fire, and the wind blew a

more awful blast than I ever witnessed before on land or water; and old experienced officers that had followed the sea most of their lives declared that they had never encountered such a furious tornado before. Its effect on the ship was awful indeed. Although the sails were all furled in season, the awnings of the upper deck were literally torn to strings, and some of the sails blown entirely away; pulley blocks and hoops on the mast were shivered. The water drove through with the creel of the ship, which was nearly on her beam's-end, that it was with difficulty the passengers could keep on board. Had it lasted but a little longer, hope of being able to keep the ship above water must have been lost. But that God whose servants are the elements was pleased to silence the storm, and we were again able to start on our course, and humbled by the providence. Oh! that men might learn to fear the Lord. Off the city of Accapulco, distant from the land about 50 miles.

Saturday, 14—Rough sea, out of sight of land off Cape San Lucas and San Blas; raining.

Sunday, 15—Sea very rough; many of the passengers sick. A tragedy on board. This morning some of the firemen, not liking their grub, induced one of their number to throw a pan of scowse down through the scuttle into the calaboose onto the head of the steward and head-cook, to the great umbrage of the lord of the boat. The consequence was, the Captain ordered the offender to be tied up to the rigging and take nine with the ropes, and which was severely laid on with a tarred rope of the size of about one inch. Oh, brutality! how long before thee wilt cease to fix thy brutish hand on one of thy brethren made in God's image.

Monday, 16—Heavy rain this morning. One of our passengers departed this life this day, about 2 o'clock p. m., he having come on board sick, and continued to decline, although very kindly nursed by several of the passengers. Toward evening his earthly remains were committed to the briny deep to rest among the finny tribe, with the seaweed for his winding sheet, and the coral rocks for his tombstone, until the trumpet of God shall make even the sea to give up its dead. I was called upon by the Captain of the ship to perform the service of the burial of the dead, which I did in the solemn and impressive language of the Episcopal Church. Thus again are we solemnly admonished of the uncertainty of life and the importance of being prepared for our departure. Lord prepare thine unworthy servant, so that when thou shall call,

he may be found ready. Passed near the coast of Roderico, Guatamala.

Tuesday, 17—Sea placid; passed the peaks of Guatemala, several of them in full volcanic blast puffing and blowing out fire and smoke that presented a scene of awful grandeur; there are many of these volcanic peaks towering up to the heavens, terminating at point at an immense elevation; there are but a few of them comparatively that are at present burning.

Wednesday, 18—Passed several volcanos, and entered the port of Raleijo, about 4 o'clock p. m. Raleijo is situated about 5 miles up a small river, the entrance of which is good. We passed up the bay behind two small islands; is indeed romantic; the anchorage is good, and the harbor commodious and safe; there are about a dozen sail in port, mostly American. The town is about six miles above the anchorage; the country at the anchorage is low, and probably marshy. This port is the terminating point of the Nicaragua route. We lay here about 24 hours, and took in coal and about 20 swine; the country abounds in cattle, horses, swine, and all the tropical fruits in abundance.

Thursday, 19—Left Raleijo about 4 o'clock p. m. With our new coal we made better time than heretofore.

Friday, 20—Rough sea, and rainy weather, with a head wind. Several of the passengers sick and no physician, or medicine belonging to the ship.

Saturday, 21—Hard wind and rough sea. Our fare in the steerage is getting very poor; the sugar we have was taken at the last port, and is intolerable; we had it carried to the Captain this morning and all the satisfaction we got was a signification that it was good enough for us. It had anciently been the thoroughfare and nesting place for all the stinking monkeys that pleased to make it so, since it was made by the filthy natives. It smelled and looked so bad that no person without nauseating could use it. The Captain returned it to our table, and the company took a vote to return it, and voted a request that I should return it. I did so with a notice that the passengers would rather dispense with sugar than use it. Today we are put on an allowance of water on the plea of scarcity, and have been only two days out of port where water with very little trouble could have been taken on. For such abuse and treatment the boat's company ought to be reprobated, and think they will be.

Sunday, 22, 1850—Passed a group of Islands called the Ladrones, beautifully covered by herbage and trees. Among

the trees we could discover the cocoanut, having a top like an umbrella.

Monday, 23—Running up the bay of Panama, course N. E., near land on the left; passed several ships under sail.

Letter Panama Bay Sept. 23

LETTER

From Isaac Foster, En Route Home to Plainfield, Ills., To His Sons, Isaac G. and Vincent Foster, Who Stayed In California After His Departure. Letter Addressed to Isaac G. Foster at Sacramento.

Panama Bay, September 23, 1850.

I. G. & V. Foster
Dear Boys:—

You will see by this that I have at last gotten here. I took a passage on board the steamer Republic and left San Francisco on Sunday, the first of September. Our trip has been attended with nothing very remarkable except one terrible gale about half of the way down which lasted about one hour. But by the care of Him whom the winds and the waves obey we all came out safe.

The weather for the last fifteen days has been rather squally and wet; not as hot as I expected it would be. One man, a stranger, has died on board and a number more have been more or less sick. Mostly caused by intemperance in eating and drinking. I have been cautious about what I ate and endeavored not to eat too much and have taken a shower bath in salt water nearly every morning since on board and my health has improved so that I am very hearty and robust.

We expect to land this evening and cross the Isthmus tomorrow and next day and sail in steamer "Georgia" from Chagres on the 27th inst. I bought a steerage ticket through to New York and paid one hundred and fifty to Panama and fifty on the Georgia to New York, making $200 in all. It will cost me about $250 from Sacramento home the most convenient way I can fix it.

You will have to be very careful of your money or you will lose it for there are lots of thieves and blacklegs on board and all along the route. Be very careful also of your health. Let the tropical fruit alone. We have stopped only once and

then at the termination of the Nicarangua Route at a place called Raleigh.

I don't think the facilities for getting across that route are as good as this by the Isthmus. You will probably do no better than to take a steerage passage on some steamboat although they will keep you on rather poor fare at the best. The steamer Northerner has the best name of any boat I know of. I should have come on it but her berths were all taken up before I applied. The steward of this boat promised us good fare but they are anything but good for this promise.

I saw the Owens at San Francisco on board a sail craft bound for the Isthmus and home. They have both been sick almost all summer and Griffith told me they had not money enough to get home in a steamer. They gave me an account of all the Plainfield boys and said there was not one of them that had three hundred dollars. They said they had run a prospection all summer and spent what little they got last winter.

The Owens sailed in the morning before I did. It will probably take them 60 or 100 days to reach this port. We have had head winds most of the way so a sail craft could make little progress. I expect with leave of Providence to be in New York by the sixth of October and then you may expect to hear from me again.

Report says the cholera is at San Blas and Acapulco and that a number died on board the Northerner and Oregon that touched here on their present trip down but I do not put much confidence in what I hear. I have written to Mathers, who is at Santa Cruz to send me what he owes me by a draft on some eastern city so you need not take pains to look him up.

I think you had probably come home as soon as you can get our money but you will act as you think best. Be sure to see that "Doc" don't get overboard and drown for it is a bad place for nervous folks.

May God bless and preserve us all to meet again around the family circle.

Yours forever,

I. Foster.

Tuesday, 24—Made Panama this morning at about daylight. Came to anchor about 3 miles abreast of the town, and were taken on shore by a boat coming off for that purpose, for which two dollars were required, and one more for handling my trunk to the hotel. This place is an old Spanish town of

very ancient date, consisting probably of 500 buildings, mostly built of a kind of soft stone mixed up with brick, roofed with tile. There are the remains of a wall enclosing the town, but in a dilapidated state to some degree. Also a fort in which is quartered soldiers; it has the appearance of having once been strongly fortified. Indeed the fort now contains many beautiful pieces of artillery. Vast expense and labor have been expended on the fortification of this place, whilst to a superficial observer the want of military skill and discernment is very prominent; the town enclosed by a strong wall and mounting many and heavy pieces of artillery; yet in the rear of these strong battlements within the space of one mile is an exceeding high mountain in a conical form, which was left wholly unfortified. It is now called Beliver's Mount from the fact that in the revolutionary struggle in New Granada, at the head of which was Boliver, who on taking this town from Old Spain, drew only one piece of artillery to the top of this mountain and made the place surrender at discretion, himself being able to send shot into any part of the town without their ability to bring a gun to bear upon him. This has at least the appearance of having been a very religious place, as nearly one-fourth of the space within the walls is occupied by huge cathedrals and nunneries, and monuments with crosses on their tops. Although the style of building is very antique, yet there is much that is romantic and sublime. Massive buildings all overgrown with shrubbery and vines, that are evergreen and blossoming. The streets are very narrow, about 24 feet, and paved, with the drain in the middle. In and around the town are all the varieties of tropical fruit and shrubbery, many with ripe fruit and green, from the blossom up to ripe fruit. Oranges, lemons and cocoanuts, mangoes, bananas, plantains, limes and various other kinds of fruit in profusion. The vegetable kingdom here presents more vigor and exuberance of growth than in any other part of the world that I have yet visited. I had but little leisure to visit this new and (to me) interesting scenery, for our steamer from San Francisco down had fallen behind her time, so that to our great regrets we were obliged to be off as soon as possible for crossing the isthmus. After much delay and vexation, with the everlasting gibberish and loquacious Mongrel-Indian-Spanish-Knavish-Jockies, we got started about 10 o'clock a. m. Our course on outset was N. E. We passed where the ancient city lay in ruins, having been destroyed by an earthquake. The country adjacent has at some former period been cleared of the timber and shrubbery,

so that for the space of several miles is open near the road. We shortly came on to the ancient pavement made a long time since; it consists of a rough pavement made of all-shaped stones, about 8 feet wide, in a zigzag form to suit the nature of the ground through which it passes. It was evidently a continuous pavement, except where the road passes rocky surface, which is the case a considerable portion of the way to Cruces, a distance of 25 miles. Such has been the amount of travel by mules, for ages, that in the defile over the rocky surface, channels have been worn into the rocks from ten to twenty feet in depth, and in many places the defiles are so narrow for the distance of from ten to two hundred rods in length, that only one loaded mule can pass at a time, making it necessary for passengers when they enter this place to make a loud noise to give notice to any that may be coming in at the opposite end. Notwithstanding the constant holloaing, and roaring of the muleteers, they frequently meet, and have much trouble and delay, one or the other being under the necessity of backing out. There are holes made by the constant tramping of the mules in the solid rock from one to two feet deep. Such is the immense growth of vegetable matter, that these defiles are in most places covered like an arbor. Indeed the growth of trees, vines, canes and reeds is such that a person can scarcely find a place where he could get a rod from the road without an edged tool to cut his way; it is said to be the lurking places of tigers, wolves, monkeys, anacondas that can wind themselves on the branches and reach down and take up an ox or a mule with ease. I, however, saw no such frightful monster; monkeys and parrots were in abundance.

There are places of refreshment at suitable distances on the route, kept by all sorts of people; they are sure to have something to make drunk if nothing more. Night overtook us about ten miles on our route, the roads being so very bad as to take at least one and a half miles per hour, and when dark overtook us we were five miles from any place. The sky was overcast and a tremendous thunder storm passed over, the lightning by its repeated flashes affording the only light we had to discover our almost impassable road. Our mules had great experience in traveling the route, and seemed to go along in total darkness as well as light. At about 8 o'clock p. m. we brought up at a negro shanty, where there was no refreshments but liquors, but I had taken the precaution to fill my provision basket at a convenient place along the route, so that I suffered no inconvenience for the want of

food. At this time I found a hammock hanging under the thatched roof, the loan of which I obtained for the night for seventy-five cents, and notwithstanding I had got wet during the shower I slept sweetly.

Wednesday, 25—On mounting our company, several were found to be absent. A number yesterday partook so freely that they were unable to ride, and they fell behind to worship at the god of Bacchus. It to them proved to be a costly sacrifice; one found himself minus all his money, hat, coat and saddle; and as many as eight are still behind on the isthmus and must wait until the next steamer—two weeks. We proceeded by forced marches this morning, and arrived at Cruces about 11 o'clock a. m., and had to wait some time for our trunks to come up. The delay caused us much anxiety for fear of the departure of the boat at Chagres. The "Georgia," on which I had a through ticket to New York, was to sail to-day, and the hope of meeting her in time was gone, having to descend the Chagres river from this place 71 miles to do so, which was impossible to do in a half day.

Cruces is a place of about 100 huts, made after the manner of the country, to-wit: Cane and bamboo stuck in the ground, near each other, which serves as the body of the house, and the roof is thatched with the long leaves of the forest, so as to carry off the water. There are no floors in any of them. The people are mostly negroes or mixed, the men going almost naked and the women, too, in some instances, but to the credit of the female sex be it spoken, that in the general, they are neat in their dress, which is mostly in white, and kept very clean. After much trouble we procured a canoe and eight of us took passage for $6 each for Chagres; they agreed to land us there by sunrise next morning. Soon after starting the rain fell in torrents and wet us thoroughly. They proceeded down about 15 miles to a place called Gorgona, somewhat larger than Cruces; built in similar style. Here are all kinds of tropical fruit in abundance. One man stopped here and insisted on staying until morning, although but 4 o'clock p. m., and finally we had to compel them to go on, and they then, on the assurance of $5 extra pay, promised to row all night, after the moon rose. So we arrived at Chagres soon after 8 in the morning, and here found only the steamship Empire City, and she had been persuaded to stop four hours by one of our friends, who arrived before us; thus luckily for us we got on board. Chagres river is a beautiful stream, about 200 yards wide, rapid in its current, and navigable to Gorgona, 45 miles from its mouth,

by small steamboats. The scenery is most delightful, with all the tropical fruits growing wild along its banks; occasionally there is a hut with beautiful cocoanuts growing near. The country affords the poor degraded natives a subsistence, by simply plucking it. Chagres is an old fortified town; the native population are negroes. These are stout and robust, and many of them carry larger packs on their backs than mules. The place is a sickly hole for foreigners, as appears by their pale faces. The Americans have built on the opposite side of the river, a place larger than the old town, and are doing most of the business, done there. In descending the Chagres river, I saw two alligators about 12 feet long; but they were dead ones, and lodged on drift-wood. Upon the whole, I enjoyed the route across the Isthmus much, although a horrid route across as may be judged by the fact that all the American ladies (of whom I met several) had to ride their mules clothes-pin fashion, because of the utter impossibility of getting along otherwise.

Thursday, 26—Sailed about 12 o'clock m., a fine steamer. The sea much more rolling than Pacific.

Friday, 27—Rough sea.

Saturday, 28—Trade wind blowing hard, and sea very rough, many absent from dinner. As for me, I am ready every meal to eat my allowances. My health was never better. In sight of the Island of Jamaica at 3 o'clock p. m.

Sunday, 29—Landed last evening, at about 8 o'clock, at the wharf at Kingston. This is a beautiful city of about eighty thousand inhabitants, mostly blacks and English. The harbor is very spacious and well fortified.

The town has the appearance of neatness and thrift. The surrounding country is exceedingly broken and romantic, evidently having been thrown up by the action of subterranean fires. All kinds of tropical fruit is here to be found in perfection; N. Lat. 18. The ship lay here for the purpose of taking in coal and watering, etc., until about 10 o'clock to-day. The natives of every caste surrounded us for the purpose of trade, showing much more intelligence and energy than at the Isthmus. The Island belongs to the British, and the productions of the Island are not as great as when negroes are free and apparently happy, although it is asserted slavery existed. I am certain that the negroes are abundantly supplied with the comforts and most of them with the luxuries of life, and possess a good degree of intelligence far beyond what a state of slavery admits of. Our course from this place after rounding the east end of the Island is N. N. ½ N. E.

Monday, 30, 1850—Discovered the Island of San Domingo, about 20 miles on our starboard, about sunrise. At about 10 o'clock a. m. came along the east coast of the Island of Cuba.

Tuesday, 1st Oct.—Steered to N. W. through what is called the crooked passage. Saw several sail during the day; the sea smooth and pleasant sailing. Made by observation 234 miles in the last 24 hours; lat. 24° N., lon. 74 W.

Wednesday, Oct. 2—Passed what is called the hole in the wall; several miles on the larboard. The hole in the wall is a passage through the rocks large enough for a ship to pass through. We did not come near enough to view it minutely. Made by observation the last 24 hours 227 miles; course one point west of north; distance from Sandy Hook 801 miles; sea rough.

Thursday, 3 Oct.—Morning rainy; sea calm; good sailing; at noon by observation Lat. 30° 34' N., long. 73''; run last 24 hours 227 miles.

Friday, 4 Oct., 1850—Entered the Gulf stream; observation at 11 o'clock m. 34° 18' 7'' N. long. 72 west; distance last 24 hours 240 miles; distant from Sandy Hook 331 miles; weather pleasant.

ISAAC FOSTER IN CALIFORNIA

By Michael J. Phillips

The fifties and early sixties were made exciting in San Jose by trouble over land. When the United States took authority, a ruling was made that, where clear title could be shown, Mexican grants and Spanish grants would be confirmed to the grantees, their descendants, heirs and assigns.

Now, the grants were generally very loosely made. The boundaries were so vaguely described that it was hard to determine where one's property ended and another's began. Then, too, land had not been at the first very valuable, and as a result there were many tracts which lay idle for years, apparently unclaimed and unowned, until squatters took them up. These squatters lived on them for a long period, in some cases the second generation occupying the lands into which their fathers had entered in illegal but peaceable possession.

When the American government's decision was made known, Americans and Californians with more money than scruples began hunting up grantees and descendants of grant-

ees, many of whom did not know they had any real claim to the squatter tracts, and buying their titles. Then they brought dispossess cases into court. The speculators were known as "The Forty Thieves," and were generally disliked.

The sentiment of the community was with the squatters in almost every case. Nevertheless the law was clear, and the courts gave their decisions of ouster. Heartbreaking scenes were enacted when families, many of them poor, were ejected from the homes which they had built and occupied for years.

A decision was pressed in relation to a great tract near the city, and in due time was handed down. It was, as usual, adverse to the claims of the squatters, and they were ordered off. Excitement rose high; and the sheriff swore in a force of six hundred deputies to uphold the law.

According to early histories, however, he soon noted evidences of disaffection among the men he had called; in fact they were for the squatters, and against the speculators, and said so. He discharged the entire force of six hundred, not one of whom had brought a weapon on being called.

At the same time the squatters on the ranch organized a movement of protest. About one o'clock in the afternoon they began pouring into town in a strange and impressive procession. There were more than a thousand of them, and they paraded in orderly fashion through the principal streets. Some were afoot; others rode in wagons; and the balance bestrode their horses. They were fully armed—with rifles and revolvers in most cases, though some carried clubs or scythes. And they had a small field gun.

The demonstration of strength frightened those members of "The Forty Thieves" who had bought title to the ranch. They feared bloodshed which would rise to the dimensions of a civil war if they persisted in pressing their claim, and a compromise was effected. As a result of this, the squatters were permitted to keep the lands on which they lived.

Lucy Foster Sexton recalls dimly the excitement and the uncertainty of the times. Her father and her grandfather, being prominent figures in the town, were drawn into the controversies, which were exceedingly bitter, and she recalls her mother's anxiety that the men folks might be killed. She relates one laughable demonstration of deputies called by the sheriff in an ejectment case.

The men were obliged by law to appear when selected as deputies by the sheriff and they were marshalled in military array when they did come. A large and curious crowd looked on. At a signal from their official leader, the new deputies

suddenly produced their "arms"—bologna sausages a foot and a half in length. With these, while the crowd howled with laughter, they gravely went through a manual of arms. But they bore no other weapons.

Doubtless the sheriff disliked his job as much as they. But he was a sworn officer of the law, elected to administer it, and he had to keep his feelings under control. As his force waved their balogna batons, he shouted: "You're discharged." And that ouster did not take place.

The pueblo of San Jose was jubilant and greatly excited when it secured the capitol of California a little time before Isaac Foster came. But its hopes were dashed when at the second session of the legislature at San Jose the act of February 14, 1852, removed the Capitol to Vallejo. At this time script, which was used in place of the more awkward gold dust and nuggets as currency, was below par. To secure the legislature in the first place it was necessary for business men to make up the deficit to hotels and boarding houses so that the salaries of lawmakers, paid in scrip, would command a hundred cents on the dollar when offered for food and lodging.

On May 13, 1856, James King of William, was shot in San Francisco by one of the lawless element. On May 22 the bells of San Jose tolled a requiem for the fearless editor who died for good government. A public meeting was held in San Jose in June, 1856. Resolutions were adopted after a hot discussion. These commended the San Francisco Vigilantes for their drastic cleanup measures, which included several executions.

There is little doubt that Isaac Foster attended the meeting and voted for the resolution. Because he was that kind of a man. Though a lawyer, he realized that formal law had proven impotent. All his life he lacked patience with sophistries and formalities when they prevented action. He had a passion to get things done quickly and well. He saw that law was a living and dependable instrument only when handled by able and honest men. He did not delude himself that law which had become enfeebled and corrupt still deserved respect.

For the first few years of his life in San Jose Isaac Foster presided over the mayor's court. This court was a curious affair with no counterpart in modern practice. Ordinance cases and misdemeanors, as well as some more serious crimes, were heard therein. It was a combination of superior court and police court. There was a county court in San Jose, as well as

the courts of justices of the peace elected in the townships. But they did not fulfill the function of the mayor's court.

The mayor of San Jose in the fifties sometimes was a lawyer. More often he was not. In the latter instance a lawyer sometimes was secured to hear cases. During this period Eugene P. Foster, a grandson, lived in Judge Foster's home and attended school. He remembers going into the city courtroom late in the afternoons to wait for his grandfather, while Isaac Foster sat on the bench and gave out justice.

J. Q. A. Bellew, who came to San Jose early in the fifties and who at the time this is being written—December, 1924—is 97 years old, recalls this period of Foster's life very clearly. Mr. Bellew lives at the home of his daughter in Palo Alto. "I remember Judge Foster perfectly," he said. "Everyone called him judge. He was a solid citizen, upright, honorable and respected."

Isaac Foster was a great believer in education. A college man himself, judge, lawyer and preacher, he believed that all should have opportunities for the broadening and advancement that learning brings. It is apparent that he disapproved of the poor buildings of the first district schools of San Jose, and set himself to make them better. In this task, as in most other things of his life, he was successful.

In April, 1858, Isaac Foster was judge of the election for trustees in the newly formed School District No. 2 of the city of San Jose. His son, A. T. Foster, was clerk of the election board. The next year Isaac Foster was a candidate for trustee in this district. Seventeen ballots were cast and he led the ticket, receiving sixteen of them. On September 8, 1859, Judge Foster and Lewis Coy appeared before the council. They came as a committee from the board of education to report that the board deemed it necessary the two schoolhouses be enlarged.

"We have been appointed," Foster explained, "to secure a plan of the work and report to the council." He exhibited the plans of the proposed additions, which had been carefully prepared. A special council committee was appointed to work with Foster and Coy. It accepted the plans for bigger and better schools. On October 18, 1859, on authorization of the council, a contract was made with C. C. Cook. The buildings were completed on January 9, 1860, and accepted by the council. The cost amounted to several hundred dollars.

Judge Foster was not a candidate for trustee the next year. With his customary energy and decision of character he saw something which should be done, had himself elected

in order to do it, and did the job. Then he retired, because he had little taste for routine. He was essentially the man for the one big task.

In the days when "everybody" drank and smoked, he did not touch either liquor or tobacco. In the days when the county court, the highest tribunal, was delayed morning after morning because the presiding judge was playing poker and drinking in a saloon across the square Isaac Foster, sober and respected, was presiding on the bench of the mayor's court. No breath of scandal or suspicion ever clouded his name. He liked to read; he loved his family. He had a few close friends whose company he enjoyed. He understood and sympathized with young people. Roistering and the free-and-easy standards of the times were not for him. He bore the high ideals of a pioneer preacher with him through life.

But let there be no mistake. He was not a prig. Nor a long-faced, canting killjoy, bearing the mask of holier-than-thou. He was, on the contrary, delightfully human, with human frailities. He never used profane language. But he did enjoy a good story, either in the hearing or the telling. He had a decided sense of humor. The fact that a story was off-color was no bar to his enjoyment. Some of his descendants can remember Isaac Foster telling yarns that were decidedly broad, to say the least. But there was one invariable condition: It had to be a funny story—really funny. He enjoyed the laugh-making merits of the thing so much that he overlooked its robust nature.

His sense of humor stood him in good stead in the rough-and-tumble procedure of the San Jose courts after he retired from the city bench to practice law. In one case he defended a widow sued by two men. The action involved possession of the ranch on which the woman lived. Judge Foster concentrated his attack on the more offensive and belligerent of the plaintiffs.

"You see, gentlemen of the jury," he declaimed in his summing-up, while an imp of mischief peeped out of his eye, "this bumptious plaintiff went about things the wrong way. The idea of making a bargain with a poor, lone widow, and then dodging out of it and going to law. Why it wasn't necessary to go to law at all.

"If this fellow had been clever, we wouldn't be bothered with a lawsuit today. He could have settled the dispute in five minutes. Instead of arguing with my client and getting angry and scolding her, he would have done much better with different tactics."

The twinkle grew more pronounced as he advanced to the jury box and dropped his voice to a conversational tone. "Now, I or you, any of you, would have handled it more cleverly. Instead of arguing, we would have paid her some compliments; sidled up to her; put an arm around her. In another minute we'd give her a kiss—and where would your lawsuit be then?"

He was interrupted by a gale of laughter in which the blushing, comely defendant joined. Plaintiff's attorney made angry objection, but the damage was done. The jury came in a few minutes later with a verdict for the widow. The plaintiffs had been laughed out of court by Foster.

One of the man's characteristics was a driving energy, which sometimes became impatient at obstacles. Thought and action were as nearly simultaneous with him as it was possible to be. Up to his fatal illness in his seventy-eighth year usually he had several projects under way at the same time. In this connection—his habit of tearing into whatever had to be done with the energy of two men,—he was fond of telling a joke on himself.

It seems that a small grandchild said: "Mama, will Grandpa go to Heaven when he dies?"

"Why, I certainly hope and expect so." And then she added curiously: "But what makes you ask?"

"Because if he's going, I don't want to!"

"Why!" queried the surprised mother.

"Because he'll say when he sees us: 'Well, well, boys, let's be moving. Step around, now. There's a lot to be done here. And we have to do it!'"

Judge Foster had no patience with circumlocution. Too much tact he always regarded as a lack of moral courage rather than a desire to avoid hurting someone's feelings. "If you believe a thing is so, spit it out!" was one of his favorite expressions. No one was ever kept long in doubt as to where Isaac Foster stood or why. He gloried in testifying to the truth that was in him.

He was one of the first to agitate the purchase and improvement of a plot of ground for a cemetery, urging the council to father the venture. The aldermen were finally persuaded, making the purchase in 1859 of what is now Oak Hill Cemetery, San Jose. Then it was a bare and unlovely tract of ranch land. On February 6, 1860, Judge Foster bought Lots One and Two, Bock 43, Section E, in the cemetery paying $20 for them. It is in this plot that he and his wife lie

side by side, with Juliet Foster-Olmsted and Vincent Foster, and two infant children.

Isaac Foster was distinguished in appearance. He was about five feet, ten inches tall, and weighed 170 to 180 pounds. He walked always with shoulders a little bowed. He wore a black standing collar, the points wide apart, and a black silk bow tie. In dress he was always neat, though never a dandy. His dark, well-cut clothes were becoming to him and made him look what he was—a man of character and position.

At the time of his residence in San Jose his dark brown hair had receded from his forehead, but it remained thick and bushy at the sides of his head. He combed the locks forward, in front of his ears. His beard was lighter, of the shade usually designated as "sandy," and was shot with gray. His complexion was florid, his eyes blue and twinkling and intensely alive. He had the wide, firm, flexible mouth of the orator, its good lines visible through his beard. His nose was large, well-shaped and characterful, the nose of the student and man of affairs.

His wife was generally beloved. Whereas Judge Foster was positive and occasionally brusk and autocratic, she was always placid and gentle. She acted as a balance wheel to his bubbling energy and impetuousness. "She was one of the sweetest and dearest old ladies that ever lived," declared a grandchild.

Isaac Foster dealt rather extensively in real estate, mostly city property. He bought two ranches—one on the Almaden road seven miles south of San Jose and a stock ranch at Cambria, San Luis Obispo county. The Almaden ranch was the first and best-loved piece of property he owned in the west, and he kept it till his death. He acquired it April 11, 1853, from Charles Fossatt, paying $500 for forty acres on the northwest corner of Rancho de los Capitancillos. The rancho in its entirety was granted to Justo Lario by Governor Alvarado on August 1, 1842. The description is quaint and picturesque in the original deed to Judge Foster of the smaller tract:

"Bounded on the south by a line tangent to the skirts of the two low hills or mounds situated on the south bank of the Arroyo Seco de los Alamitos and immediately after the place called 'Puertezuelo' of said rancho; following until said line strikes the bend of said arroyo, where a stake has been placed. Thence along the middle of the bed of said arroyo to a point of rock where a stake has been placed; thence north-

erly up the ridge of the mountains and in a circular form and including only the slope of the descending waters toward the center of the small canyon, to a tree marked which is the corner of the three Ranchos—de los Capitancillos, de Narvaez, and de Bernal. Thence southerly and in a circular form always following the ridge of the mountains and including only the slope of the descending waters toward the center of the small canyon, down to a point of rock where a stake has been placed. Thence across the top of Arroyo Seco to the top of the first or highest mound or low hill; thence in a direct and the shortest line to the southern boundary."

When, on February 6, 1874, the heirs of Isaac Foster sold the ranch to Henry W. Seale, the property contained 301.30 acres. Yet Judge Foster made no purchase other than the original forty acres. How the increase came about is explained by A. T. Herman, formerly county engineer and surveyor of San Jose.

In the mountains just to the south of the ranch a deposit of quicksilver was early discovered. It is declared that this is the first mine to be operated in California. Justo Larios, grantee, was eager to get farther into the mountains, thus extending his control of the supply of quicksilver. So he directed his surveyors to tip his grant over: That is, to make the patent read so that his original and true north line became his south line, and to survey accordingly.

This was done. No one in authority cared. Land was cheap, mountain land worthless. The turning over of the survey left the Foster ranch entirely unconnected with the new boundaries of the Rancho de los Capiancillos. And between the two properties now stretched a big acreage of fertile valley which was unclaimed and to which there was no title.

This tract, consequently, became "pueblo lands," subject to entry. Judge Foster and his neighbors entered legally upon the unclaimed acres and parceled them pro rata among themselves, the government approving the action and granting title.

Isaac Foster's town house was located on Julian street. The lot ran from First to Second, and took up most of the south half of the block. St. James square is a block farther south. In those days the space between was open. Now it is covered by business structures. Eugene P. Foster, the grandson who lived with Isaac Foster, crossed the open space daily to tend his grandfather's cow, tethered in St. James. The

town house was an unpretentious story and a half structure, painted white or gray. It has long since vanished.

In the early sixties Judge Fotser withdrew to the ranch to spend his remaining years. He sold off gradually the property he held in town. Several of the lots, by the way, were secured from James Lick, the San Francisco hotel man who gained fame by giving the great Lick observatory to science.

John Easterday who, as a small boy, lived out near the Almaden property, but who now resides in San Jose, remembers Judge Foster quite well. The stirring Civil War days were on them when Isaac retired to the ranch. He was busy with his ranch and his stock. With his ranches, rather; for the Judge owned many stock ranch acres near Cambria, San Luis Obispo county, and would bring the cattle north from there to the Almaden ranch to fatten them.

THE CAMBRIA RANCH AND MAY TRAGEDY

"He wasn't too busy to take an interest in what his country was doing," said Mr. Easterday. "There is a crossroad not far from the ranch. On one corner stood 'Armory Hall,' a frame building of pretty good size. It was built by a volunteer military company which Judge Foster helped organize. He was an old man, but he came evenings to encourage the company as it drilled up and down the roads."

The abolition of slavery, for which he wished ardently so long, had become a fact. Proud that his country had done the right thing he fearlessly upheld her course. Even though there were muttered threats, for there was a good deal of Southern sympathy in and about San Jose.

The big earthquake came in 1864. Judge Foster had discovered, near the surface of his ranch, a vein of cream-colored sandstone, admirable for building. The quarry which he opened is southeast of his bottom land, in semi-circle of hills called the "Horseshoe."

He quarried the stone, selling some locally, and cutting enough into blocks for a home of his own which he purposed building near the Almaden road in the center of the flat. Isaac, one of his sons and a hired man were laying up the stone. The walls were almost ready for the roof when the first ominous earth-quiver came.

The three leaped to safety. Temblors rocked the ground until the stone house lay in ruins. Isaac Foster contemplated for a few moments the crumbling of his plans. It was a blow; he was then seventy-four years old. But he rallied and spoke with his customary cheerfulness and decision: "Well, boys, we haven't any house. The quarry business is finished. Hereafter we'll give all our time to the cattle. Saddle up!" Without a backward glance he rode away.

The ruins of the house lay for many years where they had fallen. Neighbors in need of stone drove in and helped themselves. Five years ago, when the ranch passed into possession of A. B. Kreft, referee in bankruptcy in San Francisco, some of the slabs remained. The owner's brother, E. E. Kreft, lives in a small frame house fifty yards from where the stone mansion stood. He has moved the stone out of the orchard which covers the site and piled it by the side of the field.

The quarry has been worked some since. A spur track was put in, and the stone to face the postoffice building at San Jose was quarried there. Part of the material for Stanford University also came from the Foster quarries, though most of it was taken out of the Levi Goodrich pit on the same ridge a half mile away.

JUDGE ISAAC FOSTER

(Notes of Lucy Foster Sexton, His Granddaughter.)

ROADS

The roads in the early days were very bad and sometimes almost impassable in winter. Soon after Judge Isaac Foster came to San Jose his son Arthur took the contract to haul gravel from the Almaden Ranch to cover the new turnpiked road to Alviso and Almaden. Miles were thus improved and were so well built that they lasted for many years.

HORSE THIEVES

The era of horse thieves had its height after the Americans brought blooded stock into San Jose. Judge Foster and

his sons were sufferers as their Durhams and fast horses were targets for the thieves. His son, Isaac G. Foster, lost his carriage team, one of which drove single and was the family pet.

A posse was hastily summoned and the thieves were pursued. They were overtaken and the horses recovered after two of the posse had been shot. Judge Foster's sons went to the call, though they all knew how the children might have been left fatherless.

The pet mare by some means broke loose and returned home. The mate was recovered after the posse came on the thieves camped for the night. Several thieves were no more after that hot pursuit.

These renegades made a practice of collecting horses and cattle north and south, selling on one side of the state or the other, and hiding between raids in inaccessible places until they were justly made an end of.

No law-abiding citizen ever knew when his best breeding cattle and horses might be stolen. Judge Foster called the raiders "pistol heads" if violating; "on the trigger" if on the defensive; or "blowhards."

The volunteers who made up the posse had secured a lot of second-hand army saddles. The one Isaac G. Foster had was once an officer's saddle, very elaborately padded, with holsters, bedroll, pouches all covered with Navy blue and turkey red trimmings of broadcloth. It was also the saddle he rode when he was drafted to dispossess the squatters. One holster had a loaf of French bread, the other a Bologna sausage in it which had been issued for their noon rations.

This became Isaac G. Foster's daughter's saddle for some years on the ranch until her grandfather and Uncle Arthur visited there. When they returned to San Jose they had her a sidesaddle made of carved Spanish leather, tooled; padded buckskin seat; bucking horn; and two hair cinches; bridle with martingales and round leather reins.

A BUNGLING DOCTOR

Olmsted was hard of hearing. One day at the Cambria ranch while he was loading a gun for a bear which was doing damage among the stock, someone spoke to him. He turned suddenly with the gun in his hands and it was discharged. The load struck a wagon seat or bed across the room and

glanced. The deflected bullet crashed the leg bone of Mary Olmsted, Judge Foster's granddaughter, to splinters.

The nearest doctor was thirty miles away at San Luis Obispo, and he was hastily brought. He knew nothing of surgery, so bound the wound up just as it was. It ran and did not heal. Some time after Isaac G. Foster and Judge Foster came on one of their visits to the ranch, and found his granddaughter in this terrible condition.

They fixed a bed in their wagon and took her to his son Isaac's home in San Jose. Then he called his friend Dr. Cory and Doctor Spencer, to come. Dr. Spencer had crossed the plains the first and second times with the Fosters. He was a fine surgeon. On examining the wound he found it was full of splinters of bone. More than a teacupful were taken out.

Then Dr. Spencer prepared the ends of the bone and drew them together. Such was his skill that Mary recovered, thanks in part at least to the care of Judge Foster's son's wife, Roxanna Cheney Foster, a pioneer of the third trip. Mary limped badly but finally became a companion to her aunt, Mariett Cummings.

About this time Judge Foster felt that his two daughters needed a home where the children might have better schools, and he commenced to build a stone house from a quarry on the Almaden ranch, hoping they might live with him.

An earthquake shook the house down when partly finished. At the same time he was robbed of several hundred dollars, so he couldn't finish the house. He thought he knew who robbed him, but never told as he had no proof. His younger son Vincent lived with him at this time. Vincent was a delicate child, having to be carried on a pillow when an infant because of a rupture. This trouble he never overcame. When his father brought Vincent on the first trip across the plains he hoped the journey would benefit him.

Isaac G. Foster, or "general," as he called him, would help care for Vincent if he became helpless, Judge Foster reasoned. Vincent lived a bachelor life until after his father's death and then made an unfortunate marriage. One child was born in his old age. Others got Vincent's property and he had to depend on outside aid to be cared for.

He was his father's great care, and loving attention he always had.

A GOOD MAN'S PASSING

The years of Judge Foster on the Cambria ranch we hope will be told by the others. Near him in his last sickness was his daughter, Marriet Cummings, who was his devoting and loving nurse. He had dropsy, so called then, and sat up in his chair in the Cummings home, the same strong, cheerful man, but finally very weak.

"You are sorry," he said. "But I have run the race; I have finished the course. We do not fear death; only fear pain and suffering. When this gets above my heart I will go out like a candle. Now it is near the end and flickering—flickering.

"But I have all eternity before me. I feel I have deep cause for gratitude, both to God and man. And I have hope of salvation. I have been led through difficulties and dangers to safety." He was very comfortable and contented with his loved ones, who included the daughter who had come across the plains with him. She was his pride, a beautiful woman, and a daughter worthy of her father.

He passed soon after this, and the place that knew him knew him no more. His great influence for good was felt not only by his family but the places where he lived were better for such a leader of men.

HIS TRIAL FOR HERESY

While he was a minister of the Gospel Isaac Foster was called before the Bishop and arraigned for heresy. He was tried by the church.

Isaac Foster stated he did not believe in the literal inspiration of the Bible in regard to the world's being created in six days. He pointed out that geology showed shells and bones high up in more than one stratum or layer, which were years in forming and had been upheaved several times with the different shore lines. This showed many periods but he would compromise on three periods.

Then he made written notes to speak from. He did not speak from inspiration, but wrote his sermons, so he prepared his defense the same way. They brought this against him—that he wrote his sermons. And also, they said, he did not believe in sl[illegible].

The Bishop, after hearing this arraignment, dismissed the charges, saying: "If Reverend Foster is a heretic, then I am a heretic, for I believe just as he does."

Isaac Foster was reinstated in the ministry, but resigned to practice law. He was always a student, he said, of God's laws, which were made in the beginning of creation and could not be violated or we would worship a liar of our own creation. "If we disobey nature's laws ignorantly we suffer the penalty," he pointed out. So his prayer was: "Teach me thy laws so I may obey them."

His doctrines were too broad for his time. He told his son Isaac that his children should be baptized, not as a church rite, but that at some time these children of Isaac might be in Europe and more than a mere birth certificate from the state and county register might be required, even if they were not in San Jose.

There was much bickering and hard feeling between the denominations. The son, Isaac, was a Methodist; the wife, Roxanna, a Presbyterian; others were Unitarians; and the mother a Universalist. So the children were not forced into churches and the parents had to remnite to fit into the new environment and organize a society based upon tolerance.

So separate denominations could live together in harmony he believed and taught one God and the spiritual creator, director of the Universe, in whom we live and have our being. He taught his families to make each day a happy one without regrets; then all would have happy memories which nothing could take from us.

He was always telling the younger children Bible stories but with his own revisions and applied to modern times. These Bible stories were mere historical background for his own reminiscences and really funny happenings which he experienced or saw around him.

Grandfather's coming was the children's wildest delight. The memory of his wife is only of her later life--a delicate, dependent, religious wife to be sheltered and loved by him in her needs. He made many trips to Cambria to see his daughter, Juliet Olmsted, and to Half Moon Bay to see Isaac G. Foster and family.

Judge Foster was very fond of his daughter-in-law, Isaac's wife, Roxanna Cheney Foster. He declared she had been the making of Isaac, and his success in life depended on her. During one of these trips he helped his son Isaac to organize the Union League. It was during the Civil War

and the meetings and drills were secret. They were held in a flourmill. Isaac G. was leader; he was always called on to lead the singing of war songs.

Once there was great excitement when it was reported that a ship was landing troops to march into San Francisco. The city was unprotected except by the Golden Gate. All the forces were called out and were armed with guns from the Mill Reserves.

The strange vessel proved to be a ship lost in the fog. She had missed the entrance to the bay. Still, the incident showed the loyal spirit of the West and that men like Foster were forearmed and ready for all needs.

On one of Judge Foster's visits there had been a landslide, leaving uncovered large tubers of the vine called Chilicota, or "Old Man Roots." He thought they might be edible, so tried eating some of them. He nearly lost his life, for vomiting cramps, and intense pain followed. Even after that he had a weak stomach and dyspepsia. He said there was something that he only tried once but it convinced him.

He loved climbing, fishing and going blackberrying with his grandchildren. The berries he could only eat in moderation. He loved to stand under the eaves in a rain at night, saying that there was a great stimulant in rain water that way: It was more electric.

He would tell the children stories of the stars on moonless nights. He said there were "sermons in stones" and was always collecting them for their beauty. He gathered shells for their varied forms, quoting: "We gather shells from youth to age, then we leave them like a child."

He loved horses and had 2:40 ones, called fast for those days. On the second trip across the plains he brought the mother of many a prizewinner. When old he gave her to Isaac G. Foster to spend her last days on the farm. She always showed her love for him when she saw him.

The children drove her to school for a year; then she had a colt. All were ashamed of a mustang,—sorrel, with three white feet and a white nose. Judge Foster quoted: "Cut off its head and give it to the crows." But the children thought different. The mother lay dying, but she lifted her head and looked with such pitying eyes at it and him, whinnying meanwhile, that he said they might let it live.

To think, after all her brilliant brood that this was the end made him very sad. She had been mother of many fast colts who had achieved note.

Dry years were the fear of stockmen. His son Arthur had charge of the Cambria ranch during the worst one. He cut branches from oak trees for the stock. No rain came until too late to save any but the younger animals. Lions were a terror to the colts and calves, so between these two causes his loss was great, and almost his undoing.

HISTORY OF WILL COUNTY, ILLINOIS

Extract From Article Entitled "Foster and Walker Grove," with Names of Settlers and dates of arrival, 1835, '36, and '37. Rev. Isaac Foster, George Burrell, Dr. A. J. Corbin, Chauncey Wightman, Silas Wightman, Oscar Wightman, and others.

In 1833 or '34 was built the first Congregational Church, which had been organized by the Pioneer Home Missionary. One of the first cases of discipline was that of a brother reported to have sold whiskey to the Indians. The first pastor was succeeded by Rev. Isaac Foster.

BEATING THE SLAVE TRADE

Isaac Foster was an able lawyer, and one of the blackest of black Abolitionists, of whom Will County, Illinois, had a good many in the early days. Subsequently he removed to California, took up the profession of law, and no doubt made a sharp and able lawyer. A characteristic anecdote is told of his California life.

California, as well as other free states, had a fugitive-slave law passed in obedience to the slave-power which in those days was well-nigh supreme. In this case, however, the statute expired at a certain date by its own limitation.

A fugitive was pursued to California and arrested. Foster, being well known there as here for his anti-slavery principles, was appealed to for the management of the defense. In his investigations he discovered that the act under which the claimant had proceeded would expire in a few days. He therefore obtained an adjournment of the case to the day subsequent to the expiration of the act.

The other party little dreamed that there was any limit

to his rights, and came prepared to insist upon his bond, like Shylock of old. Foster was ready and soon surprised the court and the other party by the information that the bond under which they claimed not only a "pound of flesh" but the whole man, body and soul, was worthless. He demanded the discharge of the prisoner.

Well knowing that other proceedings would be instituted the friends of the slave had made arrangements by which he was safely conducted elsewhere by the so called Underground Railroad and beyond the reach of the manhunter who, in his rage at being balked of his prey challenged Foster to mortal combat. Foster declined on the score that it was none of his quarrel, but offering to get the Negro to fight him if he wished.

Jas. Mather built the mill at the upper end of the village, afterward known as McAllister's. He left Plainfield in 1844 and has died within a few years in California. (The above from Will County, Illinois, records. Here follow two more papers about the old settlers.)

Page 477; ten pages of Plainfield Township.

Page 855—Biographical sketches of Isaac Foster and Lyman Foster, (brothers,) one column long.

Isaac married Grace Parsons in 1812.

Page 856 Their children were Isaac Giles, married Roxanna Cheney; had three sons and one daughter. Vincent had one daughter. Arthur had three sons. Mariett married Cummings. Juliet married Olmsted, and had two sons and four daughters.

Harriet Foster Cummings

Second Trip Across Continent

Isaac Foster with Part of His Family

By Mariett Foster Cummings

April 13th, 1852—Started for California amidst the tears and sighs of our friends which is indeed a comforting depression upon our spirits. We find the roads very bad. Went fourteen miles and stopped at a little place called Pavilion, rather a romantic name for a few miserable huts. I stayed at a public house and ate fried pudding. This I expect is the beginning of trouble.

14th—Started early and passed through the pretty village of Newark. Found the roads about as bad. Stayed at a sick farmer's where we were well accomodated about five miles from Ottawa. Went 23 miles.

15th—Got to Ottawa about one o'clock; stopped at a miserable hotel until noon when a Californian was robbed here. The night before his valise was cut open, $20 in cash and a quantity of specimens taken from it and was left on the bank of the creek. Came to LaSalle and stayed at Hardy's Hotel, where we saw Mrs. Cutting, an old acquaintance of sister's.

16th—Commenced raining early but we started and found the roads bad and traveling in the rain unpleasant. Passed through Peru, two miles below LaSalle, and a much prettier place than the latter. Some beautiful residences in it. Went seven miles and stopped at a farmer's where we stayed over night. Came off pleasant.

17th—Got up and put on a suit of short clothes to avoid the mud. Got out and walked and in passing one house the women came out and laughed at me or my dress. I did not ask which, but find it much more convenient for traveling than a long one.

After going fifteen miles we came to the pleasant village of Princeton, by far the prettiest inland town I remember having seen, in all the country, on high and rolling ground. I noticed a great many pleasant country seats. Princeton itself is situated on a commanding eminence and contained two churches and a fine courthouse and the dwellings were in fine state, some of them really beautiful. A few miles below Princeton crossed Beaver River, quite a pretty little stream

running through a romantic little valley in which we found a village of a few houses called Indiantown.

The road out of the valley led up between two very high, steep hills, one of which I climbed with difficulty. Upon its summit I found seven graves, some of them enclosed by a little paling. The prospect from this hill was beautiful indeed. We passed on and stopped at a little town of nine or ten houses called Providence. Made 26 miles.

18th—This morning was very cold and foggy, almost as chilly as yesterday in the hailstorm. We did not start until eleven; made fifteen miles and stopped at a wealthy farmer's, but his wife was unwell, so we were obliged to get our own suppers. Our first trial at camp life, or rather Hoosier life. It is Sunday, but circumstances compelled us to travel. However, I do not think we are quite so bad as some that stopped just below us that were playing ball for a Sunday pastime.

19th—Started very early, hungry, for we could not be tempted to make anything but a slight breakfast from the disgusting material set before us. After going ten miles through the rolling, well watered and timbered country, we came to the village of Lafayette.

The place was small and well enough, I presume, but I was prejudiced by what I saw before I came to it. The road was somewhat muddy and so it had been turned through the unfenced resting place of the dead. All along by the road were sunken graves covered with the footprints of animals that had roamed over them at will.

It looked so unfeeling, inhuman in the inhabitants, to live in plain sight of such things, that I could not even think the village pleasant. In a few more miles we came to another village called Victoria. How would England's queen feel herself honored did she know she had such a wonderful namesake in the far west! I noticed two or three decent looking dwellings and a blacksmith's shop. Made 28 miles and stopped at a country inn.

20th—Went eleven miles and stopped with Pa's old friend Ferris at Galesburg, a very pleasant town with an Academy of Knowledge located in it. I noticed five churches and many other fine buildings.

21st—Found the roads very slippery from the rain the previous day. Passed over the flattest prairie I ever saw, several miles in extent, and came to the pretty village of Monmouth, county seat of Warren County. I felt interested in it from a tragedy that occurred there two weeks since. A young lady residing in the family of Doctor Young had an

anonymous letter not long since, purporting to be from a gentleman she had rejected, saying that four years ago he had knelt to her and she should kneel to him.

The young lady with true spirit warned herself for an emergency with a pistol which she kept near her bed. One night about two weeks since she was awaked from sleep by someone raising her window, which was in the second floor. She sprang and caught the pistol and snapped but it missed fire.

By this time the man was half inside the room with his hand on her bed and exclaimed: "Don't shoot me, Matilda!" But nothing daunted she fired and wounded or killed him, she did not know which. Her bed and the floor bore traces of blood, but he had accomplices who took care to remove him so that no trace can be obtained of his whereabouts.

What his object could have been no one can divine unless it were, he had so many with him, to abduct her, to which proceeding she gave a tragical terminus. We stopped two and a half miles from Monmouth at a farmer's.

22nd—Arose early and passed over two of the most beautiful prairies I ever saw, entirely destitute of inhabitants. On one of them we were for a long time out of sight of timber or dwellings. Came to La Harpe, a distance of thirty miles from Monmouth.

23rd—Left La Harpe early and came sixteen miles to the county seat of Hancock county. Carthage is quite a town, a fine courthouse of brick, I noticed. I believe this is where Jo Smith was killed. Came seventeen miles more to Warsaw on the banks of the Mississippi. But I am disappointed in the river. I expected it would be four miles wide but here at the junction of the Des Moines it is but three-quarters wide. I have a great many reflections upon leaving Illinois, where I have spent the most of my life, for the first time since I came here sixteen years since.

24th—Crossed the Mississippi on a steam ferry this morning. The prospect was delightful. The eye took in at one broad sweep the magnificent river with its lofty wooded shores and its fine steamers ploughing up the smooth expanse of water. One has such feelings but once (in regard to any one particular thing) in their lives, as I had in crossing the Father of Waters. The ferry is just below where the Des Moines empties in by three distinct mouths.

We landed in Alexandria, a little town on the flats. I was surprised to see dwellings on those bottoms, which are

some eight miles in extent, and in high water are inundated to the depth of five or six feet. The houses and outbuildings were constructed upon piles driven into the ground so as to raise them above highwater mark, but which they did not all succeed in accomplishing, for the traces of water were distinctly visible upon their sides.

In one house where the door was set open I could see just how it had risen inside, which was about a foot. The fences and trees were similarly marked. I suppose there is no land in the United States capable of producing such crops as these same flats. I should think from appearances that they were overflowed last year, for it had remained uncultivated through the past season. It is very dry now and I observed Negroes plowing.

I should think that none but Negroes could live as it must of necessity be very sickly after inundation. Father met in Warsaw one of his old California friends, Mr. Warner. I got considerably acquainted with him and liked him much. He is a gentleman. He returns in May with his family. We came thirteen miles and stopped at a farmer's, very fine, hospitable people.

25th, Sunday—Stayed at the farmer's. Rained quite hard.

26th—Started early and passed through the most desolate country I ever saw. Over one tract of 7880 acres owned by Daniel Webster, which I would scarcely take as a gracious gift, perfectly uninhabited. On it we saw six deer. Arthur started in hot haste after them. We kept on our way for two hours but he did not come up and Vincent turned back in search. He was gone so long that William and Father went back and told Mother, Billie and I to drive on. We did so and mistook our road and met Arthur. Was obliged to turn back and send Billie after our folks. I sent Ma and Arthur on and stayed at the forks of the road to prevent a mistake on their part.

I was making preparations to camp for the night when they came up. We drove until ten o'clock when we stopped at a log cabin. The old woman looked precisely like the picture of old Mother Long in "The Banditti of the Prairies," an old torn, short linsey dress, awful old shoes and an old factory cap with a ruffle three inches wide all around it composed her dress. I was so afraid I could not sleep.

27th—Passed through the most God forsaken country that ever lay out doors, the fag-end of all creation. We did

not see but two or three log huts in the whole day's travel. Those looked more like hogpens than human habitations. The people have no visible means of support. We could not get even an egg of one of them. At the door of each hut might be seen two or three folks and seven or eight young ones, all dressed in butternut-colored cloth. This seems to be the universal color. William says that the people are all butternut-color with a stripe across the shoulders and down the back like our off-mule.

Stopped at folks that lived in a log house with a fireplace as big as a common bedroom. Bacon is the food and butternut the color and linsey the dress. Plenty of wild turkeys here; saw one this morning.

28th—Went through nine miles of the same stumpy, boggy country and came to Kirksville, the county seat of Adair county. But one decent house, the first I have seen in Missouri, in the place, and I should very much doubt there being so many decent men as that. Twenty-five or thirty gathered around us. A great portion of them drank. Almost the best looking man I saw was a negro (quite a compliment to the rest of the Pokes).

Went four and a half miles further and camped in a beautiful grove near a spring of the finest water I have ever seen in the state. We pitched our tent and got out our stove for the first time. Found it worked admirably; fried ham and eggs, baked biscuits, made coffee and sat down on Mother Earth and ate with an extra appetite. Made thirteen miles.

29th—Ferried across the Chariton this morning in an old scow, one team at a time. Took us (with our people hunting mules) until noon. I attempted to fish but was so unfortunate as not to get a nibble. The Chariton is not above six or seven rods wide, but deep and muddy-looking like all the streams in this state that I have seen. Camped on the banks of Yellow Creek in an old camping ground. Good feed for the horses, and the creek was fine, soft water. Had a fine bath and caught some fish out of it. Made about fifteen miles.

30th—Started early. The country that I saw looked pretty. No houses, scarcely, and those of the most hovel-like description. I slept most all day but I rather doubt having lost much in sightseeing, for there is the most sameness for so much variety I ever saw. There is a hill and vale and grove and flat all day long, each a perfect counterpart of the other. Made about 28 miles and camped in a little hollow; horses in a pasture.

There was a camp on the hill of some Ca'linas just starting, which we called upon in the evening. They knew about as much as so many Arabs. They were eating their suppers. The women sat flat on the ground and turned their backs to us, peering occasionally from under their awful, old dirty bonnets at us as though they had never seen a civilized person before, which I presume was the case.

May 1st, 1852—Did not start very early. Were hindered by the men, who traded a horse for a mule and bought a span there. There were two span in our company that had not been broken and they had a great time breaking mules. Came to a few houses called Stringtown, a very appropriate name. Broke a wagon and were obliged to stop two or three hours. We went into a little log hut, destitute of a window, the light they had being admitted hrough holes between the logs, and found a family living in it from Southern Illinois. Very homesick; thought they were even fools for coming out of the pale of civilization.

The woman said the country was settling very fast, mostly slaveholders from the south; that there was 75,180 acres of land entered at a little land office last fall. Came on and camped on the west side of New Creek. Made 18 miles.

2nd, Sunday—This morning had a severe thunderstorm which lasted until about 10 a. m. About noon eight or nine teams loaded with Pokes for California crossed New Creek close by our camp. I never saw such human beings as they were. We stayed in our camp all night and it rained almost as hard as it could pour down. We slept in our wagons and the rain fell with such force that it misted through constantly.

I did not venture my head out of bed but once or twice and then the vivid flashes of lightning drove me back quickly.

3rd, Monday—Went about seven miles over a very fine country. Crossed Honey and Big Muddy Creeks and came to Trenton, the county seat of Grundy county, the only group of houses that might with the least propriety be called a village. We waited three or four hours to get some repairing done and took dinner at a public house, where I saw the first Negro babe that I had seen since childhood.

We see plenty of slaves. Every family has one or more at Trenton. We crossed on a long bridge Grand River, came on seven or eight miles and stopped at an old Illinoisan's. Made about fifteen miles.

4th, Tuesday Did not get a very early start. Went seven miles and fo[illegible] Little Muddy Creek; the water came into

the carriage box. Stopped about noon at Craven and bought some corn. Here is the very center of the old Mormon war. Two or three houses had been burned off this very place by them. Went about three miles to Cravensville and crossed the De Armee, a branch of Grand River, but much larger in its swollen state. The ferry boat was a very good one and was rowed across. We passed in sight of but did not see Adam's grave, where Jo Smith says the father of all mankind, reposes.

The grave, we were afterwards told, is very curious. There are five trees, two at the head, one at each shoulder, and one at the foot, enclosing beneath the surface five strata of stone, precisely in the form of a coffin. Jo Smith in his day had a revelation that Adam was buried here.

8th—About noon came to St. Jo, but were obliged to go back two miles to camp which we did on a romantic little place on the slope of a hill. St. Jo is rather a pretty city of 4,000 inhabitants and is situated between high bluffs on the Missouri river. We were obliged to stay here until the 12th. We did not receive but one letter. That was from A. E. G., informing me of the marriage of my best friend, M. E. Goddard to C. F. Ballard of Georgetown, Madison county, New York. God bless her; may she be very happy.

12th—Went to St. Jo early, but was detained trading for mules until afternoon. Went seventeen miles and camped on the road to Savannah.

13th—Passed through Savannah, a small town, but were advised to go to Old Fort Kearney to cross. Passed through one of the worst mudholes I ever saw in sight of the town. Went six miles and camped on a hill near a herd of cattle.

14th—Started early and crossed the Nodaway in a rope ferry. Camped by the lone tree.

15th—Camped on the banks of the Great Tara. Caught a silver fish.

16th—Traveled through a very romantic country, high bluffs that looked like a miniature range of mountains. Camped near a little stream in a little valley.

17th, Sunday—We did not intend traveling today, but it was rather unpleasant where we were, so about noon we broke up camp and passed through a valley that had undoubtedly once been the bed of the river. Crossed the Nishnetottenah and about night stopped one mile from the ferry, but instead of finding a village as we supposed we should find at Fort Kearny, we only found a miserable log hut and

pack house, occupied by the most swinish specimen I ever saw in the shape of a ferryman.

18th—Moved our camp a mile from our old camping-ground and dug a hole to get some water fit to drink. Washed.

19th—Went down to the ferry to see Mrs. Thomas Burrell. Saw H. Kaufman.

20th—Went fishing and burned my face but did not have a single bite. Some of the party caught two fish of a new species but which we did not eat.

21st—Came down to the old ferry but was obliged to wait until evening before we could cross. In the meantime we found my old beau Lamb who had with his family started for California. We went two and a half miles and camped on a hill near a little stream of soft water, and our people commenced standing guard. Heard plenty of prairie wolves.

St. Joseph, May 22nd—Saturday—It was foggy and cold this morning but we started early in company with the people who camped with us. As we passed over miles of beautiful prairie entirely destitute of timber, and entirely out of sight of it, occasionally we would pass near a little stream with a slight border of cottonwoods. We crossed Weeping Water and Saline River. The last was slightly salt, but certainly the most beautiful stream I ever saw.

We forded easily and camped on the banks and went fishing. We set our hooks, lost two of them and caught one fish, a white or silver fish. We made about 25 miles.

Raining hard when I awoke. Harnessed the animals early but did not break up camp until eleven o'clock. For the first two miles we saw some timber but after that none, but without doubt through the most beautiful prairie country in the west, just rolling enough to be beautiful and good. Did not see a house or a fence in our whole day's travel.

Camped about three miles from a half-dozen trees, and sent Billie on the pony after some wood. Our animals had a stampede and it took an hour to secure them, as their throwing Billie and pony and Byron all in a stack. It has rained hard all day. Three teams joined company at dusk. Made 18 miles.

23rd, Sunday—Started early and traveled all day over the same boundless prairie. Camped about 25 miles from Salt River.

24th, Monday—Pleasant; traveled on, on, on over the same kind of country, one flat prairie as smooth as a house floor. A mail [illegible] passed us. Saw an abundance of prairie

wolves. Just at night came down into the valley of the Platte river, one hundred miles from old Ft. Kearney. Camped on the bottoms. The wolves began to yell before night and were in sight from every direction.

25th, Tuesday—The road lay along the bottom, some distance from the Platte. About noon we overtook the Burrell and Kaufman company. Went down to the river just at the head of Grand Island, which is 80 miles in length. Kaufman's company joined ours, six men, two wagons, and some pack animals. In the afternoon we saw some Indians, six in number, the first we had seen. They were mounted, and one of them on a fine American horse, undoubtedly stolen.

They passed rapidly, but not before I saw the dress of one, which was a breech cloth, and over his naked shoulders was thrown a round piece of skin two feet across, ornamented with feathers, as were the horses' tails. Made 25 miles.

26th, Wednesday—Before we started this morning we were visited by quantities of Indians that followed us all the forenoon and camped for their dinner near us. They cut willows and stuck them into the ground and spread their buffalo robes over them so as to form quite a primitive tent.

Their fires were kindled in a thrice and a single crotch stuck into the ground obliquely supported their kettles over it. We broke up our noon camp before them to avoid them if possible, but we had not gone out of sight of their encampment before we met five of their number returning driving a mule, and screaming in the most terrific manner and screaming to us to "Hold on."

We caught sight of their pursuers who followed them almost into camp, rode around awhile and then slowly retreated to the hills. There were but 11.

The returned Pawnees created a great sensation in the camp. There was stripping and mounting in hot haste, and as they got ready they came singly and in groups, screaming in the most devilish, unearthly style imaginable. We were between the contending parties.

As the Pawnees came running their horses by us each one would point at the Sioux and at us, and motion us to stop and join them and whip their enemies. They were very angry that we did not, and we were apprehensive of an attack, but they were too cowardly.

A portion of the foremost scoured the hills for their enemies, while the rest as they came screaming and yelling, singing their war songs, running their old ponies, gathered

in a group on a slight eminence on the east side. Directly they discovered the Sioux and squaws, 13, in the north, and they commenced a running fight.

We heard three guns and arrows in abundance. The Pawnees had not courage to join the fight, many of them, but the Sioux killed one of them, and then the Pawnees fled, 150 of them, before 13 Sioux and left their dead man on the field of battle. They came back stiller but full as fast as they went out.

In the meantime we had stopped and driven into a huddle, and the men had got their guns and ammunition ready for instant use. When the old chiefs returned they were perfectly beside themselves with rage and fear. One in his impetuous gesticulations struck at one of our company with his bow. He showed him his gun and the chief left suddenly. There were two guns among the Pawnees and my brother gave one of them some ammunition but he had not courage enough to use it.

The Sioux and squaws got two scalps, one on the battlefield and one in the hills. We thought there were none of them injured but an emigrant train that overtook us said they met the Pawnees in full retreat driving before them on foot a Sioux that had been shot through the body and otherwise badly wounded. He was bound and weak with loss of blood but they drove him on with whips. A brave nation, truly! One hundred and fifty of them vanquished by 13.

We passed on and by an Indian village that was deserted near which was a square of perhaps twenty feet formed of ponies' skulls with the large part out that presented quite a unique appearance. We camped on a little flat where the mosquitos beat everything I ever dreamed of. However, despite them we took a bath in a slough nearby. Made over 20 miles.

27th, Thursday—Rose early amidst clouds of mosquitoes and passed over sand hills that came close to the river's brink. The river presents a most beautiful prospect, varying from three quarters to a mile and perhaps more, in width, and thickly studded with emerald islands, the largest of which were thickly wooded. Passed an emigrant train of 10 or 12 ox wagons, bound for Oregon.

Camped at six o'clock on a flat. Fine feed, and one of the company dug a well that afforded excellent water which we were glad enough of after the intense heat of today. After we had camped we were joined by 16 or 18 mule teams,

which made our company appear quite formidable. Made about 25 miles.

28th, Friday—Started early, before most of the camp. Much cooler than yesterday, there being a strong west wind. Traveled most of the morning over sandhills that came to the river's brink, but made our noon camp on a vast flat. Plenty of grass and Platte water. Passed forty or fifty wagons camped on a great prairie. Poor feed; dug a hole for water, but it was so strongly impregnated with sulphur that we could not use it. Made 28 miles.

29th, Saturday—After traveling for seven or eight miles struck the junction of the St. Jo and Ft. Kearny roads and a few miles farther on came in sight of Fort Charles, or new Fort Kearny. Camped for noon in sight of the fort; stopped some time there. There are two or three fine buildings, one for the captains, another for the teacher and doctor, and one for the inferior officers. The soldiers' barracks are turf, sod and all, most miserable looking holes.

Passed on eight miles and camped a short distance from the ferry.

30th, Sunday—Broke up camp late to ferry the Platte, which is one and one half miles wide. I never dreamed of anything like this river. It is impossible to see an eighth of an inch into it and the bottom is quicksand so that an animal can gain no sure footing and a wagon runs as though it were the roughest stones, one constant jar; and the moment it stops settles very deep.

It took us two hours to cross with one wagon, the box of which was raised a foot, and then we got into one hole where the water ran into the box. I drove the wheel mules and was very much frighted for fear of their drowning. I surely never was so glad to gain "terra firma" before. After we all crossed we went two miles and camped. Found a very heavy watchcase of silver in the road.

31st, Monday—Got an early start and went eight or nine miles and crossed Elm Creek; saw a cow left; saw the first buffalo chips and plenty of skeletons and horns. Passed on seven miles further and came to Buffalo creek which they were obliged to bridge with brush before crossing; a bad place. The feed poor; the prairie has been burned over, and a great want of rain, it must of necessity be poor.

Camped on the prairie; dug for water but without success. Used the river water; and buffalo chips for fuel and they make a very good fire when dry. Two men died in an

ox train which we passed, of cholera morbus. Passed 96 teams today, all ox but two. Made 28 miles.

June first, Tuesday—Broke up early, and after traveling seven miles came to Willow lake, a kind of mud puddle or series of them honored by that name. Passed one of them where a man was just taken sick of the cholera morbus, very sick, too. Saw quantities of prickly pear and for several days spots covered with saline and alkali deposits.

The flat on this side is quite extensive, the sand bluffs in some places out of sight. The heat today is almost unbearable and has been for some days from eleven to three in the afternoon. No rain for almost a fortnight and no dews of consequence, sometimes so slight as to be almost imperceptible.

Passed several graves, I should think twenty since entering the Indian territory. We passed this afternoon a colony of prairie dogs and saw plenty of them as they came out and barked at us. Their dens covered a good many acres. Made 28 miles and camped near the river.

June 2nd, Wednesday—Passed over a fine low portion of the flat; good grass. Saw three new made graves, one of them made yesterday, a man from Illinois and a lady from Peru, Illinois. Crossed some quicksand bluffs that came to the river's brink. I walked over them and sank into the sand nearly over my shoes every step. Saw several little gray lizards, quicker than lightning. Met the Mormon mail from Salt Lake City. Very sickly.

(Neglect)—Awful sick with the earache and headache last night.

June 8—Today passed Castle Ruins, a series of curious rocks resembling a ruined city, some of them looking like solid masonry. One could easily fancy they had been inhabited. Saw "Chimney Rock" a distance of forty miles. Came on four miles and camped near the river. Made thirty miles.

June 9th—Started early and passed a grave just finished, an old man from Illinois. Came to a high sand ridge white as snow. Passed Courthouse Rock, square in front, with a smaller one near by looking like a sentinel post. The upper part of Chimney Rock is becoming plainly visible. An antelope came almost into our noon camp. They shot at it but it went bounding off to the hills unharmed. Camped opposite Chimney Rock, said to be 700 feet above the level of the Platte.

It is rock or rather petrified clay in form like this. It did

not look so high as it stood in front of a higher bluff. Made 28 miles.

10th—Passed Bluff Ruins, most beautiful, too. I made a rough draft then I was so charmed that I could not gaze enough. Made our noon halt opposite Scott's Bluff, altogether the most symmetrical in form and the most stupendous in size of any we have yet seen. One of them is close in its resemblance to the dome of the Capitol at Washington.

There is a pass through that is guarded on one side by Sugar Loaf Rock, on the other by one that resembles a square house with an observatory. There is one (nearest the river) I will not attempt to describe, certainly the most magnificent thing I ever saw. Away up on the top is a green spot of earth and cedar trees are clinging to its rocky sides and covering its lofty crest.

Camped above Scott's Bluffs near the river. Father took a shovel and dug up some pitch wood, probably deposited by the water.

11th, Friday—Drove all day through a desolate looking country, some parts of it literally covered with prickly pears and alkaline deposits. Towards night struck the river, which was absolutely bordered with roses. Camped on some sandhills covered with wild oats in sight of the river. It has been exceedingly unpleasant today on account of high winds. It seemed as though the wagon would upset some of the time. Made 28 miles.

12th, Saturday—Took an early start and after traveling a few miles struck the river which was bordered with trees, the first we have seen on this side for over 200 miles. In a group of trees near the road was a trader's tent pitched, and several skin wigwams near for the manufacture of moccasins. Saw an Indian village on the opposite side of the river.

Came opposite Fort Laramie about ten o'clock. There is a ferry across the north branch here. The north and south branches unite just below, in sight. There were several Indian lodges and a Frenchman, a trader, living in one of them with a squaw and lots of halfbreed children. There are two fine two-story buildings at the fort, one of them officers' quarters and the other a trading post. We found dried fruits and hams and bacon as cheap as at St. Jo.

We stayed opposite the ferry nearly all day as Father was busy selecting a span of mules from a drove across the river. Went out half a mile and camped. Grass poor. A Sioux visited our camp th[illegible]vening and he was a fine specimen of an

Indian. The Sioux are a tall, athletic, symmetrical tribe. The squaws are quite pretty, some of them, and the babies really so. They seem too proud to beg as their brother redskins the Pawnees, do.

13th, Sunday—Started at five o'clock to find good grass and traveled over a hilly country for ten miles and camped until twelve o'clock. Saw a new flower, the Lily of the Black Hills. Then we passed over the most precipitous hills and the most beautiful gorges I ever dreamed of. The hills were almost mountains and the sides covered with cedar and pine trees in the most fantastical shape imaginable, giving them from a distance a black appearance. Hence the name Black Hills. Just before night we struck the river and camped in a very pleasant spot. Made 28 miles.

14th, Monday—Traveled on, on, through the same gorges and over the same hills until noon when the country became less broken, and the trees less frequent. Have passed but one or two little brooks today. Made thirty miles and camped near some stagnant water. Have not seen the river since we left it this morning. Rained this afternoon; cold, very.

15th, Tuesday—Did not start early; cold and unpleasant. Went down some steep hills and in about three miles came to a trader's tent with Indian wigwams around it. Did not succeed in getting any moccasins. The country is assuming a curious aspect, high hills of bare rock, some of them closely resembling an ancient citadel and again others conical with a cap of rock of square form. Passed through a gorge a hundred feet deep with pyramids in the bottom and walls or rock around it. The bottom was of white clay rock. A wild and strange place, one that gave a person curious emotions.

Greasewood and sage have been abundant for a few days. About noon came to the river, which looked refreshing after the clouds of dust we have passed through. Made a noon halt late near the river. Found a curious arrow, the blade sharp at the point, and the part joining the wood notched so that it could not be drawn out. Saw two species of cactus in blossom and a new flower a little resembling the pink, but without its fragrance. A man is sick with the cholera within a few rods of us.

Passed on over desert sandhills until about seven o'clock and after going down a perpendicular, rocky hill came into a valley and camped. Grass not very good. Near the river for more than 80 rods were crotches and poles stuck into the ground thick where there had been Indian lodges. Probably

winter quarters from the quantities of old moccasins and buffalo skin strewed over the ground.

16th, Wednesday—Traveled nearly all the morning to get a few miles on our direct course for we went over several (to me) high mountains and crooked around to avoid deep ravines. Made our noon halt on a miserable place but did not travel more than two miles in the afternoon when in getting to the river for water we came directly into a beautiful little valley of good feed, where we immediately camped for the remainder of the day, which I improved by having a thorough wash.

17th, Thursday—Before we left camp this morning Mr. Sawyer's wagon drove into the valley. The road today has lain over deep sandhills and we made our noon camp on one of the highest, from which we had a glimpse of a buffalo hunt.

The buffalo was coming down to the river very leisurely when some men encamped near saw him and gave chase. He ran down across a little plain, swam a deep creek and plunged into the river. After maneuvering around awhile he struck for the shore and effected a landing amidst a perfect shower of bullets, several of which took effect, one of them fracturing a foreleg.

He ran up the road for nearly half a mile, but there were a hundred men after him and he turned and ran for the river and jumped twenty feet off a bluff into the water swam down a mile and landed on a little island, when he was so disabled that a man went over and dispatched him with a pistol.

Came on over heavy hills until five and camped in a miserable place almost overgrown with cactus. Made 15 miles. Arthur killed our first rabbit tonight.

18th, Friday—Started a little after four o'clock this morning in order to pass a large oxtrain before it got in motion, which we effected. The roads were mostly sand. Passed over the worst hills we have seen; came at noon to the south ferry and went up on the side of the worst sandhill for 200 miles to come and made a noon camp.

Grass good; wild oats. Got a piece of antelope of a man and saw my first buffalo steak. The trains went over the mountain but I went across it on the brink of the river which was at times nearly 100 feet almost directly down beneath. I did not dare look at the water for fear of falling. It was nearly a mile across and intensely warm. I was tired and heated but I bathed my face and hands in the river nearby a beautiful cottonwood grove and went on over a bottom covered with alkali to the road which I reached before the trains.

After going four miles we came to the upper ferry and left the river and traveled over the hardest road over hills and through barren vales, for ten miles to Sulphur Springs. The water is considered poison and it may be in some of them but we drank some and gave it to the animals without injury. Made I suppose 35 mlies; did not arrive at our camp until after dark.

19th, Saturday—Started early to cross a desert of from 17 to 18 miles in extent. It was hot and no water. We passed large droves of cattle and sheep that seemed to suffer much. Our animals had water in the morning, which I presume they did not, for they went the river road which was farther, and no water after the first eight miles.

A little after noon we came to Willow Springs, but the willows from which they derived their name are cut down for fuel. They are in a gorge of the mountains and afford delicious cool water which was exceedingly refreshing to the thirsty traveler. Upon leaving the Springs we ascended Prospect Hill, a long and tedious one, too, passed on eight miles, and camped on a hill by the side of the road about one half mile from a little brook in a ravine. Poor grass. Made 26 miles.

20th, Sunday—Were obliged to drive until we found grass, which we did by taking a by-road that led down into a flat of some extent and excellent grass that had been uncropped. A rapid little stream four or five feet wide ran through it. We immediately decided to spend the day there and a day of rest was not at all unwelcome to man or beast. Toward evening the boys went out and killed a fine antelope.

21, Monday—Passed through valleys and by alkali lakes where the dust looked like, and produced the same pungent sensation in the nostrils that ashes would do. There were several lakes near the road and one of them was for the distance of six or seven yards encrusted with saleratus in a crystalized form. I noticed a little stick near the center around which a little island of saleratus had formed.

A few miles on we struck the Sweetwater and a little farther on Independence Rock of which we have heard so much. It is an immense pile of rock resembling granite entirely isolated in position and of stupendous proportions. The side near the road is perfectly covered with names. Some have evinced a good deal of ambition in inscribing them on almost inaccessible points.

Six miles farther on we pass Devil's Gate, where the Sweetwater has cut a channel through the mountains of rock. It is 500 feet deep. The rocks are smooth and perpendicular.

Certainly this is the greatest curiosity I have ever seen. We went up a little mountain stream for noon camp, caught a trout and had a most delicious bath. Passed on several miles and camped near the river in sight of another and smaller gate that the river passes through. Made 28 miles.

22nd, Tuesday—Did not go the old route but took the river road past magnificent mountains of rock of the most complicated forms and very high, with an occasional cedar tree on their bare and rugged sides. Eight miles, and we struck the old road as it comes down to the river. Here we saw a man that had been left by some company taking his duds up to the rocks. I rode on horseback all the morning, met a Bear River Indian and traded ponies, with William's fireman's dress coat to boot, which the Indian put on over an old blanket, his bare legs protruding beneath.

Passed Bitter Cottonwood Creek, on the banks of which they were burying a woman. The little children were sitting in the wagon, and the husband at the head of the grave, weeping bitterly over the uncoffined burial. Just after noon we came to a ford of the Sweetwater where we encountered a severe hail and rainstorm. We did not ford but kept up the river over a heavy sand road near Rocky Mountains for several miles. The dead cattle are growing numerous over these dry deserts. Went 12 or 13 miles and came to the river where we camped. Poor feed; made thirty miles.

23, Wednesday—A cold, rainy morning. Went several miles and found grass and stopped a couple of hours for the animals to breakfast, then drove on and passed Ice Springs, a long, low, miry piece of ground, surrounded after the hard rains we have had with little ponds of alkali strong enough to kill an animal. There is said to be good, clear ice two or three feet below the surface of the ground, but which we did not have time to get. Traveled all day until five o'clock without water. Many dead cattle. Struck the Sweetwater about five; forded twice and passed over high hills for four miles to a river road we did not take. Went on over the bluffs for a mile down the steepest hills we have yet encountered and camped on the river bottom. Drove the animals across for feed. Made thirty miles.

24th, Thursday—Drove for several miles down the Valley to a point where it looked as though the road terminated, but the road made an abrupt turn up through a deep ravine and up a high mountain. Found a French trader's post in one of the ravines, and quite a grocery store, an old squaw and some halfbreed children

We have gone up rapidly today and it is cold enough to make one's fingers ache. Very showery, and not so fickle as yesterday, for one moment I would be burned by the sun and the next frozen. Saw snow at a distance on a mountain and some near the road. Have seen snow in the distance for several days. Passed two cold springs, cold enough to make one's teeth ache. Went up a little ravine by a mountain stream for noon halt,—Strawberry Creek, wrongly named; no strawberries there.

Passed over high hills in the afternoon with strata of rock standing out edgeways. Looked like a porcupine's back. Crossed Willow Creek; 12 miles farther on Aspen Creek, its banks covered with snow. A blacksmith shop on the creek. Crossed and went down a mile to Aspen Grove, behind which was a bank of snow 30 feet deep. Very cold; could not keep warm with double shawl and mittens. Twenty-eight miles.

25th, Friday—Went eight miles and crossed the Sweetwater. In a ravine close by the road I walked over a snowbank several feet deep and supplied myself with a snowball. Made our noon halt on the hill and the men prospected for gold in the ravines without success, though they thought there was gold there if they had time to look for it. No water near the road for many miles but we procured some by going a mile off it, striking a bend of the Sweetwater. This is the last stream we shall see this side of the Rocky Mountains.

Table Rock, the dividing point, has been in sight since yesterday. Went from the watering place four miles over the summit and camped on the slope of a hill. Good feed. We are on the western slope. Twenty-nine miles.

26th, Saturday—Four miles to Pacific Springs, the little stream which we followed for several miles. Then struck off and for over 20 miles no water. Struck Little Sandy River, crossed and went down two miles and camped. Made 29 miles.

27th, Sunday—Went eight miles and struck Big Sandy; crossed and went 15 miles and struck the same river, I think, and camped without crossing. Took Salt Lake City road.

28th, Monday—Started before sunrise in order to get to the ferry of Green River, which we did by eight o'clock. Green River is a deep, swift stream 200 feet wide. A rope ferry, and the moderate charge of $3 per wagon, 25 cents per head of horses. Went down the river five miles and then left and struck off fifteen miles without water over a rolling prairie. First [illegible] roads. Struck Ham's Fork and camped among clouds of [illegible]quitoes. Made 30 miles.

29, Tuesday—Went four miles and crossed Silver Creek, a beautiful little stream. Went on several miles and struck Black's Fork and crossed on the old Mormon road. Went on and struck the river and camped. Passed the most magnificent natural curiosity I have seen on the road. It was a stupendous rock of petrified clay and sandstone of blue and light and dark brown color. There were spires and domes, grottoes and caves of every form and size. It was immensely high and colonnaded. One's voice would reverbrate several times.

We called it "Echo Rock." Made a small drive. Mosquitoes awful thick. I went out before night to one of those curious rocks. I found them composed of clay and gray sandstone. Found pretty stones.

30, Wednesday—Went a mile and forded the stream, a few miles and crossed back. Raised wagon beds. Went on several miles farther and camped in sight of Fort Bridger, and made a noon halt in a perfect garden in Bridger's beautiful bottom land. Black's Fork divides into four or five branches on this bottom. Found strawberries, the first we have seen, and roses and shrubbery. After dinner crossed another branch to the fort, which is nothing but a trading post.

Major Bridger is a man considerably advanced in years. Has had several squaws of the different tribes for wives. Is now living with a Root Digger which he brought from California. Has in all six halfbreed children by three different wives. He lives in the fort in one room in the most Indian-like manner, but is immensely rich. Has a Mexican grant of ten miles square around the fort, stock in abundance, and gold without end, and yet is much of a gentleman but lives like a hog. Camped near the fort on the other side of another fork. One hundred thirteen miles to the city.

July first, 1852, Thursday—Started early and crossed the last fork of Black's Fork, a very rapid, narrow, deep stream. Raised the wagon beds and then got wet by one of the wagons becoming unblocked and broken. Came to the hills, the sides of which were covered with cedars. Are ascending rapidly today, but passed down the steepest hill we have seen, stony and bad, into the Valley of Jehosophat. Rather fine.

Near the middle crossed Muddy Fork and through several valleys and then climbed the Utah Mountains, the highest that the road passes over. The descent was very difficult and to make it worse the mules ran halfway down. On the slope was a very fine spring. We passed on over mountains and through vales for several miles to Spring Brook, which we went down a mile. We camped in a little valley where we

found the rest of our company. Made 32 miles. The watch tonight saw four Indians near the camp.

2nd, Friday—Went about a mile and crossed Bear River in several channels. One mule got badly hurt. Climbed some bad hills and went down some bad ones until we struck Echo Creek in Echo Canyon, a beautiful, fertile valley, varying from 300 yards to just wide enough for the little stream and road, which kept constantly crossing.

The mountains on the south side were a mile high, with cedars and cottonwoods ornamenting their sides. On the north the most stupendous cliffs of red rock, of gravel cemented together and sandstone, some of them of indescribable beauty and magnificence.

At noon we camped opposite the entrance to a cave high up in the rocks, which we explored. The entrance was an arch, the cavern 30 by 25 feet and high enough for a person to stand erect in. The rock in which it is is of very soft gray sandstone. Striking anything forcibly on the floor, it sounded hollow underneath, and in fact in the corner was an opening but not large enough to admit of entrance. It led down undoubtedly into another underneath. The rocks at the side towered hundreds of feet above. The sides were full of holes and looked almost like honeycomb.

Three Utahs came down out of the hills to beg, which they understood well enough. They were only half clothed. They talked English intelligently and begged for pistols, breeches, biscuits (big ones), powder, shot, caps, jackets, tobacco, cups, et cetera. One of them had got the legs off two pairs of pants and with the waistbands hanging down and what had been a woman's white nightdress, but no one would have thought so from the color.

In the afternoon we passed whole families, men, squaws and pappooses, some of them more than half naked and catching crickets, all begging. Passed down several miles and camped where the mountains and rocks were a mile high, and where it was twilight in the valley when the sun shone on the mountain peaks. Splendid feed, never better, and quantities of wild gooseberries without thorns. Made 25 miles.

3rd, Saturday—Went fifteen miles through this canyon, the wildest and most magnificent scenery, surpassing anything I ever dreamed of, constantly crossing and recrossing the stream, in some places the rocks hanging over our heads in every form, and the valley constantly narrowing until finally we came to Weber river. It runs directly across the foot

of the canyon. Went down it a mile and made a noon halt and went fishing. Caught one speckled trout. Went one mile farther down and forded; good crossing. One mile farther down camped. Made 18 miles. Caught some more fish.

4th, Sunday—The anniversary of America's Independence. Tomorrow it will be celebrated at home with great ceremony while we are away out in the wilds of Deseret, toiling on, on. Left the river and struck up a canyon with a little stream which we have kept constantly crossing. A great many springs coming out of the mountainside but bad water.

Ran this canyon out and struck another with a fine stream of water, the valley so narrow that we cross the stream once in two rods, some of the time, the bottoms some of the way a perfect chapparal, some very steep, stony hills. In the afternoon climbed a long, stony mountain six or seven miles to the top and the canyon in some places so narrow that it would hardly admit the passage of a wagon.

Saw several mules tired out on reaching the top. We saw through a gorge in the mountains the Valley of Great Salt Lake spread out before us. The descent of this mountain was very difficult, almost perpendicular in places and four or five miles before we reached the bottom the road ran in a gorge and the mountains towered high above on either side, covered with small, dead cottonwoods that looked on the top and sides like a network of hoar frost.

Did not arrive at the foot of the mountain until dark and camped near a temporary blacksmith's, barber and baker shop that some enterprising Mormons had erected. Made 30 miles.

July 5th—This morning we were awakened by the firing of cannon in the city, which is 12 miles distant. Did not get started for the city until 10 a. m., and had an exceedingly bad mountain to climb and descend. Then the road led through a very narrow canyon in one place resembling a gate, for the rocks jutted into the stream high on each side and we were obliged to pass down the bed of the creek, which was just high enough to admit the passage of the wagon.

The city, when we first came in sight of it, presented the appearance of a herd of white castles. We drove to the last ward, next the church farm, to the house of an old acquaintance, and stopped. In the afternoon we drove up to the Tabernacle to the latter part of the celebration, which consisted of a [illegible]nting Mormon oration, music by a superb

brass band, and a comic song, "The Potato War" by a gentleman, and a very long benediction.

The Tabernacle is the most superb building of the kind I ever saw. It is built of adobe, 163 by 60 feet in length, one story in height and arched, with Gothic windows in the ends. The altar is in the middle of one side and is an elegant affair. The seats at the end and side are elevated from the altar to the doors one above the other, so that a person has a perfect view from any part of the house.

There are no posts or columns to obstruct the sight. On the front of the building is an elegantly carved cornice and a gilded design of the rising sun. They are at present laying the foundation of a wall that will enclose 10 acres, including the Tabernacle, inside of which they intend erecting a more costly and superb temple than they have ever before attempted. The city is laid out in good taste, the streets all running at right angles, and around each square they have made the water to run for the purpose of irrigation.

The city is four miles square and contains (I should think) 5000 inhabitants. I saw Brigham Young, the governor of Utah Territory, and several of his brothers. He is 51 years of age but does not look more than 30. He has 30 or 40 wives and 12 children under one year of age. His family numbers over 100. His harem, where most of his wives live, is a poor, miserable log and adobe affair, directly in front of his elegant, Gothic-windowed barn!

His house is rather pretty. Next year he intends building a large establisment for the Mrs. Youngs, some of which are living at their fathers' yet. It is not at all uncommon for a man to marry three or four sisters and their mother. One lady that brother was some acquainted with and her mother married an old man that had already two or three wives.

They marry and unmarry at pleasure several times a year if they choose. The state of society corresponds well with the Age of Barbarism in the east. The crops are fine, particularly the wheat, which they are harvesting.

July 6th—Today we had the severest hailstorm I ever saw. The hail was of the size of a walnut, and so thick that a person could not see three rods. It damaged the crops very much, threshing the ripe wheat and breaking down the corn. The Salt Lake Basin is covered by mountains whose peaks are covered with eternal snows.

July 7th—Rested and went up town. Gave $2.50 for a pair of bootees.

July 8th—Did not get out of the city much before noon. At the outskirts of the city passed the tepid sulphur spring, and bath house. The scent was very disagreeable to me. A short distance above the bath is the spring. The water was very clear but deposited a bright green substance, and was almost too warm to bear the hand in. A few miles farther on we passed Copperas Spring, almost boiling temperature, steam constantly floating over its surface.

The s . ell was particularly disagreeable to me. Near it they had made an opening in the mountain where they procured their copperas. Came on 10 miles from the city and camped.

July 9th, Friday—The finest farming country we have seen, pretty thickly settled all along, and every little distance mountain streams running across the road, of the purest soft water. We are in plain sight of Great Salt Lake and two mountain islands. They are sixty miles north. I saw some of the salt, which is of the purest, whitest quality. The lake is said to be 300 miles in length and to contain lakes of the freshest water. There are several large rivers emptying into it and no outlet whatever. We passed on several miles and camped near the mountains on a little stream of cold, snow water.

10th—Started for the Weber River in the carriage, fishing. Fished all day faithfully and caught 17 fine speckled trout. But as we were doing up our fishing tackle preparatory to a start home they floated off into deep water and sank past recovery and we went home crestfallen indeed—fishless.

11th—Moved our camp to within two miles of Weber and went fishing again with better success. Caught fifteen large trout and gathered a fine lot of ripe service berries.

12th—Started early; went two miles down the river and forded; passed over a mountain and in five miles came to Ogden river which we forded, and passed on to Ogden City, a few old log houses and a blacksmith's shop where we stopped to get some repairing done.

13th, Tuesday—Did not leave until afternoon. Got some wheat of an old farmer Mormon. Drove to Willow Springs fifteen miles and camped on a side hill after dark.

14th, Wednesday—Are getting out of log houses and Mormons fast. Passed the last house this afternoon. Our course since leaving Salt Lake City has been north along the rim of the basin. Towards night came to a ravine full of springs. Some of them were cold water, tolerable good, warm springs, and boiling salt springs around which the

ground was encrusted with crystallized salt. A short distance away was a lake of alternate cold and hot water. I went down to it but the mosquitoes drove me quickly away. Camped within three miles of Bear River. Excessively hot.

15th, Thursday—Ferried the river on a boat made of two skiffs lashed together, at the small price of $3.50 per wagon, the river not more than four rods wide and still. Three miles from the river crossed Miladd, a miry stream but a poor apology for a bridge across it. Went eleven miles farther and camped near a spring of brackish water about noon. Very warm.

16th, Friday—Rained all night and showery all day. Drove thirteen miles over hill and dale and came to Blue Spring. Poor water. Fourteen miles farther to a spring of tolerable water, and camped. The longest 27 miles I ever traveled. How often have I thought of my dear friend Mary E. Ballard. She has been married three months today. How earnestly do I pray that she may be happy and that she may never know sorrow and care. How I would like to see her and hers.

17th, Saturday—Started early and in six miles came to a very pretty stream in quite an extensive valley that looked very fine, but in traveling over it we found it covered with sagebrush. Met a large company of California packers who have been one month on the road. Went 6 miles farther and stopped at a kind of marsh. Ten miles farther in a large valley came to Pilot Springs, small, but affording the thirsty wayfarer good water. Six miles farther struck the mountain and ascended the first bench and camped near a large ox-train composed of the most verdant of Missourians.

18th July, Sunday—It is the holy Sabbath time but rest is denied the worn traveler. This is like all other days on this road and the weary pilgrim to the shrine of gold plods on his tiresome way. Started early, went six miles, crossed Stony Creek, a fine stream of snow water. Saw an Indian close by, tolerably dressed, begging, as usual. Long, low ranges of mountains in sight, covered with perpetual snows. Passed over the head of a valley of some extent and came to Trout Creek. Passed up it four or five miles and camped. Made 28 miles.

19th, Monday—Made an early start and went four miles and crossed Raft River, a little brook, nothing more. The other road is in sight. Went up the stream some distance and up through a canyon opposite Steeple Rocks, magnificent, conical rocks as white as marble, glossy and bright, several

hundred feet in height. They are three in number. In the canyon below we saw a group of similar ones.

A mile from here we came to the junction of the two roads, down a long hill and through a valley of some extent. We came to a small spring of water. A short distance farther on made a short noon halt. In the afternoon passed over a series of the steepest hills I ever went over, one nearly perpendicular. Late in the afternoon struck Goose Creek. Passed up it two miles and camped. Made over thirty miles.

20th, Tuesday—Very cold this morning, uncomfortably so. Drove hard; did not stop for noon. Passed up through a long, narrow canyon crossing the creek. Here saw four Root Diggers and found quantities of ripe yellow currants, very fine flavored. Some magnificent rocks by or above the road, the fronts of which were covered with lichen of a bright yellow and brown. Camped a little after noon opposite Rock Spring, where the road leaves Goose Creek. Made 24 miles.

21st, Wednesday—Started just as the sun gilded the mountain peaks. Cold so early. I was barely able to hold up my head it pained me so, and had a high fever. Drove over a very stony mountain 13 miles and found a spring but neglected taking in water. Found no more drinkable water for 20 miles, the roads very dusty and the day very hot. Two mules failed, and even obliged to take them out of the team. Found some poor water, gave the animals some, drove on into Thousand Springs Valley and camped near water and good feed. Thirty-four miles.

22nd, Thursday—Laid by today to recruit our animals. This valley is full of springs of great depth and very near together. There is a marsh that seems to me to be made soil over a large lake. It is springy and more or less covered by water and all over it are these holes, some of which are filled with fish of a variety I am unacquainted with.

23rd, Friday—Passed oxteams incessantly through dust so thick that we could not see the wagon before us and much of the time not our own leaders. Our road has been mostly over a plain, excellent roads but very warm. Made 28 miles, camped near a patch of splendid clover off the road.

24th, Saturday—In a camp near us a little child was buried this morning. Over hill and dale and down into a saleratus valley where there was a spring of indifferent water. The ground, wherever there was water, was like the strongest lye. At noon struck the head branch of Humboldt

river, passed down it for eight or ten miles and camped in a splendid place; clover and fine grass. Made 25 miles.

25th, Sunday—In camp today with a large mule train. Very warm. Got out my instrument and had some fine music.

26th, Monday—On down the stream. After noon crossed the Lantine fork.

27th—Overtook Coburn and family and heard from Dr. Spencer's family. Our road today led over high mountains for 24 miles; no water but two or three muddy springs, little which did not afford any water for the stock. The road was very, very dusty in places, cut down so that the side of the road would be even with the top of the wagon wheels. Animals and people suffered much today.

28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, and until the sixth of August we were traveling on, on down the Humboldt, which every day became more muddy and unwholesome. No feed of consequence and for seventy miles before reaching the meadows one constant desert without feed or water 23, 22, 14 miles. Mostly deep sand. The meadows are godsends to the weary, way worn traveler and animals. They cover thousands of acres; tolerable grass very plenty. The river spreads out over a great extent. The day we arrived at the meadows I was attacked with the mountain fever, a violent pain in my limbs, back and head, with a high fever.

7th, Saturday—Cut grass, cooked, and so forth, preparatory to crossing the desert and in the afternoon drove twenty miles without water to the sink. The river here is a large lake dotted with islands and as we were on the dividing ridge between the lake and the old sink, the last rays of the setting sun were gilding the crests of the surrounding mountains, imparting to the scenery a magnificience which I, as sick as I was, could not but admire.

It seemed to me I must die, and that same evening William was violently attacked with the same disease. We were a sick pair in that close wagon, burned up with fever, racked with pain. How often one thinks of home and its comforts!

8th, Sunday—Laid at the sink, sick and weak, until noon, then started into the desert. About twelve at night came to Boiling Springs, halfway. Their roar is to be heard at a great distance. The ground for a large space sounds perfectly hollow and is perforated with holes, away down in which we could hear the water boiling. The largest must be many feet in circumference.

The column of steam was larger than from a steamer and the water spouted away out. It had a strong sulphur smell.

We could not see it to any advantage in the night, and William and I were so sick as to be hardly able to hold up our heads. I have no language to describe our sufferings through that long, tedious night. They fed the animals some feed and between seven and eight o'clock in the morning we struck Truckee river, beautiful, clear water and quite a large stream, a perfect godsend after the destitution and miserably unhealthy water we have had for hundreds of miles, back.

Went down the river half a mile, and at a ranch Pa found some of his California friends, real fine fellows who treated us to everything in their power and took our animals to a good pasture with theirs, good clover feed.

There are great numbers of Indians about here. They call themselves Piutes. Their country extends from Pyramid Lake to the Sink of Truckee. They are very friendly and more intelligent than the Root Diggers. They procured for me great numbers of little fish resembling a sardine which they caught with ingenious little hooks made of a little stick one fourth of an inch in length to which was fastened nearly at a right angle a little thorn.

These they baited with the outside of an insect. The line was simply a linen thread with six of these little hooks attached. They gathered also quantities of bear berries, a small red fruit growing on quite large bushes, said to be very wholesome.

We stayed at this trading post the 9th and 10th. During both days I was very unwell, as well as my husband, but we were still and would not complain. This incessant traveling kills sick people.

11th, Wednesday—We deemed our animals sufficiently recruited to recommence the long journey, so with many regrets we bade adieu to "Old Ned" and started on.

The roads we found exceedingly rough and in many places over high mountains, some of the most picturesque scenery we have yet seen. Once we found ourselves on a high, rocky mountain, while hundreds of feet above us towered great masses of rock and on our left was a gorge of thousand feet in depth. At its foot was the beautiful river with its softly-waving border of willows and lofty cottonwoods and behind it as far as the eye could reach mountain rising above mountain.

In places our road led so near the river's brink that there was danger of upsetting into it. We made fifteen miles and camped near the river. Plenty of clover.

12th, Thursday—Our road today has been less rough than yesterday, though we passed down some steep hills and on the side of mountains where I was in constant fear of upsetting. Crossed the river, a very good ford, about noon. Came to the meadows, and also to a marsh which took us nearly all the afternoon hard driving to get around and at night we were just about as far ahead as at noon. Camped near the river. Drove near 30 but made fifteen miles.

13th, Friday—We have been four long months today on this journey. I am sick and oh, how weak! I am constantly losing instead of gaining. This constant traveling hurts me. Crossed the river and struck into the hills. Over some rough ones sixteen miles. Struck Peavine Springs on the side of a mountain commanding a splendid prospect to the north. Here was an extensive valley containing a large alkali lake and the blue outlines of the mountains in the dim background gave it an interesting appearance.

Near one of the springs was a man from Indiana exhumed by the Indians for his blankets. He died the 7th, but was in too putrid a state to be reburied. The willow withes were round his ankles where they had drawn him out of his grave. The feed here is fine, water excellent. We made a long noon halt and commenced climbing hills again.

A few miles farther on we came to another valley and lake. The road led where the lake had recently been but the water receded and left the ground hard, smooth and white and it had the resemblance to ice when the sun shone upon it.

Two miles on we struck Springbrook, passed on a mile and camped. Made 24 miles.

14th, Saturday—I am yet sick. Sometimes think I shall not live long. It is hard to die so young and William, my William, who will console him? Passed up the creek nine miles and crossed and two miles brought us to the summit of the Sierra Nevada mountains. I walked a few rods and feebly did my feet press California soil for the first time. The goal of my ambition, and I said to myself: "Will my bones rest here in this strange land?" Six miles across a beautiful valley came to one of the head branches of the Feather River near a ranch, and camped for the rest of the day.

(Eleven years later)

Columbia, January 1st, 1863—Mary is with us and I am learning to lo[illegible] gentle hearted girl as if she was my own

My home seems more cheerful with her young face and pleasant ways.

January 1st, 1864—Ah, last year was a sad one, indeed! Death has taken Mary, gentle, loving, truehearted Mary. I have watched her sweet life to its close. The waxen lids have forever shut out all the beautiful works of His hand and the faces of those she loved so tenderly.

The future seems so desolate, so unsunned by one ray of comfort or hope. Was I sick, her tender sympathy alleviated half the pain. Unselfish to the last degree her life, though numbering less than sixteen years, was filled wth all the graces of mature, perfect womanhood.

Words can not tell how I loved her and how I miss her everywhere.

MRS. MARIETT FOSTER CUMMINGS

(Memoirs by Her Niece)

LUCY FOSTER SEXTON

The first home of the Foster family and their friends coming across the plains was San Jose, California. Mariett Foster Cummings and her husband had come with her father on his second trip.

Her new home was at the junction of Alviso and Almaden Roads, about a mile from San Jose. It was a low, six-room cottage with porch across the front and six French windows and two doors opening out upon the porch.

The three front rooms were furnished in mahogany which had come around the Horn as had also the windows, doors and hardware. The bedroom was furnished with a rolled end bed, an oval dresser and a highboy. The curtains in the three front rooms were pale blue and gray damask with lace behind them, the carpets with large pink roses and pale greens.

The parlor was furnished with lounge sofa, chairs, card table and folding tea table. The upholstery was black haircloth. The dining room contained a folding dropleaf mahogany table with small side table and writing desk. In this desk the old letters and her diary were found, years after she had willed it to her nieces.

At the rear of the house was a back bedroom, kitchen and workroom and back porch. They had planted an orchard and flower garden. A large sycamore tree, over which climbing

"Seven Sisters" roses grew, shaded one end. Each porch support had other varieties of roses and many shrubs and flowering annuals grew vigorously, as only California shrubs can grow in a short time.

This home Mariett Cummings' brother, Isaac G. Foster, bought furnished when he crossed the plains; also the several acres of land that went with it, as Mr. and Mrs. Cummings wished to go to Columbia to the mines. Mrs. Cummings took her melodeon and secretary with her.

The town was built over a gold mine and eventually they mined it off, or others did who came later. Here she felt the love of a mother for her niece, Mary, of the loss of whom she writes in her diary. They were very prosperous there and next came to San Francisco, where her husband was in the furniture business at the corner of Montgomery and Pine in a large basement.

Their home in San Francisco was on Mason Street Hill, another large cottage where she entertained for many years. Her wide hospitality made a sweet influence in San Francisco.

They went with a party of artists into the Yosemite Valley from Columbia when it was scarcely known. They camped and made the first sketches which revealed the beauties of Yosemite to the wondering public.

It was on this trip that she made an oil painting from the floor of the valley. Two sketches by another artist, George Terell, one of Nevada Falls, the other of Vernal Falls, dated 1858, were presented by Mr. Terell to Mrs. Cummings. When they returned, they exhibited their work in Columbia City and San Francisco.

This was a delightful trip to the Valley. The route, with their pack train of mules was by way of Indian Canyon trail. They camped in the meadows at Royal Arches, Mrs. Cummings told me, "because of better grass and fewer mosquitoes, and to avoid the Digger Indians, staying there a week."

In her will she gave to Lucy Foster Sexton the oil painting which she made on this trip, and her paint box. To another niece, Stella Olmsted Foster, she gave the two sketches by Terell dated 1858, and the daguerreotype of Mrs. Cummings. These articles were presented in June, 1925, by the nieces to the Museum in Yosemite.

Her home was filled with beautiful furniture, a grand piano, and China was sending her wonderful things. Her cabinets had many treasures. Her help was Chinese; these she

had to train. Her collections of paintings, silver, china, cut glass and linens were the treasured gifts she left her nieces.

To the writer were left her oil paints and paintbox of California make and wood; her Caucasian shawl; hand made and tucked linen ball dress; gold nugget gold pin; cut glass; painting of Yosemite by herself; pictures and many other treasures. Her parrot had died and its painted portrait was among the things treasured.

At one time on Shotwell street besides her garden and plants there were three parrots, a mocking-bird, goldfinch, many cages of canaries, a dog, a cat and goldfish. These took an hour's care, then another for the garden and house plants, another with the cook. She loved fancy dishes, always doing them herself. Then she had the afternoon to herself, with the evening open for other things.

She said one must have a time for each duty, and some for the improvement of one's self. The care of her father was one of these, and she classed it as a loving duty. His last days were in her constant care in this beautiful home overlooking San Francisco Bay and the Berkeley hills. Her brother Isaac, sister-in-law Roxanna, and the writer were often with her there.

She was a lover of old lace and an expert in its value. These were the fullest years of her life. She often visited her brother Isaac G. Foster, and his family, on the coast back of Stanford, bringing her gray and scarlet parrot.

When the parrot was having its bath one day, a woodpecker was placed in the cage. When the parrot saw it she screamed and flew out the door for half a mile into a hillside of blackberries but was recovered. Mrs. Cummings was a great help to her sister-in-law in her shopping, as they went to San Francisco twice a year for supplies and again to San Jose for fruit, and for visits to old friends. It was only a day's trip of thirty miles to each place.

She had been allowed to dance herself, so planned her niece Lucy's party dresses and hats. When her little namesake came she did many charming things for her. She felt deeply her sister Juliet's not having advantages out on the stock ranch at San Luis Obispo. The wild flowers of the coast were a perpetual joy to her and our first lessons in botany.

The home was filled with specimens, the table never without its adornment, nor the rooms. All were to her things to

admire and she could hardly finds words with which to express herself.

She sometimes brought her friend, Miss Emerson, with her, and both were good horsewomen. The beach and the mountains and the redwoods made time pass quickly on these outings. She entertained many noted people at her home in those early days at dinners and receptions. Her beautiful voice and her recitations added to many charming gatherings in that City of Gold with its wealth of the world being sent it in exchange.

She always kept her friendship for Doctor Spencer and his family and many times they were together. At that time a young man from the Bank of California made his home with them. She delighted to show her niece the theatre and art galleries and to treat her to that great luxury, ice cream.

One of her friends, a banker, lost his wife, leaving a child two years old. He wished Mrs. Cummings to take care of his little son. She did so, and gave her love to it, as did her husband. She loved it as a mother, as though it were her own.

The boy was beautiful in face. He took several years of constant care as he was delicate. He grew up to be the sorrow of their lives, one of those so called sandlot hoodlums of San Francisco's early days.

The building of the Nob Hill palaces was a delight to her and the Park, she said, was her own planning. She had much to do with its planting and growth from a ranch of sandhills; also the Woodward Gardens with its museums and greenhouses in their time, like her, transplanted from the east to the west, an education and training, a leaven to lighten California's young life and bring to it a love of the beautiful things only dreamed of, yet to be realized in her lifetime.

Mr. and Mrs. Cummings moved to Piedmont Springs as the husband's health had failed. There another daughter of her sister Juliet, Stella Olmsted, came to stay with her, her brother's son Fred, visiting there week-ends while he went to business college in San Francisco. Stella lived with her for awhile. Those were jolly days for the young people.

The family came back to Shotwell street, San Francisco, where they lived until the husband and the child they reared, died. There, after her father had left her some money her brother Isaac tried to get her to invest it in a home, but she thought the Comstock mines were so rich they were a better investment.

She put all her money in them and lost it all, even her diamonds going to pay assessments. After closing her house she was companion to two elderly people, reading and being with them daytimes. Her object was attained. She received enough to put her in the Crocker Home for Old People where she had her lifelong friend, Miss Emerson.

She came south to visit her niece Lucy and nephew Eugene. They both urged her to make her home with them, and almost she said "Yes," their gardens so appealed to her. She was taken very sick and had to go to the Bard hospital, Ventura, to be treated. Her niece Lucy with two daughters and the granddaughter went to visit her there. The four generations were grouped, two of them named for her Mariett the second and Mariett the third, in the room, and she was a happy woman to have lived to see her name carried on.

"I am not like Father," she said:
" 'From the death of the old the new proceeds,
The life of truth from the rot of creeds.'

"As he said, he was like a candle flickering out, but like an electric light when the switch is turned off I will go back to the Power House of the Creator of all things—to God. When I make another light may I have a better carbon and a more perfect light."

Her loved niece, Stella, came soon to be with her at the end. By the sea she loved she lay, as she had given her cemetery lot in San Jose to her brother Vincent.

A father's pride, a brother's comrade, a husband's love; the truest of friends; companion and guide to the younger ones—could life hold more or give less than such a California pioneer woman?

LETTER

From Ann Hazard

Plainfield, May 27th, '56.

My dear Brother and Sister:—

Last mail you had no letter from me and I know full well how you felt. I sent a package of papers and wrote a few words which I thought would relieve anxiety. I hope you got the paper and found the script of paper. I thought I should

make a fool of myself if I tried to write. I feel stronger now and will do the best I can.

Now I will tell you about our folks. Mack and Ann are in Boston. Two weeks since they left home; I shall look for them next Saturday. Mack went on railroad business. They are all crazy as bedbugs; want a railroad here. I hope they bring Mary home with them. If they do I shall go home with her and see if I can't find a doct. that can help me. The doct. here don't and I feel anxious to get help.

Had a letter from Mack last night. Will be home Saturday. If they don't bring Mary home with them it will make me feel bad.

Will go as soon as I get a little stronger. I think that Doctor Noble can cure me and I am anxious to see him. I think I shall be able to go in two or three weeks from this time. Anyway I will let you know in my next.

Today I went out; rode two miles and I shall soon be able to ride to Joliet, part of the journey and that is the worst. The rest is all rail. I think the journey will do me a great deal of good say nothing about doctor. This moment while I am writing my legs pain me so that I can hardly contain myself.

Will have to make a morphine powder before I can finish my letter. If it is neuralgia it is the hardest algia I have ever had come across me. It has took off the flesh some and I hadn't much to spare but I am going to fat up by the time you get home. I had no letter from you this mail which got in the 16th of May. If you sent by Mr. Ladd he has not got home yet.

I have but little news to write. I must tell you that Adala Goddard has a young son. Don't know any particulars. Our children heard so. Your Aunt Foster is getting well. The rest of the family is all well this spring. Mr. Woolworth's folks are all well. He is in Iowa; has been gone some three weeks. All friends well as far as I am posted.

Jesse is selling stoves yet; has five wagons going. Drives one himself. Scoville from Albion is peddling for him. I don't know him; he used to peddle for King and Root. He knows you. Jess says he would like to have you on the seat with him; says you should have half the crackers and cheese; wants you to come home and not stay any longer in California. You can do better here. Times are getting harder there all the time.

And do leave as soon as you can. Oh, how anxious I am to have you come back. Don't make any calculations staying

any longer than you can get away. We hear from everyone that comes back that no one can do anything in California. They say that those that have farms and try to work them only run in debt. Mr. Witeman says the farmers there that don't work their land are better off than those that do.

I hope the next letter I get will tell me that you are coming. How my heart would leap with joy. I believe it would cure me. Mariett wrote she was going to send me an apron by Mr. Ladd. How much I shall think of it! Said I must wear it and think of her. I will, dear sister. It makes me think of the poor one I sent you but it was all I could do, sick and could not go to get better. But I will make up when you come back. The ring I hold dear; it's dear to me.

Now, dear brother and sister, don't worry about me for I hope I shall soon get better. You shall hear every mail. I am tired. Say I have done pretty well this time. Can tell you all about it next mail. God bless you and yours. Good-bye. I have tried this doctor long enough. William, I shall go anyway and try Doctor Noble. I know he can cure me if I have faith and that's half the battle. I ain't going to sit like a knot on a log but try and have something done.

My hand trembles. I can hardly back my letter this morning. Dimme stays with me now Anne is gone; sleeps in the room with me. She is just as good as she can be. I shall always remember her. She is not very smart just now. I think she will be better some time in July. Jesse and Dimme send a great deal of love and want you to come home. Give my kind regards to your father and mother, to Doc Spencer's family and keep a good deal for yourselves.

From your ever loving sister,

Ann Hazard.

LETTER

From Isaac Foster

San Jose, Nov. 6th, 1856.

Dear William and Mariett:—

Ma received your letter written soon after your arrival at Columbia and was glad to hear that you were well and pleased with your new home and prospects and hope and pray you may realize all and more your anticipations.

We have nothing of any great importance to communicate, only political. Yesterday the election terminated in

favor of the Republicans throughout this county by considerable majority on all the ticket. I believe I was on the nomination by the Fillmore party for Justice before you left but they sent a committee to me after they had nominated me to know if I would endorse the Kansas-Nebraska act and go for Fillmore, to which I declined and then they threw me overboard and said in the Tribune it was all over with me and I would fall to the ground.

I replied in the paper and appealed to the whole people at the ballot box on the 4th of November and yesterday the people reversed the decision of the pro-slavery clique and triumphantly elected me Township Justice.

We got no letter from the east last mail and nothing from the claim since you left encouraging. They are not doing much in the upper tunnel on account of the lead they were on leading into the water so they could follow it till the lower tunnel draws off the water. They at the last accounts got the rock tunnel 160 feet. I hope they will get through by and by for your sake as well as ours.

The weather is fine; no rain yet. I hope you will keep us apprised of your affairs as I feel a deep interest in all that pertains to you. Adieu, dear children.

P. S.—I have presented the demand on Yates estate to Archer, who does the business for Mrs. Yates. He says Mrs. Y. says it will be paid if the court will grant her the means out of the estate to pay it which Archer says he will move for.

This from Grace Foster in same letter.

San Jose, Nov. 6th.

My very dear Children:—

When I recount the many mercies of my life when we took sweet council together and was never separated from you for any length of time words are inadequate to express my feelings for the loss of you. All the consolation I derive is in the society of Mrs. Lowe. She, too, has lost her sister. Mrs. Hoyt has married a Mr. Hitchcock and removed to Alviso. She left her best love for you. Mrs. Lowe joins with her and say tell Mrs. Cummings we two old women are left to mourn alone.

My health is as good as usual with the exception of the rheumatism. I have almost entirely lost the use of my right hand. Your father has almost lost the use of do. arm. I think from the same cause. Arthur has been hunting twice

and killed more than 20 geese. Wish you had been here to partake of them toward paying up the old score. Do excuse my writing. My hand is so numb I cannot use it, so goodbye.

Your ever loving mother,

Grace Foster.

P. S.—Do you want us to send the East. papers? Write often. Mrs. Bodfish says she will write when you write to her. Little Emmer has just gone from here; looked all around for Auntie Cummings. I have partly fulfilled the request in the kissing line. She has had an attack of the croup; kept her mother up all night. Better now, however.

Mr. Lowe has just gone by shouting "Judge Foster!" very loud. Mr. Johnson's people are going to stay here this winter; are going to have a girl from San Francisco. Their colored girl has got married and is going to leave them. She—Mrs. J.—says: "I can't do own work. I never earned a cent in my life." She went to San Francisco and spent a week. When she returned she showed me seven Merino dresses for her boy, all different patterns. This is all nonsense, so do excuse me. My love to Mrs. Waterman if you see her. G. F.

I have not yet seen Cheney and when you write I wish you would inform me who I shall look to for proving the purchase of the mule of Cheney, if I have to force the collection as I think he is no doubt not responsible for the money paid. I. Foster.

LETTER

From Isaac Foster to Mrs. Mariett Cummings

San Jose, Dec. 3rd, 1857.

Dear Mariett:—

I received your letter a few days since inviting me to come and spend the winter and I have delayed to answer it because I have entertained hopes that I should have been able to answer it in person as you requested, as at the time I received it I was negotiating the sale of some of my city lots which I thought was likely to result favorably.

But I have failed to accomplish my object as yet so at present I must defer my hopes. I assure you it would afford me great pleasure to spend a season with such kind and af-

fectionate children as you are but I am reminded in the providence of God that "it is not in man to direct his steps, but they are ordered by the Lord" who I trust will make it all right.

Arthur and I have been living at home very cosily, but the probabilities are that he will leave me before long as he has been down the country in the county of San Luis Obispo, about 150 miles south of here and has procured him a large stock ranch and is now looking up stock to ranch on it and he wishes me to ask you and William if you would not think it advisable to let him have your stock.

He says if so he will do well by you and well by the stock for one half of the increase. You are getting nothing from your stock in the manner they have been kept the last two years; indeed, they are so miserably poor I doubt their ability to be driven to Arthur's ranch or anywhere else until they are recruited.

Mr. Arn told me awhile ago he thought the cows would both die. He said they were diseased with swelled heads and that you would most probably lose them. Isaac saw them and says the only disease they had was poverty, starvation and want of water. I believe they are now on the top of the Santa Cruz Mountains if alive. I think you had better let Arthur take them if your obligations to Mr. Arn will allow it.

It is much better stock country where he goes than here. Stock are fat there all the year. We shall send all the surplus stock from my ranch with Arthur.

The friends and family are all well; all the children here and most of the grandchildren came home and partook of a Thanksgiving dinner with me. Only Will's and Mariett's places were vacant around the festive board. Alas! Shall we all meet again? I hope so; if not in this, God grant that we may in another world where parting will be no more.

Doc Spencer says he is going to the Sandwich Islands to spend the winter. Mrs. Spencer not going. Nothing more worth writing. Let me hear from you soon. Accept my love, both of you, and may God bless you is the ardent prayer of

Your affectionate father,

Isaac Foster.

LETTER

Isaac Foster to Mrs. Marriet Cummings

San Jose, Jany. 11th, 1858.

Dear Marriet:—

The reminiscence of thirty-one years brings up to my mind the introduction to this busy world of a little, hearty robust, flaxen-haired cherub who had for some time before her advent given tangible evidences of the energy of character which she for these thirty-one years has demonstrated to the world was of no ordinary kind and which a fond and doting father has beheld only to admire and often wished that the sons of the same parents possessed that indomitable spirit of enterprise, but God has wisely ordered all things and has not seen fit to grant but one scion of the parent stock to bear a striking resemblance in this respect to the original.

So I suppose it is all right if all improve the talents committed to their care. Let us all try to do so. The current of life glides rapidly along and will soon land us in the great ocean of Eternity. It seems but a very short time since you began the career of life, yet it is 31 years, dear child. Think of it and give it a careful reviewal.

In so doing you may be enabled to avoid the errors of the past in the future and let the prayer of the Psalmist be yours as well as mine, "To teach us to remember our day that we may apply our hearts to wisdom."

Mrs. Peck's folks called on Mother the other day, by whom we learned that you were all well. Glad to hear it. There is no news interesting with us as I recollect. All the friends are well. The claim is paying pretty well at present. I have received about eighty dollars a week over and above expenses for a few weeks past on my interest, and Fayette says the prospects are brightening.

I think I shall go up and see if I can sell my interest when the winter is gone in the mountains. I am paying five dollars per day in cash to strangers for working my share. The expense to my interest is six dollars per day cash, paid every week, yet I have three sons here that are not willing to give it any of their time or attention.

They say it will pay its own way and me too and they all think they shall get it soon anyhow. Perhaps it is about as well as any way. I am not troubled about it if they are not, as I [illegible] have enough anyhow to last me. I am making

some repairs in the way of fence around my lot and design to put an addition to the house. I have bought some ten city lots at tax sale but probably most of them will be redeemed.

Fayette writes me that he has recently received a letter from home saying that they, the friends, are all well; Woolworth and family have moved to Iowa, and that Mrs. Bliss lives with Lyman and that her children will not keep her. So Br. Lyman has taken her in. God pity the children that repudiate their parents when they become old and childish and of course troublesome. Truly such children are without natural affection.

Our winter so far has been mild and pleasant, the most so of any winter I have seen here. The feed is good although we have had but four inches of rain yet. But it rains smartly today. Most of the farmers have sowed their wheat. The boys, Olmsted and Doc, have sowed a good deal and it is up finely. I guess they will make a live of it. Isaac has sowed about half of his lot and is fencing it off, and has improved his orchard much.

I hope that when you find yourselves in circumstances suitable that you will return to this Eden of the world to spend the balance of your lives. I would like to have all my connections of the descending line grouped around me in the evening of my life where I could see them often around the family board and see them happy and contented.

I am sure it would tend more to make my descent pleasant than anything else. I am not doing much in the justice line, although I have been one of the side judges in the Court of Sessions since the last election. I intend after this year, if I live, to do no business of a public nature whatsoever.

It is more congenial to my habits and feelings to have my liberty and work when I please and do as I please and I think more conducive to health, though my health this winter is all that I can wish. Mother as usual says that you must write often. Let us hear from you soon. Give our love to William and may the blessing of God attend you, many years and fit you for an Eternity of happiness hereafter is the fervent prayer of your affectionate father,

Isaac Foster.

LETTER

William and Mariett Cummings at Columbia Mines; From Grace Foster to Her Children

February 18, 1858.

Dear Children:—

I have not written to you for a long time. Your father wrote to Mariett on her birthday. He said he did not tell you I was sick. I grew worse for a long time; could not lie down, my cough was so severe and raised and was so dizzy and remain so dizzy yet. I commenced writing to you when I could not stand. I feel sometimes as though I should fall on the stove while sitting by it in a fit while alone. I never had such feelings before. I do feel that time with me will soon end.

How I wish you could be with me! Some of your precious moments to console my grief. I miss the society of dear Mrs. Bodfish. She was a kind, good neighbor. The society here consists of rowdies such as Dr. Bell and Thompson and Yoell and wife and others. They scream and jump. The Yountz ladies and especially the Hester girls are very intimate with the married rakes of the day.

Mrs. Spencer continues to call on me. She says the above young ladies are like mares let out of the stable. She will make them to perfection. Mr. Peck and lady called on me. I was glad to hear from you by them. Mr. P. recommended scalding my feet for chilblains which I have tried but not with very great success.

I send you a notice of the marriage of your friend Miss Cowles. Isaac says Lizzy Cowles has gone up to the mountains with her sister thinking to get Cook. I heard him say he was a married man and had a family at the east. I have commenced writing news. I'll go on. It was a mistake taking out so much gold dust. Lafayette writes nothing about it. He writes the company are in debt thousands.

He says Aunt Sally Bliss lives at Uncle Lyman's. H. Stewart's family have moved to Rockford, Ills. I think it rather hard for Aunt S. after doing as much for Fanny as she has done. I saw a letter Fanny wrote to Juliet. She says Parris has returned from Plainfield; says Mrs. Hager is not expected to live until spring. Henry Goodhue is married to Harriet Cropsy. William Goodhue has got religion and gone to studying for the ministry. Mrs. Julia Johnson is very low, not expected to live since the birth of a daughter.

Doubtless you have heard Arch MacAllister's wife has another daughter.

I should like to read some of the papers you send. They don't incline to lend them. Olmsted says if you had one of the girls she would not be taught anything but dancing and cards, so Vint says. He said they depend on us for everything. Olmsted says I grow childish every day. I suppose because I think it rather hard with our little income to support so many and do without the comforts of life in my declining age and health.

We have got our fence all made except painting and it cost over $200 already and will cost $100 more to paint it. The Democrats carry the day in everything. A terrible state of things in this place. What will become of us? Pa says he will remove to the ranch. He can not live here. If I die soon he says he will live with you. He won't build on this place.

I send you some papers. You can see something of the state of society by them. Do write often.

Ever your affectionate mother,

G. Foster.

P. S.—Mrs. Spencer gave me liberty to write you about the performance of the young ladies in this place. I have not written one half what she told me, in fact. I see it verified every day across the street. It disturbs me very much day and night. I shall be glad to exchange neighbors for the better.

I understand they have bought out Bro. Fox on the Stockton ranch and are fitting up the house in prime order. There is not a house in town that is furnished like the one they occupy. I wish you would come down and take our place. We shall probably leave. We have the prospect of a great supply of fruit. I feel loth to have strangers reap all the benefit of it.

We have made great improvements in the fruit line this season. Do come if you leave there. I forgot to tell you that we heard from your old friend Giles Strong. He has sold his ranch to Quick and gone home after leaving his wife and child a year and a half. His uncle is married to a girl of seventeen and stays in this country.

Don't turn up your nose and laugh at my childish letter. Why should not I break? I am not allowed to take the least medicine since my sickness. Your father don't approve, you are aware. Juliet says she wishes I had something to

strengthen me. I am very weak. Since the school closed I have had Mary here one week.

Her father and mother came down and took her home. That is all the help except what the men have done. I put my washing and ironing out. Little Stella broke the other side collarbone the other day by falling. She talks very plain.

I don't know when to leave writing. I do want to see you more than I can possibly describe on paper but must forbear. I feel so sick and dizzy and now I tender you and William my undying love and thank you both for favors past.

Also Mrs. Spencer requests me to present her best regards to you. I remain,

Your loving friend and affectionate mother,

Grace Foster.

I am so dizzy I can not write. I have done with the use of the weed. Goodbye.

LETTER

From Grace Foster

To William & Mariett Cummings, Columbia Mines.

March 7th, 1859

My dear Children:—

I have omitted writing so long, hoping to have something worthy of your perusal. The longer I delay the worse I find myself. I have been sick ever since I last wrote. I feel I have not long to live and the moments are precious. I do so long to see you!

I. G. says Roxanna shall go with me as soon as the going gets good up to your place. We think of selling our place and if I live and can get enough to visit you be sure I shall improve the opportunity. If it should be agreeable to you.

My home is left desolate. I feel our children have all deserted except the last one and he is gone day and night. Your father and myself have been troubled with the dyspepsia all winter. We are taking Hathaway's pills notwithstanding his dislike to medicine. The prospect is at present favorable for a great deal of fruit. I hope you and William will be here to share it.

I received a paper from Ransom Lawrence, the Herald of Freedom, with remarks of Mr. Danford in the House of Rep-

resentatives. I have got a letter from Mary and Cornelia Foster. C. wrote a pious letter, Mary as usual all fun. Wrote the death of a number of our acquaintances. Mr. Piersons fell down dead in a fit at the Fair, caused by intemperance.

Sarah Flanders aspired for the premium at the Fair, rode so hard had to be carried home and died. Mary mentioned a great many marriages and deaths. The cramp takes me in hand so I can't write, so excuse me.

Mrs. Bodfish has got a son a few weeks old. I have not been able to visit her since her confinement. Doctor Spencer and lady talk of going east this spring. She says if they don't go east she shall surely visit you this spring. I have always felt vexed that Juliet did not let you have one of her girls. She says she would be glad to have you if Olmsted was willing. They will have their number if they should spare some two or three, a fair prospect at present.

Brother Lagrand died this winter, a nice man; you remember him. Now do excuse me; my hand cramps so bad I cannot write intelligibly. And write if you want me to trouble you with a visit. We had a beautiful, splendid bay filly stolen worth $600 this last fall. Arthur spent his time and $40 in search of her. Could hear nothing from her; a great loss to us just at present.

I wish you would come down here and take our place in town. We have a great many lots and would sell or give them away.

If I never write again remember I die loving my dear children if they don't their mother. I had all the symptoms of consumption that James had. Dear children, farewell.

Grace Foster.

(From Isaac Foster, same letter)

Mother has written all the news and says I must fill out the sheet. I have nothing worth writing. I believe I have written since you have. I wish to know how you get along these times. I hear that you have gone to keeping public house, so I suppose you find work enough to do to keep you out of mischief.

I would like to call up and see you and Will very much but the Devil has got his tail over my means or at least so much of them that I can not control enough to get me out so far. Mother talks of vamousing up there by and by, but I think she could not get there. It would be too much for her, I think

I have been troubled much with the dropsy, too much confinement probably the cause. I have removed my office furniture to my house and intend to take more exercise and try that. My business is not worth much as there are three justices in the city and you know that I am not on the right side of politics. All the villains are in the Democratic ranks and all the lawing is among them.

They fight before the magistrates of their own stripe. That leaves me out, you see. I get nothing from Page & Bacon and it is doubtful whether I ever do. As for my mining claim I have not heard from it for several months. The last I heard they wanted me to pay assessments on it to which I demurred and told them as I had often told them before if they did not feel willing to work my interest and risk getting their pay out of the digging to wind it up as I would pay no more. It has probably gone in. I have heretofore anticipated that I should in the evening of life had the control of enough of filthy lucre to have done as I please but He that orders all things after the council of his own will sees it for the best not to permit. And with the decision of Infinite Wisdom and goodness I am satisfied or at least acquiesce believing it on the whole for the best.

For all who are concerned I have long since been convinced that happiness does not consist in the abundance that a person prosper, but in the state of our heart. If that is right the other things are satisfactory. Let us see to it that it is so with us.

So farewell, dear children.

Your affectionate father,

I. Foster.

LETTER

From Mrs. Grace Foster and Isaac Foster to Mr. and Mrs. Cummings

San Jose, May 4th, 1859.

My dear Daughter:—

I would not at this time trouble you did I not feel the sole affliction of God upon me. I have been troubled all winter with a soreness and hoarseness of my lungs and as the spring advances my cough increases, my legs and feet are swollen to bursting so I can scarcely move them without

help. But the worst of my complaint is the dropsy in my bowels and chest while the flesh of my arms has wasted away.

I cannot be reconciled to leave this world in peace until I see you. I don't feel able to sit up to write; cannot lie down; my cough is too tedious. I have done with labor for this world. Now do come down and comfort me before I go home. I do not think you would ever regret it if you spent a portion of your substance. You do not know a mother's love.

We heard you were coming in the fall. I cannot live to see you until autumn. Don't have much for my comfort, although I would not murmur or complain. I see the hand of Providence in all to bring me back to God from whom I have deeply revolted. Do write. You are owing me a letter. Your father says he will write. So a long adieu. Give my dying love to William.

From your afflicted yet loving mother,

Grace Foster.

May 24th—With a fluttering hand I commence my last wish, and that wish is to see you once more. If you only could realize the feelings of my heart you surely would come and take the last farewell. Since writing the above I have taken Holloway's pills and used his ointment which has reduced my strength although something has relieved my cough.

The swelling in my limbs is very painful and going into my bowels. Doctor Spencer says it is the dropsy. He says nothing can be done for me only to keep me comfortable while I do live. Mrs. S. says it will spread upward into my chest and will drown my heart. I hope you will come before the closing scene. How can I give you up, my dear child, the one of my care and love!

I have been up to Isaac's and stayed almost a week. Ann was very kind. She made me a loose gown. They are doing well. He has got a $300 carriage. Ann went with Isaac to San Francisco and suited herself. I am glad they are getting along so well. Mr. Hamilton has called on us twice. Mrs. H. told us all about you. I think she speaks like you. I sit here day after day, lonely enough. Your pa is out some; the whole work devolves on him, although he is good and kind.

Arthur is at the ranch haying and making fence. Juliet was down to see me yesterday; says she will come and take care of me if I get worse. I must close. I am tired, tired. Accept this token of my love and forgive your poor, unworthy

mother everything you ever saw wrong. I hope for pardon through the merits of Christ. G. Foster.

Dear Children:—

Mother has written you a long letter. And I would say that more than probable her mortal career is drawing to a close. She may live for months but the present prospects are far from encouraging. She is about; and walks and rides out. But her bloating does not yield to her medicine she has been taking.

She is very anxious to see you before she goes hence. She has anticipated heretofore of visiting you the coming summer. But has abandoned the idea. Perhaps it will be your duty to come down as soon as you can conveniently leave your charge and comfort her.

Yours affectionately,

I. Foster.

LETTER

Isaac Foster to William and Marriet Cummings. Written Soon After His Wife's Death

San Jose, Sept. 23, '59.

Dear Children:—

I received your note of the 2nd of this month and have no excuse for not writing you since but the want of anything worth writing, and I have nothing that will probably interest you much at present.

We are all well as usual. My health is very good. I am living at the old home. Arthur is with me. I feel as though I had outlived my day and generation lonely, isolated, with no one that can enter into or participate in my joys or sorrows.

Society to me has lost most of its charms and fascinations and I do not know but I can say that it has lost almost all my confidence. I do not leave home much and very few call to see me but the children. They are here often, and are kind.

We have plenty of apples and grapes, very good, of which they partake largely and seem to enjoy it much. I suppose you have a plenty of grapes. I would like to come up and see you and stop with you awhile this fall or winter, but

I do not know that I can get money enough to bear my expenses there.

I have sold nothing since you left and do not know that I can to any advantage. Several have talked of buying my city property but as yet nothing is done certain. I feel restless and uneasy. Life to me seems almost like a dream since bereft of her with whom I have lived for 47 long years. I confess that I never knew how to prize her until now. We are pleasantly situated. All around us are full of life and I can see that

> "Happiness reigns round the quiet spot
> Where dwelleth health and glee,
> Bring balm to other hearts,
> But not, Oh, not to me."

Though cast down I feel that I am not forsaken. I feel that it is all right because I know that my Father in Heaven has done it and in doing it left such indubitable evidence to my mind that my loss was her eternal gain.

Thus while I know I have the greatest cause of rejoicing and am at the same time stimulated to seek a preparation of heart to follow her to that rest that remains for the people of God. Oh, my dear Mariett, what reason we have to bless God that he permitted us such comfortable and satisfactory evidence of the hope of Eternal life! Let it not be lost upon any of us, my dear children.

I think you had better dispose of your property in the mountains and come into the valley and increase your stock and take care of them yourselves. I think it will be more to your interest in the long run. Arthur and I are milking three cows, two of them new milch and we make seven or eight pounds of butter per week besides the milk we eat and raise our calves into the bargain. Butter is worth fifty cents per pound.

I contemplate taking a trip over to Santa Cruz next Monday on a pleasure excursion with the boys. Vincent has his house enclosed and is keeping bach in it. He was here today and feels as though he could live very well. He is milking ten cows.

We had a most glorious old fashion eastern thunderstorm here a week ago today, such as the oldest inhabitants say they never witnessed here before. It rained at our ranch powerfully so as to soak the ground three inches in depth. A heavy shower passed us in town. The thunder and lightning was terrific to the old Spaniards.

Mrs. Hamilton has a fine boy. It weighed ten pounds at its birth, Mr. H. told me. It is three weeks old. They are well. Belden does not yet return from abroad. Isaac and Ann were here today. She has her upper teeth extracted for a new set at $100, made by Dr. Shaw. Mrs. Laura wishes to be remembered to you. I thank you for your letter and hope you will write often.

Your affectionate Father,

I. Foster.

To my dear Children William and Mariett.

LETTER

From Isaac Foster to Mr. and Mrs. Cummings

San Jose, 6th May, 1860.

Dear William and Marriet:—

It is a long time since I have corresponded with you and I suppose you have gotten tired of looking for me at your place. I have several times purposed to come to you but have not been able to make it out. Yet when I received your last letter I thought I would answer it in person but soon after I received it I had a suit commenced against me in the District Court by Jonathan Parr to recover of me the four lots adjoining St. James Square so I have to stay and defend them. The suit is set for the 10th inst. I think I shall be able to succeed in maintaining my title. Hester assists me.

I have just returned from San Luis Obispo county, having been down to remove Olmsted and family to their new home in the mountains. They have a great ranch for stock in a rough and lonely place amidst the grizzlies and numerous other beasts of prey. Vint and Isaac went along with us. I got treed in the near proximity of a grizzly whose paw measured more than twelve inches wide.

Vint shot at one when there were two together and that near by. Wildcats and California lions are abundant so you see we had sport enough. Deer are very plenty. Olmsted and Arthur have three hundred and thirty head of meat cattle ranching and milk about fifty cows and make cheese.

They have a comfortable log house situated in a pretty valley in the mountains. The nighest female I believe is about six miles o[illegible] I think they will be lonely but will not have

time to think of it. You must write often to them. Their postoffice address is San Miguel, San Luis Obispo County, California. I am at present stopping with Vint on the ranch. I have been fencing it up this spring considerable. We are living in Olmsted's house as cozy as two kittens.

I shall have a great abundance of fruit on my place in town which I reserved when I let the house. Isaac is about selling his place for five thousand dollars. I intend visiting you as soon as I can bring it about.

I am very much afflicted with the dyspepsia, otherwise I should enjoy good health. I am taking the Oxygenated Bitters to try to effect a cure. I intend to give it a fair trial and if it does not help me try something else.

Doctor Spencer and wife have returned from the Islands in good health. Did not like the Islands very well; see a good many pleasant things but would not like to live there.

I have nothing more to write that I think would interest you. Write often, dear children, and let me know how you get along. I have felt very anxious to hear how you get along in regard to your hurt, Mariett.

May the blessing of a gracious God be and abide with you. Vint says love to you both.

Your affectionate Father,

Isaac Foster.

LETTER

From Isaac Foster to Mariett Cummings

San Jose, Sept. 3rd, 1860.

Dear Mariett:—

I received your letter of the 12th proximo last evening and after reading it I sat down and cried over it a long time. Pained and grieved to learn that my not visiting you should pain and grieve you and that you should entertain the thought for one moment that my neglect to do so was for the want of affection or attachment to you.

Until you have a child of your own you will never realize how well I love you. I love all my children as seldom a parent loves his children. They are all good children and good to me, far better than I deserve, and I would be glad to visit them often. I have longed to come and visit you for many a lonely month but Providence has seemed hitherto to hinder me.

My health for the last eight months has been such that I could not trust myself away from where I could get a pan of milk as often as once in two hours, such distress in my stomach and bowels that many times it seemed that I must die in a few minutes. Hitherto until now within a few days I could find nothing that would give me relief but new milk.

I have been doctoring for the dyspepsia and have tried the various medicines recommended for that complaint but with no avail. I have been over to the Coast for a few days and have gotten very much relieved.

But now there is another impediment in the way of visiting you at the present and that is the want of means. You are aware that my income has been small of late. My lawsuit in defence of my Lick lots in town cost me near $100 and I got beat through the corruption of Democratic officials and would have carried up the cause if I had the means.

And now I have near $100 to pay in taxes which leaves me almost penniless for the present. I can not visit you without money and clothes of which I am meager. I can live here and wear my old clothes until I can sell something to buy more. I talk of selling my homestead in San Jose. Yonts has offered me $3000 for it but the terms of payment do not suit me.

The Reverend Doctor Peck of San Francisco talks as though he would buy it. I have some stock to sell but it is very dull sale now. As for your stock we have the old mare and one four year old horse and one three-year-old mare and one two-year-old; no young colts nor like to be; three heifers, to-wit: One three year old and two two years; and two two-year-old steers, all in fine condition. None of them have bred any the last year or this either.

The reason Doc hasn't written to you about the stock is that when he got them Mr. Arn said there were one cow and one steer that were lost and he turned in two heifers in the lieu thereof until he could look about and see if he could find the lost. He gave Vint an order about the first of July and he went where they were pasturing and got them. Arn said he was going to be gone about three weeks and then he would look around for the lost stock and come and make it all right.

Since then we have heard nothing from him and know not where he has gone. Isaac saw McElroy the other day, who told him that the blue heifer was with Wilson & Quiry stock near M[illegible]roy's ranch. If Arn does not come back we will try to l[illegible]her up

I hope you will be patient and wait until I can visit you which I intend to do as soon as I can. I got a letter from Juliet written the same day as yours was. They are all getting along as well as can be expected. Mary has taken out of her leg 15 pieces of bone and it is like to get well again. They think, Juliet says, you have not written her since she saw you. Love to William.

Your affectionate Father,

I. Foster.

LETTER

From Isaac Foster to Mariett Cummings

San Jose, May 23rd, 1861.

Dear Mariett:—

I have been looking for a line from you for some time past but I suppose you are engrossed with a multiplicity of cares that engross your time and attention. But as for me I am at liberty most of the time—not much to do but look after Doc and help him milk his cows and break colts, etc., etc. I make my home on the ranch with him you see as you know he and I always agree pretty well. He has no wife to look cross or scold at him or grumble about cooking or washing for me as I do that for myself.

And then I hate to leave him alone as you know it must be very lonely to eat and sleep all alone and no other one in the same house. I have not been below this spring as I expected I should have done. Arthur and Isaac went down and Isaac has returned. Arthur is still down there looking after the stock. I sent your stock down by Arthur. We halter broke your fillies before they left and I expect Arthur to break them to the saddle.

We keep eight cows and five horse-kind here on the ranch for present use. Arn did not give you the pony mare as he talked of last winter. He said if you thought he owed you anything in the stock line you ought to say so and he would willingly pay up. Otherwise he might be urging on you gifts that might appear foolish in him in your esteem. So he let Vint have the mare for pasturing the mare and colt and I bought the mare of Vint and I have been trying to break her.

I have succeeded in breaking her to the halter pretty thoroughly only but she is very wild and doubtful if she

can be broken so that a woman can ride her. If she can I shall esteem it a privilege to present her to you as a riding beast. I have got little Mary Olmsted brought up here by Isaac. Her leg was running her life away so that it became evident something must be done to save the poor girl from a premature grave.

I told Isaac to bring her up to me as Spencer said he could open her wound and take out the rotten bones that must come out before she could be well. Olmsted applied to the doctor that hitherto attended to it and he said if he cut it open to take out the rotten bones she would bleed to death at once; so in their strait they sent her up to me.

And I set Doctor Spencer at her and he gave her chloroform and cut her leg open on both sides about four inches long and run his fingers through her leg and took out a handful of rotten bones and she did not bleed half a teacupful. It has been one week since it was done and is doing fine and will get well, in a short time, Doctor says, and make a good limb of it.

If you want her when she gets well enough to make the journey to Columbia I will bring her up or contrive some way to get there; if you do not care to take her I think I will appropriate her myself and have her cook some for me and go to school here. I think I ought to have some interest in the dear thing as I have all the bills to foot for her care. I think you can do better for her than I can. Olmsted has now more children than his share and I have no idea of letting Mary return back at least for awhile.

I often think of the pleasant visit I had with you and covet the return of another treat of the same kind, and I yet hope Providence will permit it so to be. How is the prospect of Will getting into his claim? I learn that the ditch troubles are settled so that the miners can depend on the water. Arthur wants to know if there is any chance for him to get into work as he is anxious to go up there if he can get business. Isaac is aching to go up there too, mining, if he could buy one of the interests in Will's claim. He would move his family there and work it himself, he says; tell us all about what you and William think.

As for me I have been trying to make some speculation with the quicksilver mining companies in respect to the location of my ranch but I get nothing from the Almaden Co. but flattery as they say they can avail themselves of my interest to help their case and the Enriquito Company curse

me for filing my objections to their survey. They and the squatters threaten to put me out of the way if I do not withdraw my objections.

But I tell them they must buy my rights if they get them at all. I can sell my ranch to other parties, but unless I get an extra price for it I do not care to dispose of it while I am in the stock business.

My health is first rate this season only I am a little lame as I was when up at Columbia. I do not suffer much from the rheumatism but it keeps my knee weak.

Vint says he has forgotten whether he wrote to you last or not but you must write to him anyhow. He says give his love to Will and accept a good share for yourself.

I get no Federal office, you see. Perhaps they are better filled by others. I hope Old Abe will give the traitors fits and let the Negroes free.

Write soon. My best love to you and William.

Your father,

I. Foster.

LETTER

From Isaac Foster to Mariett Cummings

San Jose, Dec. 25th, 1861.

Dear Mariett:—

I wish you a merry Christmas, but I should enjoy the greeting better if I could greet you with a kiss. My mind often runs back to the affectionate intercourse we enjoyed during the time we spent together in your pleasant home. How grateful my heart feels in remembrance of the cheerful and loving kindness you and yours bestowed upon me in my feeble health. I assure you that such a child has a loving place in my heart. I wish it was in my power to make you as happy as your devotion to me deserves. May the blessing of kind Heaven supply my lack.

Had my health been as good with you as it has been since I left you I should have enjoyed it better than I did. It was never better than at present. I feel twenty years younger than I did three months since. I exercise much on horseback and work at anything that comes at hand with a glee seldom enjoyed by anyone.

The season has been the most lovely one here that I have ever seen. Our first rain fell on the 10th of November. Since

we have had occasional showers, in all about two inches until today. A heavy rain is now falling. We have had no frost of account. The weather has been like summer so that the grass is rank feed for stock.

Dec. 27th—It rained all day yesterday and last night. Four inches of water fell the last twenty four hours. The creek here at the ranch was higher this morning than I have ever seen it before. The weather is very fair and warm today. I have not sold any of my steers as yet. I shall probably keep them until February when beef will be the highest and most probably the grass is so good they will be much fatter than now.

Chappo is fat and I plowed with him one day this week. He works on a plow first rate. I have a little stud pony two years old last spring. I have him well broke so that I ride him around the ranch with my milkpail to milk my cows. I get off him whenever I find a cow to milk and put the bridle rein over the horn of the saddle and he will stand still until I get ready to mount him again with a pail of milk in my hand.

He is the best broke horse-kind about us and I think when I come to see you again I shall present him to you as a riding horse. We have nine horse-kind here and sixteen on the ranch at San Luis, including yours. If my health holds good I intend to go down to rodeo my stock with the boys in March.

Doc says Olmsted has concluded to be quiet about Mary living with you as it is more than he accomplished to properly feed the rest of the little ones well. If I could get a chance I would be pleased to get Emma away from there and let Mrs. Spencer have her, who says she would be glad to take her and educate her and make something nice of her. But I suppose Olmsted would by no means consent to any such arrangement.

It seems that he had rather the dear little ones grow up in ignorance and poverty than that any other hand should train them for ornaments and usefulness in the world. Doctor Spencer has the silver mania very much. He has invested he told me one thousand dollars in Washoe and has just returned from Guyamas in Mexico where he went to buy into a silver mine. What success I do not know as I have only seen him since his return. I asked him how he liked it; he replied it was the most God-forsaken country on earth.

I have been over to Half-Moon Bay to Isaac's. They were all well and work enough to keep them out of mischief.

as the saying is. Seem to be well pleased with their prospect.

The boys and I are living like pigs in clover, enough to eat and blessed good appetites to eat anything eatable.

Give my love to Will. I hope his claim will pay him so as to keep up his spirits. Love to Mary and much to yourself.

I. Foster.

LETTER

Isaac Foster to William and Mariett Cummings

San Jose, July 15th, 1862.

Dear Children:—

I received a letter from you dated July 6th. I assure you both that your epistles never come amiss. I wish they might come oftener and I would say to Mary that when she begins a letter to me to finish it, send it along, and if it does not suit you write another and send after it.

I have writen to Juliet that I think they can get along without Mary and that it would be doing very wrong to take Mary back. I think they must be sick indeed if they can not take care of themselves. If they are straitened for help in the family there is a good chance to break in some of the younger girls and if that is not enough let the men folks do as I do cook for the rest. I guess that they can cook what they can eat without Mary.

I wish it was so that I could give you some encouragement of a visit before long but I cannot see the way open at present. We have had a great deal of work to do all summer and have just now commenced harvest. We have about forty acres of good wheat to harvest and then we have our threshing and hauling to market to do, at least so much to do before I can think of coming to visit you.

I have done a great deal of work in mowing, I think about thirty acres myself. I have been laid up about one month, pretty much through June, with my old complaint, dyspepsia, but I have at last fallen on a remedy that seems to give me substantial relief, Dr. Watts' Nervous Antidote. Two bottles have enabled me to go to work again pretty much free from the scourge.

Mariett, I think it stops your neuralgia, and in short order. Try it. I know of no way of getting Chubby up to you at present. We have him here on the ranch. He is a first rate harness horse; would make a good stage or livery

horse but he needs to be kept at work and is very hardy. Not a good saddle horse. I think he might be sold for $150.

Arthur returned from below after about three months rodeoing. He says your stock is doing fine. The cows all have calves, the old mare a mare colt, and the American filly a splendid horse colt. The Belmont had no colt yet, our stock is doing first rate there. I would like to go down there after harvest if my health will permit as we have to bring up some fat steers to turn into our stubblefield and keep them for a high price in the winter.

We shall bring up your steers also. We have provided a large quantity of hay for the occasion. We have considerable fruit here on the ranch this season—apples, some pears, plums, peaches and lots of grapes, but nothing compared to yours.

I want to have William get into his claim to work as I hope he will soon and get above board so you need not have to work so hard. But remmbeer that riches are uncertain and unsatisfactory. Let us seek for true riches which alone will endure and be satisfying.

The boys are well and send their love to you all. Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and to your gentlemen boarders, especially to Bill. Write often.

Your affectionate Father,

Isaac Foster.

To Mariett and Mary.

LETTER

Isaac Foster to Juliet Olmsted

San Jose, July 15th, '62.

Dear Juliet:—

I received yours of note in due season some two months since but having nothing to write that I thought could interest you much, and with all being very busy, and much of the time out of health I have neglected writing to you. I was very sorry to learn from you that your health was poor, on which account you were desirous that some way should be devised that our dear Mary should return home to assist you in the business of the family.

I have not written to Mary since I received your note, since I could not see my way clear in which I could contrive to get her h[illegible] I received a letter from Mary this week in

which she says that Orville had written her that your health had improved somewhat which I was glad to hear.

I hope that you may recover your health and the rest of the family to perform their part so as not to need the return of Mary. It seems to me if you can dispense with her services you ought not to take her away from her pleasant home where her advantages are vastly greater than you can confer on her. She is in a fair way to receive that training which will eminently fit her for the responsibilities of life and I should regret exceedingly to have her deprived of it.

From my knowledge of the influences by which she is surrounded they are calculated to make her what she ought to be; and I believe she is ardently trying to improve them. In a moral as well as an intellectual and physical point of view I believe she will have occasion of eternal gratitude to God for that Providence thus led her there. I believe she has "chosen that good part which Mary chose that shall never be taken from her."

My health is at present very much better than it has been for the month of June. I have found substantial relief from the dyspepsia in the use of Dr. Watts' Nervous Antidote. I have used two bottles at one dollar each and am now using the third and am pretty much free from it. Am able to work in harvesting; indeed I have done a great deal of work.

This season I mowed about thirty tons of hay before Arthur came home. We have a large stack. We are now in our harvest; our wheat is good.

I intend to come down and make you a visit after harvest if I am well enough. I want to visit you and then go up and spend the balance of the fall with Mariett by leave of Providence but I am in doubt about being able. I feel that I am living on sufferance and at my age health is precarious. I do not expect to live long and I am trying to realize it that I may be ready when the Master calls.

I look back upon a life of more than three score years and ten and it seems to me like a vapor tossed to and fro like the winds of temptation and trials, hardly worth the efforts necessary to keep above the billows. Indeed it would not be if it were but for the hope of outriding the storm and safely arriving at the haven of Eternal Rest. I thank God for that hope as an anchor to my weary soul.

Dear Juliet, I assure you it would be vastly more pleasing to me to know that all my children and grandchildren

were rich in an Heavenly inheritance than rich in the things of this world which do not add much to our real enjoyment. It is imaginary more than real. One hour's sickness discloses the fact. My present desire and prayer is that we may all seek for true riches.

Give the dear children a kiss for me and my love to Mr. Olmsted and all the family. Write often. The boys are well.

Your affectionate Father,

Isaac Foster.

LETTER

From Isaac Foster to Mariett Cummings

San Jose, January 11th, 1863.

Dear Mariett:—

This day brings again the anniversary of your advent into this world of trials. And when we look back over the boisterous waves of thirty-six years, what variegated scenes come up to view—squalls and tempests, calms and sunshine have checkered the scene, strangely mixed up, sometimes almost overwhelming and despairing, then again buoyant with hope which keeps the heart whole.

We have thus far outridden the storms of life. My dear child, let us fix our hope on the Rock of Ages that we may outride the storm that might prove the wreck of the world, for be assured that such a hope shall surely do it for it is both sure and steadfast for it enters the haven of Eternal Rest when storms shall be no more.

This life is short at the longest, and the longer we live the shorter it appears. Back to the day of your birth, and though it comprises one half of my life it appears but a speck and like a dream that has passed away. Although I have been far from dreaming for the past thirty-six years for I have been more awake than most men, yet what or how little have I accomplished.

The world is a phantom that allures us but that yields but little substantial food for our immortal nature. Let us rather lay up our treasure above. Then shall we be rich indeed. I despise not the blessings of this world, but feel thankful for them but they perish with the using.

I received yours and Mary's letter of the 13th Dec. and should have answered it ere this but had nothing of interest to write. We are all well here. My health is excellent and has

been all the time since I came from down below. I was over at Isaac's a few days ago and found them all well. I told the boys they must write to you. They say they will but Vint is slow and easy you know. And Arthur is much absorbed with Military. He belongs to the company of Zouaves in San Jose and goes two and three times a week to drill. So with other matters his time is much engrossed.

When I shall make you a visit I cannot now determine. My time and attention is now taken up with affairs on the ranch. I have twenty head of steers that I am feeding and market is low for beef at present and probably I shall not be able to dispose of them until March to advantage.

If beef bears a price at Columbia that is or may be inviting I might think it advisable to drive up there and visit you at the same time. Give my love to William and Mary. Not time to write any more at present. So goodbye for the present.

Your affectionate Father,

I. Foster.

Right face, march! Glory hallelujah, Mary! Give your aunt a good "tannin'" and charge it to me. A. T. F.

LETTER

Isaac Foster to Mary Olmsted and Mariett Cummings

San Jose, August 30th, 1863.

Dear Mary:—

So long a time has elapsed since I wrote to you that I cannot remember when it was but you must excuse for being so negligent for I felt as though I had nothing worth perusing to communicate. But lest you have reason to think I am losing my regard for you and my interest in you I take this opportunity to assure you that they are not in the least diminished or abated. You are to me as a child whose welfare is ever near my heart.

I feel a deep solicitude for your present, future and eternal welfare. I am exceedingly desirous that you should always be happy and loved by all good beings that may behold you, and in order to be thus let me advise you how to achieve the object and 1st: Fix in your mind that your inner life is everything comparatively to yourself and all others that behold you

It is your mind that moulds even your outward features which are only an index to your true character. It is by your face and figure that intelligent human beings judge of your true worth. That is, of your mind. Be assured, my dear girl, that it is only a lovely mind that makes a lovely face and features. It is an hypothesis that I lay down as true in nature. That a youth in the possession of the means of a right and thorough education may so apply and use them as to develop a beautiful exterior, or physique.

In order to do this, my dear child, begin at the foundation to build the superstructure. Do not begin to decorate your body particularly, though I approve of good taste in dress, but dress your mind, so to speak, or train it. Let love be the governing principle toward everybody and everything that God hath made.

Hate only evils. Keep a conscience void of offense toward God and man and then you will be always joyful and beautiful. Under whatever circumstances you find yourself let nothing disturb the harmony of your mind. Let the mind assert and under all the circumstances of life maintain inviolable its right and determination every part of your being on the principles of truth and virtue.

Always make all the members with all their propensities and passions feel and know that they of right ought to be only the servants of a virtuous mind. Cultivate that mind by all the means within your reach in knowledge and virtue and it will exhibit itself in charming graces within and without, delightful to every beholder in Heaven and on Earth.

I will not at this time weary you with a long stricture on moral ethics. I hope to come and visit by the leave of Providence by and by but at this time I cannot tell when. I got a long letter the other day from Mary Foster giving me lots of news from the east. Our connections are about as usual. I should infer from her letter that Woolworth is dead, as she says Fanny is left poor with a home and that her brother Alfred who is very wealthy helps her.

Alexander Foster has been to the war and come home disabled for life by the breaking of his shoulder. The oldest son of William Hemenway is in the army, crippled by losing the use of his right arm; is a lieutenant and still in the war as well as his brother younger. James Sowden Jr. has been married five years; married Mary Shoemaker.

I got a letter from your father the other day. All well. They have discovered what they think a rich copper and silver lead up the Santa Rosa creek not a great ways from

them. He says to us, "Come down immediately and make your fortunes." The boys will go down soon as they have to drive up some stock to winter for the want of feed down there. I do not know but that I shall go also if my health will admit of it. It is pretty good now but not exactly right.

We have a great plenty of all kinds of fruits at very low prices. It is the most of my living. Write often.

Your affectionate Grandpa,

Isaac Foster.

Dear Mariett:—

I thank you for your kind letter and remembrance of me always. It seems a great trial to be deprived of your affectionate sympathies and kindness. I often think that the evening and decline of life would be smoothed better by your kind hand than any other.

I sometimes feel lonesome and downspirited when sick as I frequently am. No one to nurse me or is fit to take care of me that tends to alleviate my distress. Then I think if I had my dear Mariett near me I should feel relief but the will of the Lord be done.

Give my love to Will. God bless you all.

Yours forever,

I. Foster.

ISAAC G. FOSTER'S JOURNEY

(From an Interview with Mrs. L. Chittenden, Santa Barbara)

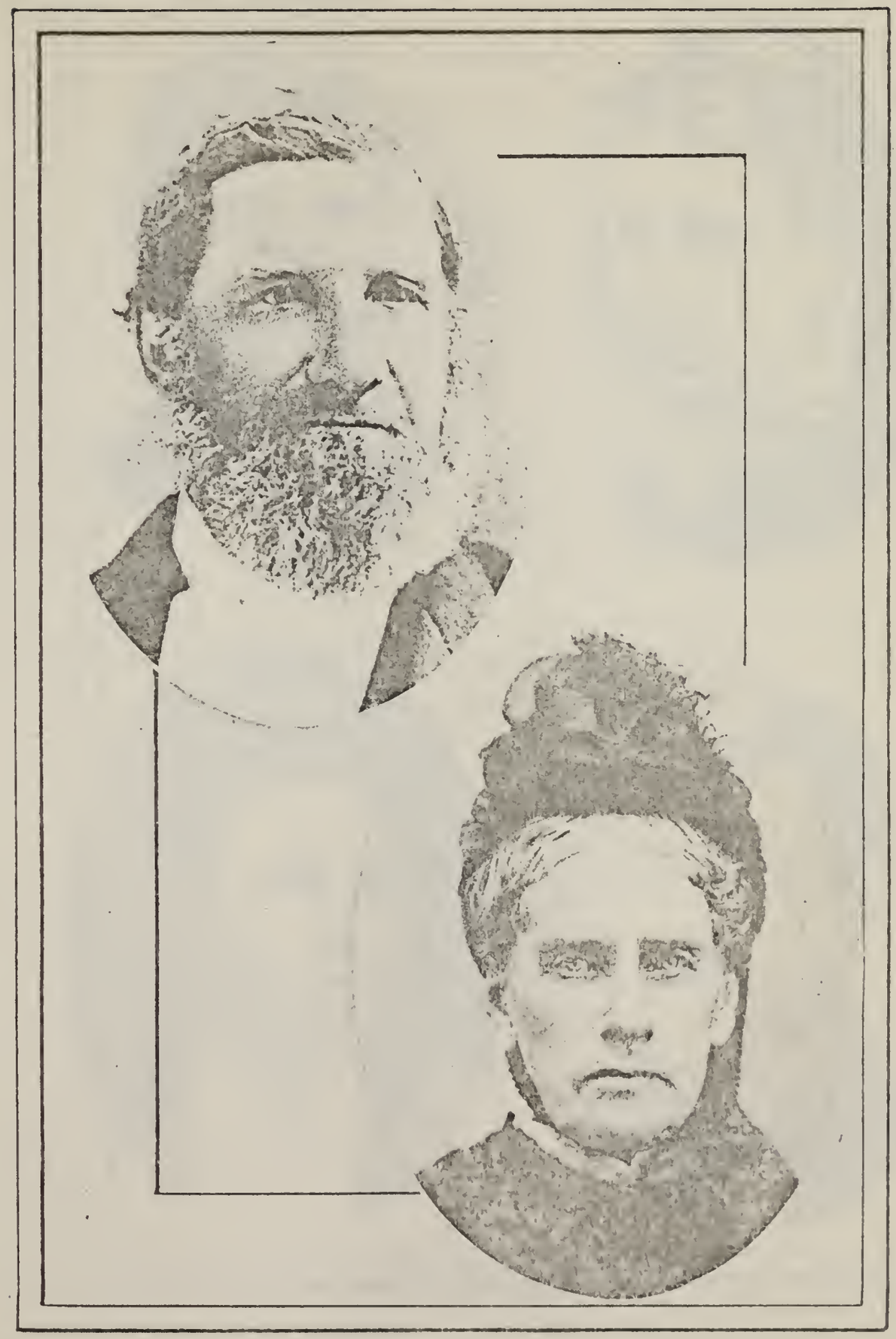
When Isaac G. Foster and his family crossed the plains in 1854, they were part of a vast caravan. There were, in the main train to which their wagon belonged, about 500 vehicles. But these were not all in one compact and continuous procession. On the contrary they were strung out for many miles over the prairie.

The main train was divided into many groups or units, ranging from a half-dozen to twenty or thirty wagons. Because of the dust, which rose in stifling clouds from the pounding of hoofs and the churning of wheels, the units sometimes were separated by considerable distances. Thus it was possible for a band of hostile Indians to swoop down on one of them when other units, ahead and behind, were only a few miles away.

Each of the small groups was independent in the matter of protection at night. The camp was never left unguarded. The night was usually divided into two watches—from nightfall until midnight; and from midnight until dawn. The guards were always on the alert for an Indian attack and for a possible stampede by the animals. Stampedes usually took place before or during a storm of unusual violence. When the groups were small, the night watch was burdensome, because it fell too frequently on the men of the party.

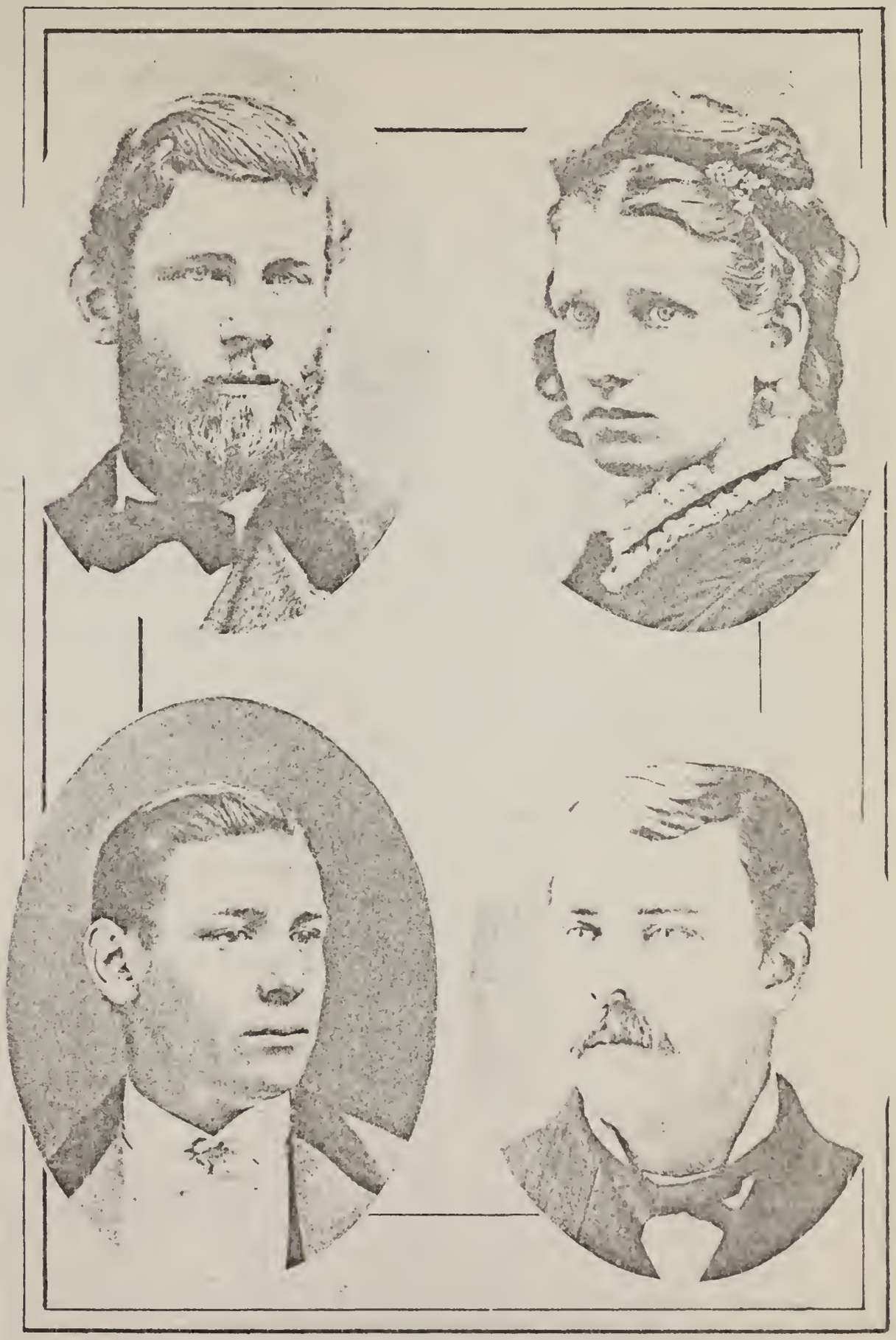
The speed of the groups varied. Some would lay up for a day or two while the main train went on. The majority preferred to let the roads dry out after a storm, but those having vigorous stock usually struck out despite bad weather. They were anxious to reach California and the gold diggings. But there was also an advantage to be gained in being first: Water for drinking and cooking was more plentiful and less likely to be polluted; and feed was more plentiful.

One of the units in the train with which Isaac G. Foster crossed was the Burrell party. It consisted of Mrs. Mary Burrell, her daughter Mary, aged nineteen; her son, Edward, and the latter's wife; Mrs. Edward Burrell's parents, English people by the name of Hannibal; Isaac Harter and Putnam Robson, two young men who afterwards figured prominently in the social, political and business life of San Francisco; Wesley Tonner, who was engaged to young Mary Burrell; Silas



Isaac Giles Fo .

Roxanna Cheney Foster



Euge[illegible]reston Foster
Fred[illegible]rt Foster

Lucy Foster Sexton
Frank Cheney Foster

Wightman and Oscar Wightman, brothers; and "the boys," three young lads known as Alex, Frank and Stucky, whose last names were unknown.

For a considerable part of the journey the wagons of Isaac G. Foster and of several of his comrades who formed a party, traveled with the Burrells. Isaac G. was a welcome addition, for he was a good friend and a cheerful companion. His family at that time consisted of his wife, his son Eugene P. Foster, now a resident of Ventura, then a boy of five; Lucy Foster (Sexton), barely able to toddle about; and another son, Fred, who was born on the journey.

Mary Burrell, the younger, was a lively, rosy-cheeked, good-looking girl who found a great deal to enjoy during the trip. She was quite accomplished as a musician. Like many others she kept a diary which was preserved by members of her family. Her engagement to Wesley Tonner was announced before they started westward. The neighbors wagged their heads wisely, and declared no engagement would stand the strain of so much hard work and worry under disillusioning circumstances. But they were mistaken; the young people were more deeply in love at the end of the journey than they were at the beginning, and the wedding followed their arrival in California. Unfortunately Mary Burrell Tonner died while still a young woman in her thirties.

According to her diary, the members of the Burrell party left Joliet, Illinois, in the spring of 1854 for the west. They went to St. Louis by railroad, and took a steamboat for Council Bluffs, the eastern end of the Overland Trail. Here they outfitted and set forth hopefully on the great adventure. Some of the pioneers had horses for their wagons as well as riding animals. But much of the draft work was done by yokes of oxen. Each family took its own milch cows and other stock along, so fresh milk was plentiful along the way. In fact, there were many comforts and delicacies made available by the resourcefulness of those sturdy men and women.

The Foster and Burrell families were acquainted in Illinois before they started west. In Mary Burrell's diary there is no mention of the Fosters until May 7, 1854, when she wrote:

"We came up with the Foster family on the Elkhorn, near the Platte river. There was a terrible wind today. I was blown over while eating my dinner, and the victuals were full of sand."

On May 8, the next day, is this entry: "Isaac Foster passed us but crossed the same creek at a ford without any

difficulty. We wished to join his company on account of getting clear of watching so often." This refers to the night guards against the Indians. By the way, Miss Burrell herself took her turn like the men as a guard, and stood watch in the cold and the rain on many nights, straining her ears for the first sounds of the stampede, or for the stealthy approach of hostile Indians.

A day or two after the Burrell wagon struck a narrow bridge at an angle. The horses became frightened, leaped and plunged and, beyond the control of the driver, fell into the river, dragging the wagon with them on its side. Fortunately Miss Burrell and her mother were not aboard at that time, or they would, undoubtedly, have been caught in the body of the vehicle and drowned. After a good deal of work and excitement the outfit was rescued, though with some loss.

On May 10 Mary Burrell writes: "We crossed the Loup fork about noon. We spent the forenoon shoeing cows. We had a very bad time crossing. We camped near a well with good water, though very little of it. We are with the Fosters again."

May 14: "A fine day; heavy dew last night. We eat heartily and feel well. Are in good spirits. Going to California is not such a hard task after all. We see the Fosters' company every day." Isaac Foster was captain of his group of wagons—the man who determined the length of the journey daily, the camping places and similar questions.

May 19: "Passed Pawnee swamps. Very muddy; got through the mud. There was scarcely any wood and water. Sloughed (bogged down) twice and had to get out and wade. We used slough water and buffalo chips and willow sprouts to cook. We rode horses without bridles, jumped holes, and killed a skunk, which made Isaac Foster sick."

May 20: "Saw four antelope, lizard, blue snake; many beautiful flowers, purple peas like sweet peas, a sort of dock or sorrel. We are on the south side of the Platte. Gnats and mosquitoes are numerous, and poisonous with their stings."

On the twenty-fifth of May, the diary recites, the train, or group, did not travel until noon. "We spent the time rambling among ruins and riding horseback with Isaac Foster and other friends."

June eighth is described by Miss Burrell as a "delightful day. We are twenty-five miles from the Platte. Passed some graves; climbed Prospect hill with Isaac and friends." The hill was so steep that the women got to the top only by hanging onto the coattails of the men.

A little later, the group ferried across Green river, paying five dollars per wagon and fifty cents per head for horses. But the thrifty pioneers in Isaac Foster's company saved considerable money by swimming their stock.

Mary mentions surprisingly that they had "spiced cake and gingerbread today. Mother sat up until midnight doing the baking." The only time this party was really despondent was when, some days later, nearly all its members were attacked by mountain fever, the result of hardships and poor water. The company laid up for some days. Even Mrs. Burrell, usually one of the strongest, was quite ill.

Near Ogden, Utah, they came to one of the forks in the road, and the Foster and Burrell companies separated. Isaac Foster elected to take one fork, the Burrells the other. This was because of conflicting reports as to the condition of the roads and the amount of feed to be secured. They did not see each other for several days, but united again some distance south.

Mary Burrell writes that they entered Salt Lake City, which had then a population of about 25,000, in June. She had an interview with Governor Brigham Young and his suite, and she sang for them, accompanying herself on her melodeon, which came all the way to that point in the wagon. The famous Mormon chief felt that he should have a melodeon in his family—or families—and bought it on the spot for thirty dollars.

Mary does not say so in her diary, but her children relate that the great Brigham took a decided fancy to her. He urged her to stay in Salt Lake and let the train go on without her. In short, he proposed marriage. But she was not attracted by the prospect of being the sixteenth or seventeenth, or perhaps the eighteenth Mrs. Brigham, and declined with thanks.

"The foundations of the new temple are being laid by the Mormons," she wrote. "We have had soda water, ice cream and cake here in Salt Lake—a wonderful treat!"

Shortly after they resumed their journey they encountered many Indians, but all seemed peacably inclined. There were several Indian alarms. Once, two of the boys who rode on ahead to scout for water and who had dismounted to drink, were stampeded by Indians, who ran off the horses. The boys returned on foot to the train and everybody made ready for battle.

Presently they came up with a band of savages, who protested friendship most earnestly. The chief explained, before

any questions could be asked, that the boys' horses had become frightened and had run away, but his braves caught them and wanted to return them. The company, in talking the matter over afterwards, decided that the few Indian scouts had reconnoitered after catching the horses and saw how formidable was the train, which was fairly well bunched at this point. So the attack which they intended was indefinitely postponed.

The writer sets down on July 16 that they are in Goose Creek Valley, Northwest Utah, in Box Elder county. Here they had trouble with thieves, who ran off many cattle and horses. An interesting event in the Foster family is chronicled in the following sentences:

"Here Foster caught up with us with a shout: 'Hurrah! I have an addition of a son.'" According to Mary Burrell, the Foster wagon laid by, or halted, for three days only. Then, as mother and son were both doing well, the journey westward was resumed.

"We then traveled five miles," the diary goes on, Miss Burrell evidently referring to the rejoining of their party with Foster's, "and encamped for the night with many others. I made a pudding of wild currants." A little later she remarks sympathetically: "Mrs. Foster has a sick headache today."

On another day this competent cook announces that she made dumplings and tarts out of service-berries. The service is a red, tart berry, and it grew in profusion along the trail at this point.

The entry of August 15 says: "During the night two cattle died, one of our and one of Foster's. We are crossing the Carson and other little rivers. Next we passed through a ten-mile desert, and camped in good grass. We had a concert in the evening." There were many musicians with the train, and they brought their instruments with them. Concerts around the campfire were frequent, and there was also plenty of talent for religious services. Miss Burrell reflects, however, that as civilization was left behind, the Sabbath was disregarded more and more. Few seemed to think of it, and no halts were made on account of it. The consuming fever within the travelers drove the wagons westward whenever it was possible to travel.

Later in August Mary writes: "Two of Foster's cows died, and some of our horses. They were taken with swellings, from the water, or perhaps poisonous weeds. We have lost much stock along this stretch. We have passed several beautiful farms well watered by the Carson river and its main

tributaries. Carson's valley is fifty miles long by twenty wide.

On August 20 the Burrell company encamped with the Fosters in Hope valley. It was raining when, next day, they came to a small lake "at the foot of the first range of the Sierra Nevada mountains. Here we were delayed by wagons ahead of us being stuck, though some of them with sixteen yokes of oxen on."

On August 26th, 1854, they reached the portals of the Promised Land. "We left Alder Creek by a good road which we followed till noon. Then we reached Sly park. This is the first ranch we saw in California. In the afternoon we traveled several miles farther and camped on Whiskey Flat diggings."

The company arrived in Sacramento city the evening of August 29, 1854, ferried across the Sacramento river and camped on Putah creek. The next day the journey was resumed through Suisun Valley and Green Valley to Cuthbert Burrell's ranch. He was a kinsman of the writer's who had come west a few years before.

Mary Burrell closes her diary with the words: "Thence ending a journey which for care, fatigue, tediousness, perplexities and dangers of various kinds can not be excelled." The mental and physical letdown after the strenuous months shows clearly in these words.

The journey did not end there, however. Isaac Foster and his family went on to San Jose to join the former's father and mother and brothers, who had preceded them. Mary Burrell and Wesley Tonner were married in San Jose and also settled there. Both taught school after their arrival, and Eugene P. Foster attended the school conducted by Mr. Tonner, who was afterwards city and county superintendent of schools. Both he and his wife were also prominent in church work.

With the passing of the years the families of Foster and Tonner became widely separated. It is to a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tonner, Mrs. L. Chittenden, of Ivy Court, Santa Barbara, that the Foster descendants are indebted for this opportunity to learn more of their parents' and grandparents' trip across the plains seventy years ago.

EUGENE P. FOSTER TO LUCY SEXTON

Sister Lucy:—

In reading Miss Burrell's diary I noticed that they parted from the Fosters before they reached Salt Lake. There was

no trouble between them and the Fosters. The reason the Fosters did not accompany them by the way of Salt Lake was on account of Mother's condition, she having heard so much about the Mormons that she would not consent to go to Salt Lake. So the Fosters went by what was called the "Cut-off" and it was during that Cut-off that Fred was born.

She also failed to make mention of our oxen dying at the Sink of Humboldt. Probably they were separated from us temporarily. At that time we had so much stock, including the drove of cows that Father was bringing to California that often there was a scarcity of feed for them and the teams. And so we would separate sometimes for several nights. On the occasion of our oxen dying we were alone at the Sink of Humboldt and arrived at the lake after dark.

Feed was scarce and the cows were driven back from the road among the brush to browse while the horses and oxen were turned out to feed on the little grass along the lake shore The water of the pond was alive with leeches which stay in the mud on the bottom during the day when the sun shines, but come to the surface as soon as it gets dark. The oxen were thirsty and waded in and drank, swallowing large quantities of the leeches which laid hold of their throats and stomachs. While we worked all night with them by morning there was not a live ox.

They managed to save one horse, old Jule, from whom we raised three colts, two of which, Blaze and Baldy, we brought to Santa Barbara with us, they being quite old horses. The day after the oxen died was spent in taking up the ox-bows and yoking up cows, and from this across the Sierra Nevada we came with a cow team.

Father bought some ponies from the Indians which we packed and in that way lightened the loads. But it was very slow going, for the cows' necks got sore.

It was while climbing the very steep Rocky Mountains from Donner Lake that we had to make several trips with the pack animals. It had rained and the rocks were slippery. There was a party from Pike County Missouri, along about the same time. Old Jule was packed with the tent which, being wet, was very heavy. She was grunting aloud when she slipped and fell, giving out a great grunt. A woman from Missouri standing near exclaimed: "There! That critter is dead. I heard the breath go out of her body."

I was six years old April 4 and we left Council Bluffs May first. For that incident tickled me so that I am laughing yet every time I think of it.

Miss Burrell also makes no mention of our crossing the Platte River. When we arrived on the east bank there were many teams congregated and unable to cross. Some of them had already lost wagons and teams in the quicksand. Father's experience in crossing in '49 came in good play and with a string of our longhorned Texas steers which were accustomed to such streams Father soon had a light wagon across and came back for another. After that he spent most of the day helping others until the sand became so packed that all the train could cross.

We had no serious trouble with the Indians, as one time Father had spent some time on Lake Superior in an expedition in search of copper among the Chippewa Indians. Then in crossing the plains the first time he had picked up the Indian sign language which on several occasions enabled him to become a peacemaker between the Indian and emigrant parties.

A few days before we reached where Ogden is now some Indians had compelled a train to kill one of their oxen and give them a feast of meat. When we came along a band of Indians, presumably of the same tribe, approached the camp. Father had all the guns made ready and set along in front of his tent.

The Indians came up and soon made known that they wanted meat. I remember well Mother and we were scared. Father parleyed with them and watching his chance, saw some crows flying overhead. He picked up one of the old long-barreled rifles and brought down a crow. I will never forget hearing one of those Indians say "Huh!"

After parleying with them a little while longer a hawk came along overhead. Father picked up a gun and brought it down. "Huh!" came again from the bunch of Indians, and after joking for awhile among themselves they went away and did not molest us. We heard later on from some men on horseback that a day or two later the Indians near that point drove off some cattle from a party and in trying to rescue them one man was killed.

After we crossed the Platte father had a felon come on one of his thumbs and he suffered so much with it that he could not sleep. So he stood guard for many nights when it finally broke. It was a long time in getting well and he lost one joint of the bone. A little short nail finally grew out but the thumb was short and clumped and my little sister Lucy always called it his poor "plunky."

A while after that another felon came on the thumb of the other hand, but he got one of the boys to lance it with his

razor and so saved the thumb. Father was a great story-teller and often related his experiences to his children. He told many Bible stories and all my life I have been more indebted to his stories for my knowledge of the Bible than to my own reading.

I forgot to say earlier that in fitting out for his second trip across the plains father's experience prompted him to use oxteams. In selecting oxen he chose Texas steers, which stood us in good service on many occasions. They could travel further on poorer feed than any other team on the trip.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF ROXANNA C. FOSTER
(By Herself)

The Third Trip Across the Continent

I was born in Grafton, N. H., in 1818. My grandfather's, on both sides, were pioneers of the Old Granite State, going from Massachusetts with their parents when they were only boys. My grandfather on my father's side was a Scotchman by the name of Cheney—on my mother's side was English, by the name of Ball; he was a pure Johnnie Bull, he came to the town of Groton, N. H., when a boy and the country a wilderness, but lived to see it quite prosperous. He owned the first mill and did almost all the business that was carried on; was called wealthy, but by some misfortune (a flood I think carried away his mill and fire consumed his store and house), he was left in his old age poor. I remember the fine old man, tall and corpulent; when I last saw him he came to bid my mother good bye, he was going to Pepperhill, Mass., for he was too proud to live in the town poor where he had once been so rich. My grandfather Cheney lived on the farm he first settled on, until he died at the age of 86 years. My father, David Cheney, was eleven years old when his father first settled on the farm and he worked with him until he became of age, when his father gave the farm to him, and he lived on it until his death, and all of his children were born and reared there. He died at the age of 80 years. I was next to the youngest child, so the orchard was old, the schoolhouse was old, and in fact everything but myself was old. The "meeting house" (for they were not then called churches), was quite a large building; it was on top of a hill, so we had to climb to get up to it. I do not know why they put it up there, unless the old pioneers wanted to have it in a conspicuous place where every one could see it, to bear in mind

the lessons taught there; they were the old Puritan stock. Every Sunday we all climbed the hill to attend meeting at 10 o'clock, took our lunch, had a recess to eat it, then had more services, then went home. My father was chosen, or elected a representative to the State Legislature, which met at Concord, then, as now the Capital. He boarded with Franklin Pierce, who was then a representative from the town of Hillsborough. His father was then Governor of New Hampshire; he was quite young at that time, and my father thought him rather fickle-minded and foppish; he was always trying to do something cunning or smart. Once he borrowed my father's snuff box and put cayenne pepper in it, told my father and other boarders to pretend to take some, when he passed it around; but a certain one he wanted to play the joke on, he did not let into the secret. This person was very fond of snuff when others furnished it. Pierce passed the box around to the others first, and when he came to the one he wanted to have a good sniff, he became very talkative. The victim took a very large pinch and carried it to his nose, sniffed hard, and the result you can imagine.

After Pierce became President, my father related the affair. When my father died the farm was sold to a wealthy man who has it for a summer resort, where he spends his vacation; it is very healthy and picturesque in summer and fall—but look out for winter. Of my brothers some settled in Massachusetts. One older than myself went to the west, as Illinois was than called; he bought government land in Plainfield, worked on it five years, then returned home to see the folks. He told of the new home he had, and the large corn he could raise, until his younger brother thought he would return with him. I also made arrangements to accompany him; this was in 1844. The younger brother finally gave up going, because of the objections of his wife and her friends, who were not willing for her to go so far from them. I then thought I would not go, but my brother was so disappointed about it that I concluded to go with him and see the far west. We started from Boston and traveled west until we reached Buffalo, then there was no other way to reach Chicago except by steamer "around the lakes," as it was called. It was a pleasant trip. We reached the city of Chicago—and what a looking place, compared to Boston and its surroundings that I had been used to seeing. Our traveling companions were a young man and his bride and mother-in-law. When we were driven from the boat through the city to the best hotel, we passed through quite a number of deep mud holes.

This was in October, 1844. When we arrived at the hotel, the bride, whose home was Salem, Mass., looking around the dilapidated walls of the hotel, with the plaster cracked and falling off, seemed to think her husband had brought her to a poor house. He seeing she felt a little homesick, remarked that it was the best hotel in the city. My brother, standing near, said, "Yes, it is the crack hotel of the place." I shall not forget her look when she cast her eyes upon the plastering, and answered, "I see it is a cracked house." Her husband was a merchant in Aurora, where he took his sweet bride only to bury her a year later.

My brother and myself made our next move to Plainfield, thirty-five miles from Chicago—his home in the far west. He had built a small house upon his land there five years before. The town of Plainfield was small but had a large and good country around it. There was no school house; but one church building that I think was built by the Methodists but was occupied by both Methodists and Presbyterians. When the school was commenced the old church building was used as the school house for five days in the week, singing school two evenings, and spelling school quite often. It was made quite useful. A Mr. Wheeler, from the state of New York, was the first teacher. When he commenced his school the children from the surrounding prairies came, their parents bringing them with teams, and the old church was well filled. Wheeler went to the trustees and told them he could not teach so large a school without help. They had not thought of having an assistant, but he insisted that he must have one, and they came to me and offered me one dollar per week and board around. I accepted the offer and went in as assistant; it was not a very lucrative situation, nevertheless I enjoyed it, going home with the scholars at night and getting acquainted with their parents, the pioneers of Plainfield. The school-room was large enough, but no separate rooms, so Wheeler taught the larger scholars up by the pulpit, while I took the small ones down by the door—it was a cold and cheerless school-room, only warmed by one small stove that never could be got hot. Cold feet and cold noses were the order of the day, yet the children were pleasant, obedient and very anxious to learn. There was one family by the name of Alexander; their daughter Mary who attended the school that winter, is now the wife of Lewis Miller of Akron, O., who is president of the great Chautauqua Circle; their third daughter is the wife of Thomas Edison.

the great electrician. Spring came and "school out." I went with brother on the farm again; had another chance to teach a country school but declined, having become housekeeper for my brother on his prairie farm. The next application came from a young farmer to keep house for him. I accepted that position; Isaac G. Foster was the young farmer's name. We were married June 26th, 1845, at Joliet, Ill., and commenced on a new farm three miles from and north of P., where we lived four years. Eugene P., our eldest, was born there April 4th, 1848. The winter and spring of '49 was an exciting time, because of the discovery of gold in California. Nothing else was talked about, but gold in California; every newspaper was read and talked over; very little that was reliable was yet known; most every one doubted the whole story. Not so the Fosters; they made up their minds it was true, accordingly they made arrangements to go and see for themselves. The first of March, 1849, everything was in readiness to start. My husband's father, his younger brother Vincent, and himself comprised the party, and of this trip reference is had to the Journal of Isaac Foster. My husband was gone two years and two months, and returned by the Isthmus of Panama, which they crossed on mules, and took steamer for New York and New Orleans, according to their several destinations. When he was ready to sail from San Francisco the steamer was overloaded, so great was the rush home from the mines. A sail vessel was in the harbor ready to sail to the Isthmus, and quite a number of the "boys," my husband included, anxious to be off for home with their gold to see their folks and enjoy the fruits of their toil in the diggings, concluded to take passage, the Captain assuring them that he would make the run down to Panama nearly as quickly as the steamer. Before sailing the Captain took on board two men who were found afterward to be professional gamblers, and were taken on board to fleece the miners. The miners carried their gold in buckskin sacks just as it came from the mines—some coarse, some fine, being mined from "surface diggings." The vessel made good time at first, but the Captain's partners, the gamblers, were in bad luck and lost more dust than they made, and in order to make an opportunity for them to get it back again from the miners, the Captain, when near Accapulco, resorted to a trick. He ran his vessel in near shore, where the wind died out in the day time, and the vessel lay and rocked on the water. But at night when the miners were mostly asleep the land breeze springing up and

the vessel drifted out of sight of land. The next day having a breeze the vessel again ran up to near land, and at night drifted off. Thus the passengers were kept in suspense; in the evening thinking that surely by next morning they would be landed, and by morning as far from the goal as ever, the Captain assuring them all the time that he could not make a landing for want of wind. This went on for a week or more, until the Panama fever made its appearance among the passengers and several died. Provisions also became scarce among them, they being fed on stale worm-eaten crackers and a short allowance of water, while the Captain and gamblers fed the best. An old seaman among them finally came to my husband and told him his suspicions, saying that there was wind enough every night to land them in Panama. He made this known among the boys, and at once a "council of war" (as they called it) was held, and Isaac G. Foster chosen leader, with a committee to hunt the vessel over for something to eat. A man by the name of Plunkett was sent into the store-room, where he found plenty of good crackers, rice, and several hogsheads of fine hams. These latter he commenced throwing up on deck through the hatchway. Some one having informed the Captain of what was going on, he came out of his cabin in a great rage, revolver in hand, and demanded to know the meaning of these proceedings, declaring it mutiny on the high seas, and threatening to shoot the first man making any further move. Plunkett just then coming to the hatchway with another load of hams, some one called to him to "look out, the Captain is going to shoot." He looked up, saw the Captain standing there revolver in hand, and aiming a ham at his head threw it with all his might. The Captain, in dodging it, saw standing around him a number of miners each with the finger on the trigger of his revolver, and that revolver aimed at his head. Taking in the situation, and doubtless knowing something of the character of the miners, he wheeled on his heel and without a word went into his cabin again. They then called another counsel and appointed I. G. Foster, spokesman. They went in a body to the Captain and informed him that unless he put them ashore within 24 hours they would put him in irons and appoint the old seaman master of the vessel. The Captain asked the body of men if that was their resolve, and they informed him it was, emphasizing their words by each touching his revolver. He then said all right, they should go ashore, and in less than 24 hours they were lowered into boats and

landed near Panama, after dark. Several of the passengers had, previous to sailing, placed their buckskin bags of "dust" in charge of the purser for safe keeping, simply tied with a string. When these were returned to them they had evidently been tampered with, and the miners were open in their accusations of theft. When one, more apparently having been tampered with than the others, was received from the Captain's hands, and complaint that it had been opened was made, he would answer, "There is your sack, sir, just as I received it." The answer would likely be, "You lie sir, my mother never learned me to tie that kind of a knot." A man by the name of Atkinson was about to step over the side when the Captain laid his hand on his shoulder, saying, "Mr. Atkinson, you are in debt to the ship; you cannot leave it until that debt is discharged." My husband at once spoke up, saying, "Boys, it's a gambling debt; shall he go?" Instantly every miner's pistol was out, and Mr. Atkinson went over the rail without let or hindrance. Some days before this Atkinson had come to my husband, saying that he had about $1,500 in dust, and that the gamblers were bound to get it all, and asked him to take charge of it. This my husband refused to do unless he would agree to keep it entirely to himself, and such was the confidence of miners in each other in those days, that although this man had never seen I. G. Foster until about two weeks before that, he readily agreed to do so, and his dust was returned to him as soon as he was on shore. On their arrival at Panama the miners had their sacks weighed, and those that had been entrusted to the Captain for safe keeping were found to have lost by the operation from one to five ounces each, and loud were the denunciations of that Captain, and had he ventured on shore he would most surely have suffered at their hands. He, however, had hoisted a signal of distress, and getting a supply of water, had sailed for San Francisco. My husband was very glad to get home after his long absence of twenty-six months, and thought Illinois a good country to live in, after his rough work in the mines without any comforts of a home. We now went to work to improve our farm, that summer building and making our home very cozy and comfortable. This was the summer of 1851, but before the year closed many of our neighbors began to hear about finding gold in California and got the "fever," and it carried them off. Some went by land and some by water for those that had means were in too great a

hurry to get to the gold fields to take the long journey across the plains.

The winter of '52, father Foster got the fever again, and go he would, so forthwith he made his arrangements to go, and this time to take his family, consisting of his wife, daughter Mariett, and two unmarried sons. Everything was in readiness very soon, for he was a man that meant business when he decided to start. Mother Foster was not anxious to go; she thought she would never get to California but would be buried on the plains. They reached their destination, San Jose, in the fall of 1852, all well. My husband was working on his farm, making improvements, and thought he had already had enough of California and said Illinois was "good enough for him," but soon came letters from his father telling of the lovely climate and beautiful valley of Santa Clara. This was the spring of '53. These letters told of the fine weather they had been having all through the month of December, and would repeat the hymn commencing "December is as pleasant as May." Then came a letter advising "sell your farm, buy cows, horses, and come to this valley; don't stay in that inhospitable climate. I would rather eat off a tin plate and live in a tent, than have the best house and farm in Illinois."

My husband began to get uneasy under all these inducements, but could not sell out to go that Spring. In April we had a daughter born. Three months later we sold our farm and gave possession. We then bought our outfit for California; but it was then too late to commence a journey through to California; we, however, traveled as far as Council Bluffs with two teams, one with baggage, the other with husband, myself, our boy aged 5 years, and Lucy 3 months old. From our home to Council Bluffs we traveled through Iowa, after crossing the Mississippi river, six hundred miles. After reaching Council Bluffs we found a home for the coming winter in a log house north of town. My husband cut hay, and bought corn and oats for his stock. We had for neighbors some Mormons, or rather had-been Mormons. They had fallen out with their old leader, and had chosen a new one, and were wintering in this place. We found before spring that with all their zeal and devotion they were a treacherous set and sect. Having always lived among honest people and neighbors we were not careful to fasten our doors, and it was not long before these people found it out. Near the log house was another [illegible] building, which we used as a granary, store-

house, etc. We had butchered a hog and a very nice ham was left over night in our store-room, but in the morning it was gone, as was also some venison. We then locked the door, but said nothing about the loss, as they were so clannish and altogether such a lying sect, that if anything was said of one of them the whole neighborhood would be down on you. They made it a business to steal from the Gentiles. I have now lived in California for 35 years, but have never yet fallen among thieves, such as that tribe of Mormons were. We, however, passed the winter without any further trouble from our neighbors. The winter was a very cold one, our stock required the best of care to keep them from freezing, making straw sheds to protect them from the cold and freezing winds. But I am glad to say, it was the last winter we ever spent in the eastern country. When spring came we prepared for our trip across the plains, and crossed the Missouri river on a steamer; about fifteen persons and a few horses at a time, the boat returning for our cattle; thirty-five head in all "landed on the other side"—not of Jordan, but what to us, just then, was more important—the Missouri river. Omaha was missing; not to be seen until later. Our train was all our own; two wagons, four horses, thirty-five head of cattle, mostly heifers, with a few cows to supply us with milk, our own family of four, a man, wife and baby a year old; three boys who were to drive the loose stock and stand guard over them all night, set the tent, unpack the wagons, get fire wood, etc. Our time of starting was the first of May, 1854. After crossing the river, we drove ten miles out on the prairie and camped out of sight of any house, and it was four months after that before I again entered a house; it was after we had reached Stockton, California, where we found an old friend, who had crossed the plains the year before, and I was invited to go in and eat at a table. We journeyed on without any interruptions, the country looked beautiful to me after spending such a cold, dreary winter at the Bluffs. There was plenty of grass and water. We bought some ponies to use as saddle horses, to drive our loose stock, and a good yoke of oxen, which were put to my wagon, and come through. It was too hard for the horses that we started with, and they were turned loose with the other stock. Our men did not have to stand guard after the first month out; we camped early, and the cattle and horses after eating would lie down until morning. This was in June. The Indians were peaceable all along the route, and we had no such contentions as later travelers

over the same route did. The Fourth of July we were at Soda Springs, where we camped that day, and the boys went fishing and caught a nice string of trout. They drank soda water until some of them were made sick. Almost everyone was taking stock across the plains, and although there were so many, yet we had plenty of feed. Most of those who had stock had planned to go to Salt Lake and rest themselves and teams. The Mormons were expecting them, and were ready to catch all the lame stock. Sick persons would be treated with great kindness if they had any money; if not, their teams were taken for pay, and being unable to proceed they were compelled to remain and become Mormons, as it were. We had intended to go that way, but one day we met a kind American on horseback, who had just come from Salt Lake. He told us we would soon get to where the road forked, and he would advise us to take the right hand road, as there was better grass and water, and more than there was on the Salt Lake route. After hearing his description of the roads, I was pleased to think we could go by some other route and pass the Mormons by, and we decided to take the stranger's advice, and found everything as he had told us it would be.

Our route led us into the beautiful valley and on down it to where Ogden now stands. Here was a nice stream, and on the morning of the ninth of July we set up our tent, and before twelve o'clock a boy baby was born to us—probably the first person born in Ogden. We rested three days, then went slowly on, and in a week we were on the road that came from Salt Lake again. Here we met our friends who left us to go to Salt Lake; they had not fared very well, no feed for stock, and had to pay exorbitant prices for everything they bought. I have always thought of that man we met on horseback, as a man sent to direct us the right way. I had such an aversion to the Mormons that I did not want to go to Salt Lake, and yet we had made our plans to go that way before starting, and to stop there and rest. When we came across our friends, Ed. Burrell and Wesley Tonner, they had stopped to mend their wagons; they were also from Illinois; it was not long before the whole crowd were around my wagon, taking the young emigrant from his bed and passing him around from one to the other. The young Captain, as he was then and there named, took no exceptions to it, was quiet and peaceable, and continued in that mood until we reached San Jose city, the 10th of September, 1854. All well and once more with baby Fred Albert in a home.

San Jose was not much of a business place at that time. There was no public school house in the place, only one store of a general merchandise character, called the Mariposa; one small wooden building built and used as a Methodist church. Yet the beautiful valley was there, uncultivated, where are now so many lovely homes. After reaching San Jose we went to a ranch 6 miles from the town on the Almaden road, where we dairied our cows that had crossed the plains the year before, and made butter and cheese. Butter was worth 70 cents per pound. Yet my husband, thinking he liked mining better than dairying, rented our cows and in the fall we went to the mines. These mines were near Forest City on the top of the mountains above Downieville. The place was called "City of Six," and got its name from six log cabins that were first built there. They were standing when I arrived there, and one of them was my home for ten months. The country was full of gold, or had been; the surface diggings had been rich but now they were nearly exhausted. Three tunnels had been run in the hill and worked; thousands of dollars in gold had been taken out of them. They were named the "Blue," "Grey" and "Red." My husband bought into the "Grey." They thought it worked out, but in working over the ground in a hasty way at first, the former owners had worked over crevices that were rich in coarse gold. I went one day to see them "clean up;" when through washing, the gold was scattered over the floor, looking like kernels of corn. That week was a lucky one, fifteen hundred dollars was about the amount taken out; one third was ours. This was in the spring of 1856. We stayed ten months and mined, $3000 was our share of the gold taken from the old "Grey" tunnel. On the 18th of July another boy was born to us, named Frank Cheney. Two months later we sold out and returned to the lovely Santa Clara valley once more, with our little ones. We bought a home one mile out from Santa Clara street on the Almaden road. On the opposite side of the road Lick owned forty acres unimproved, yet he used to come out to see it occasionally; he then lived at his mill toward Alviso, was not very stylish, used to drive an old horse and dilapidated wagon, his harness tied together with strings, his hat dusty and slouched and his coat threadbare. This was the style in which the writer has often seen him from my home. Yet this man was then very wealthy; he had already built the Lick House which was then the best hotel in San Francisco. We lived in this pleasant home for six years where another boy baby was born, and was buried by us one month later.

In the fall of 1861 we sold our San Jose property and went on the coast at Half Moon Bay. At this time we owned a good many head of stock and wanted pasture for them. This was a rough country. No school houses, so we had to help to build one; soon had a school going, and our farm under cultivation. A new house and barn were afterward built, the farm fenced, and cross-fenced. Our range did not join the farm but was two miles distant. This range was largely covered with redwood timber of a fine quality. Our farm was fenced with pickets split from this redwood driven into the ground by hard knocks; nearly two miles of this fence was made and all was the work of my husband. After seven years of hard work one morning in June, when everything on the farm was growing and looking splendidly, a German neighbor came with a friend from the city to look at our farm. "Would we sell?" "No," was at first answered, then "yes"; and "what would be the price?" was asked. After consultation I set the price so high that we thought he would not give it, but he went to the stock range and after looking it over and being well satisfied, he bought us out at the price asked. We gave possession of the farm, growing crops and some stock the last of July 1868. My husband and our three boys took five horses, wagons and four or five head of cows, and started for Santa Barbara. They reached their destination the first of September. Myself and daughter Lucy, had arrived by steamer ten days before; there was but very little travel by steamer in those days. Boats only ran once in ten days. When the steamer "Orizaba" arrived at the Santa Barbara landing, as near the wharf as they dared venture, we were lowered into a surf boat and from this landed on the wharf. Mr. Wm. Collins and son John S. of Oakland, were among the passengers who landed here. There was no way to get to the hotel. These gentlemen kindly offered to find some means of conveyance for myself and daughter, saying that they would walk. After a time they found a Spaniard with an old broken-down wagon, horses and harness to match, who consented to take us to the American Hotel, which was kept by a Mr. Shaw; the only American hotel in the place, which was kept in an old and large adobe building on State street. It was afterward destroyed by fire, or all of it that would burn, and the adobes were removed to give place to a good brick building. In the morning I had my first view of the Old Mission; it did not seem to be a great way off, and Mr. Collins proposed to take a walk to it

and asked our company. We agreed, but we were told that we would find it much farther than we thought; however, we reached it, and Lucy and I were permitted to see the inside of the church, but were told that we could not go up the stairs to look out from the tower, as no woman had ever been allowed to do so. The rule has since been revoked, and I have been up and seen all there is to see since then, and other ladies accompanied me, the priest going with us to see that we did not fall.

My husband had purchased twelve acres on the "Goleta" ranch, which had been recently subdivided, and to this we moved, camping under a tree in an improvised tent until our house was built, the lumber for which was shipped to Goleta and surfed ashore. The Goleta ranch was then one vast mustard field, excepting where the land was covered with live oak. There were but three or four American families living there. Among them Samuel Shoup and a man by the name of Shaw, A. C. Skull, and Thomas More. Soon, however, others came in, and it was not long until neighbors were plenty. In time a store was erected and stocked by Fred A. Foster and a partner, and a postoffice established of which I. G. Foster was the first postmaster, and to which we gave the name of "Goleta," after the ranch of that name, and the present town and neighborhood is now known by that name.

LETTER

From Isaac Foster to R. B. Olmsted

San Jose, California, April 13th, 1855.

Dear Olmsted:—

It is one year today since we left Illinois for California and by the kind providence of God we have been preserved in good health during our absence from you for which I trust we feel grateful. We have been looking for a letter from you for two or three mails but have received nothing of late but Orville's letter to Arthur. Glad to hear, anyhow.

The last I received from you contained the draft of $200. I have written two since. In my last I told you not to sell the farm until I saw how it went with us here. Since then I have bought a part of an old Spanish Ranch. I do not know how much luck there is in it. I bought it by metes and bounds without measurements for a certain sum of money.

It contains enough for at least two good farms, besides the best stock range in the country.

It is located about six miles from the city of San Jose on the road to the quicksilver mines which is one of the greatest thoroughfares in the state. We feel charmed with our future home. I cannot tell you much about it. You must come and see it, all of you, at least next season, if Providence permits.

All the children here think it worth parting from the old homestead for. I have paid for and got a deed for part of it, and writings for the rest when the title is perfected. And now I wish you to sell all that I have there if you can do it without too much of a sacrifice. Sell the whole, except the woodland, for nine thousand dollars cash. Or if you can not get all cash down, say one-half and the rest in one year. If you can not find a purchaser for the whole you may sell it in part as follows:

That north of the E. and W. road, 315 acres, for five thousand and five hundred dollars, or all cash for five thousand; that south of the East and West road and west of the river for two thousand four hundred dollars, or two thousand cash, 100 acres. And if you can get twelve hundred for what I have on the west side of the river south of the road or sell it with yours for two thousand, let it go. If you can sell the farm better by selling the woodland with it, do so.

Or if you divide the farm you may sell the woodland in part. I would not sell all the woodland unless I sold all the farm. If you should sell the woodland by itself, sell it as well as you can. I would advise you to ask at least one hundred dollars on every thousand more per year for credit than for cash.

My object is to get the money for all as soon as possible, as I can easily make it worth one hundred per cent per annum here. Perhaps you can sell all south of the East and West road on both sides of the river together better than otherwise. If so, do it. You will see by what I have written my views in regard to the sale of the whole or the parts.

Sell it all so as to realize not less than nine thousand dollars cash including yours, and excluding the woodland. Exact not less than one half cash down for what you do sell and give a deed and take a bond and mortgage for the security of the balance. I think I have drawn a Power of Attorney which I intended to have sent with this but on inquiring I find no Commissioner before whom to acknowledge it short of San Francisco.

But you may find the purchasers and advise me of the facts and I will either send the deeds or a power of attorney on the unit of the parts of a sale. Or it is probable I shall get the Power of Attorney acknowledged and send it soon.

In selling the property you will get the best price you can, of course, not falling below in the aggregate of nine thousand dollars without consulting me.

Isaac Foster.

P. S.—If you can not sell the whole property as before directed you manage the best way you can for my interests by lease or otherwise but have reference to selling it in all you do about it. If you can sell it so as to save the laying out any more money in repairing and fencing it and have any money left in hands you may send it to me as soon as convenient but if not keep fencing as need be.

You may judge from the letter that I have written that there is no human probability of any of us ever coming back there to live. At least we all think this is a far better country to spend the residue of this short life,—short and uncertain indeed.

May we all so live that when we remove from this we may find "that better country." We all have uninterrupted good health, such, indeed, as Illinois are strangers to. The season has been very favorable for vegetation and crops; bids fair. Wheat and barley are heading out and many kinds of garden sauce are plentiful. The whole country is now in its glory. The boys, Delos and Lafayette as also the Wrightmans and Doc Spencers.

Remember me to all the brothers and sisters, particularly, and friends in general. You will of course show this to Isaac whom I wish to aid you in finding a purchaser for the farm. I think it advisable for all of you to make your calculations to cross the plains another season, and should the property be sold I shall probably wish to invest a portion in stock to come with you.

Juliet—I hope you are in better health than when we last heard from you. I wish you would keep up good spirits, for Mother says she thinks if you can get to this country you will be well. Her health is good as it ever was except that sometimes she complains of rheumatism.

I sent you a paper last week and should have sent you another this had it not failed me. I design to send them every week and should like to have you do the same.

Write often and remember us in your prayers. May the blessing of our kind Heavenly Father be with you and us until we meet again.

Your affectionate father,

I. Foster.

LETTER

Of Miss Roxanna Cheney (Afterwards Foster) to Her Brother David Cheney, Plainfield, Illinois

Lowell, Jan. 30th, 1842.

I take this opportunity to inform you of my health and prosperity, which are very good, and hope you are in full enjoyment. I must stop here to beg you to excuse me for not writing, as you were to me lost, but it was not because you were absent from my mind.

But when I think of writing so much would occur to my mind that it would be impossible to pen it on one sheet of paper. It is so long since I have seen you I know not what to write but if I could but see you I would tell you a good deal. I received a letter from Sister Clara informing me that she had just had a letter from you saying that she did not think you married yet, etc.

Sis has attended school nine months at the Academy in Hebron and has made very good progress in her studies the last three months. She studied French and made good progress. She gets the prepared form from all as the best scholar and there is no mistake she is not partial to work but is to her book.

I have got a brother Preston, I expect, somewhere, but I can not inform you everything about him as it is two years since I have seen him. I went to Chelsea last summer to see him and when I got there he was down east. I hear occasionally from him, the last that he was at Charleston and he was coming to see me. I am out of patience waiting.

Lewis and wife are in good health the last I heard from them last summer and had a pleasant visit. Lewis appears to enjoy himself well. His health is good and said business was good which made him in good spirits. I visited home last fall and stopped seven weeks. Went to see my uncles and aunts. Stopped one week longer to attend a wed-

ding as they wanted a couple from down-below folks to be present and of course I must be one.

Rode over the hills to go to singing school and kissing parties to show the young ladies how to play games and some other plays from the City of Spindles as you see I have been here for the most part for three years. And they say I look three years younger and of late they say I grow handsome for I have had my teeth taken out and some white ones in their place which will gratify you to hear and more I assure you to see. They are permanent and a stranger would not know they were not natural, and I guess you Illinois gents would step up, they look so well.

Dear brother, I think I will write no more about my beauty as you may think I have had myself made over and if you should happen to come here you would be disappointed. I enjoy myself very well and think I can most anywhere if my health is good. I still have a desire to see your country and hope you will come here and see us next summer and I will talk with you about your paradise country.

I often say I am going to the west but they say, "You can not go alone, so you may as well stay here," but I have not agreed to stay in any particular place and think I will not be in a hurry about it as I am well contented with my present situation. Brother, do come and see us all. We should all be rejoiced to have you here once more. You are often inquired after by your old neighbors, speaking of some time passed.

I think you will come home. If I could get hold of you I would shake you for staying away so long. Do not neglect to write soon, for remember I am from home, though not very distant. We have had a very mild winter; so far no sleighing yet. It is warm today as spring and well it ought to be, for the fashion is to wear a cloak that just comes below the knees and I think if the winter were as severe as they usually are the ladies and gents would have to take wraps some of the cold days.

I know not but you have the fashion with you. Our City of Spindles is all fashion but I do not follow them all but enough to pass with the multitude and spend my money. I assure you I earn and spend but keep myself in victuals and clothes and do not have to depend upon anyone, taking good care of my health.

I do not intend to waste time or money but enjoy it to

my liking. Excuse my writing for my pen is poor; also the composition, which will merit some excusing.

I must close, wishing you health and prosperity.

From your affectionate sister,

Roxanna Cheney.

Postage, 25c	(Jan. 31	)
To	(Lowell,	)
Mr. David Cheney,	(Mass.	)
Plainfield, Ills.		)
		)
		)
		)

ISAAC G. FOSTER FAMILY

By Lucy Foster Sexton

After their return from the mines they started their dairy and it was very profitable. At the town was a very mixed people, coming from the north, south, middle west, and with many Negroes. All attended the public school so a private school was begun where the daughter and Doctor Cory's children attended, walking into San Jose through the vineyards and fields, the mother often bringing them all home in the buggy.

The children were often left in the care of their older brother Saturdays. He was nine or ten years old, so the mother had the societies, as the organizations now called clubs were known. There was singing or instrumental music, reading, sewing and missionary societies, and many of these met with her.

These were contented days. Then came the Frasier River gold mines stampede. The father went, and a young man with him whose name was Simeon L. Lamson, who was a Waltham watchmaker. His trunk and outfit of tools, clothes, letters of his eastern home ties he left with the mother. He was fated never to return.

Lamson stayed another month after the father returned, writing her to air his clothes, as he was staying longer. The Indians were very bad where he was, and it was one of those unknown things of those times. They wrote many times to the address he left.

The young son and mother had all the work and besides raised turkeys enough to earn six hundred dollars, with

which she bought a carriage, as the six people were too many for the buggy.

One evening at dusk the children sitting on the doorstep heard a funny tap-tapping in the house. When the brother and mother came they found a skunk in the kitchen behind the cupboard. Not knowing what to do as it smelt terribly, she heated water and scalded it. Shortly after another got under the house, where they shot it. The daughter had been so frightened the first time that this time she ran to the barn, climbing upon the manure pile, thence to the sloping roof of the stable, to the ridge of the barn where she was found, and it took a half-dozen to get her down.

Ever after the smell would make a faint, weak feeling come over her till she realized that it was nothing but a skunk. Saturday the mother went to market; the brother made whistles, told the three younger children stories, gave them big slices of bread and butter with sugar on them, and taught them many jingles of original nonsense.

There was always the fear that the thousands of cattle that camped in the open fields nights might break through the fences into the farm and orchard. And the rough herders must have been another anxiety to the lone woman.

She found time to help and show her near Southern neighbors how to do household duties, as they were once wealthy with slaves, but now were almost destitute and without training. They skinned their knuckles trying to wash, and simple things to them were terrifying. Twice a week she gave the afternoons to societies and visiting her old friends. She was the younger of several girls so had been after her schooldays superintendent of the spinsters in her father's mill, and never doing housework after his death.

She had taught school till she married but adjusted herself to her house duties, having time for many things. The children all had to be vaccinated for smallpox, as the whole San Joaquin Valley were sick. So Doctor Spencer had to wait till the children's scabs were available for more vaccinations, saying he knew this blood to be pure.

So the Doctor Cory children and these saved the day for the doctors. The children pitied each other, saying: "Oh, I don't want you to die, 'cause we have such good times together, making circus rings in the sycamore leaves." They played circus and had a swing from a sycamore tree.

Mrs. Cory had one of the first sewing-machines, so made two-inch linen ruffles with a tiny hem and tuck. The two girls

were stood up to adjust the length of their pantalettes, while the mother stood back to decide—two little chums, two doting, proud mothers.

The home-coming of the father was a happy day. If he did not bring gold, he brought Indian baskets, candy papooses which were too beautiful to eat, and so were licked till they broke in two. Then they were eaten.

Also he brought Indian bows and arrows for the boys, lovely slippers, beaded belts and toys. But best of all, the husband and father was again home. He took several trips with his father to Cambria to see his sister Juliett and once to bring the wounded daughter home for his wife to care for, and Doctors Spencer and Cory to save her life.

They often went for a few days to Santa Cruz for quahaugs, clams which they plowed out of the sand, taking the children and camping on the beach. The duck hunting at this time was the husband's delight, and the big pillows the wife's. She made them from the geese and ducks killed. Great flocks would pass for hours in the spring.

During the first years of the Civil War a flag was raised in San Jose whenever any news came over the wires. It was thought a wonderful thing when a man stood outside the office and listened in, saying sad news was coming over them. The Southern element was large and bitter, denouncing Abraham Lincoln and threatening to secede from the Union.

Because of their talk and disturbances some of them were sent up to San Quentin to break rock awhile, coming home with blistered hands, and thus some of those slaveholders did their first work. But the state was held for the union and its goldfields for the treasury.

The father, as soon as his work was done, rallied under the flag to hear in those first years much sad news coming over the wires. A hundred men went as volunteers. Then no more were allowed to go as the need was too great to let more go—the need to hold the state for the Union.

The men were very restless, but firm in dealing with the traitors to their country. The last year of the war they exchanged the home for a farm and redwood timber ranch for stock. Judge Foster thought this a foolish move. The next six years were very hard work for them. Again the mother raised chickens and ducks for pin-money, but the climate was too cold and foggy on the coast back of Stanford.

Many [illegible] adjustments and experiments were being made around San Francisco Bay. One of these was the im-

portation of bees. Doctor Cory had a new 100-hive of bees about to swarm. He was very anxious not to lose the increase, but bees did not like him. So all of the Foster children and his were having the joy of their lives, pounding on tin pans, throwing dirt among the bees and at each other, alternating with dippers of water, till the bees safely alighted on a fruit tree.

When the doctor came out to admire the big black bunch the native bees were very cross. The golden-banded ones were very gentle. The Foster cousins at Cambria had only the wild black bees, so they saved the new swarms, killing the old hives with fumes of sulphur to get the honey. No wonder the doctor wanted his swarm saved.

Of the many things tried out, bee-raising was a great success, as were fruit orchards, both going together. One usually remembers her first bee sting, but this day was a perfect success without a sting, though there were a lot of dirty children for mothers to clean up.

Both these mothers lived to be more than eighty years old,—years of long life and contentment.

THE COAST RANCH

When Mrs. Foster lived on the Coast, the trips to San Jose and San Francisco were the breaks in the monotony. Perhaps it was her loneliness which made her appreciate them so much for her neighbors were ranchers and only a half dozen American families lived there, the rest being Irish, German, Cockney English and Southerners.

The strange people she had been thrown among called forth her indignation. How people could exist in such a way was beyond her comprehension. The daughter heard there was a new baby in a nearby log house so they went to see the little mite.

Its father had eaten poison mussels and died before it was born. Of course the little girl couldn't understand how a child couldn't have any father. One end of the cabin was a huge fireplace where all the cooking was done, with benches for chairs, or stools standing about.

The other end had two wide bunks divided in the middle along the whole end of the house, with a trundle bed under the lower one. There the whole family, an old father and

mother, the widow and three children, and the lazy family of son and wife, all slept. How they lived she never did find out. She never went again. As they started home the old man came out and said:

"Say, sis, if you go round yan p'int you will save a heap. There is a breechy critter over that-a-way. Sis, you just keep this-a-way." Another language to the child. It was a strange dialect. The English family was nearly as bad, "H"-ing and "E"-ing everything, but clever and not to be trusted.

The Irish woman insisted she come in and have a dish of tea in passing to the upper ranch, and sent the children to get some eggs to boil. But they got the nest egg, to the Irish woman's horror. It had a chicken in it and her language was beyond "the Boston schoolma'am," as Eastern women were dubbed if they had the use of language.

The Germans had twins and the mother was very sick but hers was true gratitude. Although they spoke little English they were fine neighbors. The Americans were from several Eastern states but made a pioneer colony for themselves with a school of their own, and the Americanization began.

Their first teacher was a man who had been a professor in an Eastern college who had become stranded in the mines and was making enough money to return home. The next was an artist with tuberculosis and advanced ideas. He translated the Bible into history, poetry and songs, taking his Sundays in the woods or on the beach, painting. So he did not suit the trustees because he did not teach in the Sunday school or sing in the choir.

The next was a young lawyer out to earn money to finish his law studies—always talented men but with other urgent desires than school teaching. The church services were by circuit ministers once a month or every two weeks. The amusements were daneing and home parties. Both the Fosters allowed their children, saying, dance when you are young, when you get old you can't and won't want to.

Mr. Foster, the husband and father, did not believe in corporal punishment nor did his children disobey him ever. As trustee of the schools he forbade any teacher punishing the pupils, or "beating them up," as the Irish neighbors said: "for Mr. Foster won't allow it." Then they would add: "But you do what the teacher says, or when you get home—" and so on and on.

But we believe those children will not "beat up" the next generation or govern by fear. These seemed pioneering years but the world and they were made better and encouraged by one man's precept and example. These came to him to settle their disputes over local troubles.

On occasions of elections there were many Irish fist fights among the foreigners. He came upon a couple of brother-in-laws pounding each other on the ground, the under man howling: "I doa not want to hurt you, Billy." The upper one was pounding his face while the blood spurted from the other's nose. The upper one was saying, "Ye can not do it, Jamie."

Foster pulled them apart but said they and the crowd, he believed, enjoyed it and were the best of friends all around, but oh! so drunk.

The Foster home had a good library and they took the New York Tribune, the San Jose paper, and the Sacramento Union. The ministers always stayed with them. Sometimes they were a trial to Mrs. Foster. One of them insisted on spitting his tobacco juice into the woodbox. She told him he might just as well spit in her frying pan.

Those were the times the housekeeper had to have chickens for the minister and an extra bed always. Mrs. Foster always responded to the call of sickness. After sitting up nights with a sick child a needle worked itself out of the child's leg a year after its terrible suffering.

Again, after an Irish woman had butchered two hogs she was sent for to care for the new baby and try out the lard and salt the pork. There the husband had to help. When Lincoln was assassinated these foreigners had a great spree and said how glad they were he was dead. It seemed a great, hushing silence came to the home of those who loved their far-off eastern homeland. But they rallied and drilled and the foreign children knew no other country than America.

They raised grain and short-nosed Suffolk hogs, turning them into the grain and selling them when fat to be driven to San Francisco market. Their cattle were thoroughbred Durham. Many were stolen by cattle thieves. Their house was of the New York farm house type, a gable window in the front of the roof, a dining room and kitchen annex with porch front and back, six rooms.

The barn was hewed timbers and bents, two mows and barn floor with stables below upon a side hill. There were several springs and two ponds. The steep hills were plowed

with sidehill plows. The valley grain was cut with a combination mower and binder.

Upon having a crew of men to thrash, one of them said while waiting their dinner: "Look, Bill, them table legs have got wheels on it. Did you ever see sich?" The carriage was left at San Jose and a Concord express substituted for the hill country. Twice a year the supplies were brought from San Francisco and the fruit from San Jose, where they went to camp meetings, camping the week with old friends.

The Fosters never urged the children to join any church, believing men's lives lived consistently better than the profession of a creed. The three sons became Masons, the daughter a clubwoman.

THE WRECK

One of the accidents of the coast was the wreck of a merchant ship from around the Horn. The beaches were strewn for miles with everything for the San Francisco market, ordered in the East and coming around the Horn. Piles of goods, boxes of hardware, mountains of springs for beds, furniture, groceries, bottled goods, barrels of liquor, rope in tangled piles, doors, windows, kegs of nails, tinware, carpets, sacks of flour, machines—in one tangled windrow at high tide, for a mile or more.

There were several lost, among them the captain's wife. Her body came ashore and her fingers were cut off to get her rings by the Portuguese fishermen along the coast. At another time a sperm whale was cast up. The school was taken to see the whalebone and the trying out of the oil. The largest cheese ever made in California was at this place, at Pidgeon Point. For the commission sending money East for the Civil War fund the cheese was exhibited and then sent east to be cut and sold. The Fosters went to the ranch to see it and the sea lion and seal rocks there were covered with seal and sea lions, later destroyed for their oil. Only those at Golden Gate were protected.

Every new house and barn had to have a housewarming, so the Fosters' new one was so initiated before the carpets were put down. The big new barn also came in for a barn dance.

They [illegible]ced at the new opening of the summer hotels and at picnic[illegible]rls were scarce and men largely in the major-

ity, so that at the opening of the hotel a man drove to the top of the mountain, overtaking the stage, to get a partner. Then they danced till the sun came up, no girl ever with the same man more than twice.

One time the supper was not nice, so the hard biscuits were taken to the county seat, Redwood City, and placed in a glass case labeled: "Iron clad and copper bottom." That hotel had little patronage that summer.

The son's first venture was to buy a horse and break it so his sister could ride it. It sold for five dollars more than it otherwise would. Exciting times for them both. A pacer was considered an ideal riding horse, and a bucking one had to be carefully broke. The mother did not like to ride a horse; said it was not dignified, or as comfortable as driving. But after the roads were almost impossible in the rainy season, horseback riding was imperative and the only safe way to go.

No one walked, as the father said: "There'll be plenty of mustangs after we're dead," so there were always plenty of horses to ride, and the buggy and light wagon for use in the summer. They rode over the top of the ranch and Bald Knob and into the redwood canyons where no buggy could go.

The neighbors joining us in the valley were very troublesome, so the father proposed building a dividing line fence. But the neighbor claimed the old rail fence as his half, so forced the building of it all on Mr. Foster. The latter did it because he said, "Good fences make good neighbors."

The neighbor's mules would jump the rail fence and trample down the grass. When the dogs were sent after them to drive them out, the neighbor poisoned the dogs. When the pigs got through they shot one and were caught in the act of taking it home. This was one of the few times the father was, as he said, "not mad but righteously indignant." He must have impressed the neighbors with that indignation as they were better for the episode.

The father carried the one hundred and fifty pound hog home a half mile on his back and dressed it. The brother said he had never heard the father swear before the mother. The mother said, "He learned it in 1849."

These foreigners, especially the Irish, were always quarreling among themselves. At one time a Southerner and an Irishman had an altercation over some timber and came to blows. The Irishman's son, fourteen, was the only witness, and he said the Southerner tried to kill his father. But the

Irishman had a short handled, broad bladed axe, with which he killed the Southerner, whose face was horribly mutilated.

At the funeral a woman insisted on taking the writer to see "the dear son," as she said, to our mother's indignation. The murderer was sent to San Quentin for life, leaving a son and mother to provide for a large family. She worked the hill farm like a man. The other family was as bad off, only the sons were older.

There was little sickness in those six years and the mother, Mrs. Foster, seems to have been a good nurse, as when the father came home from San Jose or San Francisco with a load of supplies and a top load of fruit trees and capsized near home, she took care of him. He lay in bed for several weeks before he could set his new orchard. He found he had broken his collarbone and a rib or two, besides receiving serious cuts.

The daughter had putrid sore throat, so called; she could not swallow for three days. The mother made a swab of soft linen and cleaned the throat out with alum solution, and put hot compresses on the outside, but she was fearful she should lose her child.

She did not know how to treat her own periodical headaches, and said she hoped she would not be held accountable for her disposition at such times. But the husband was a splendid caretaker and cook and as they had one of the first washing machines manufactured at San Lorenzo, California, he and the daughter did the washing.

There was much sewing for a family of six and much company as the teachers spent many evenings at the home. On Sunday there was always added company. The Foster place was always the itinerant minister's headquarters, and there was often more than one of these ministers for "Sister" Foster to feed. She often thought them hypocrites and said so, but the father was more tolerant, and overflowing in health and hospitality. He was from a minister's family; she from one with a sterner rule of friendship, a Presbyterian family.

The schools were better than could have been expected. The frequent changes of teachers may have kept the more advanced from getting into ruts. Among those teachers were an artist, a professor, a lawyer, a girl singer of patriotic songs, and just teachers. This has made for better scholars and a love of studies after leaving school, with a desire to follow up those [illegible] leads, later in their lives.

So, with their parents coming in touch with cosmopolitan comrades they grew away from their sectarian creeds and made the kingdom of home among so many aliens from other lands—or backsliding, as the father said.

THANKSGIVING DINNER

Gatherings to bring the community together always had some object; to raise money for a new school house, for church or Good Templars' hall. Everybody contributed to the dinners. The Fosters invariably roasted a little pig with a cob of corn in its mouth, its tail curled. It was stuffed with bread, onions, and chopped titbits flavored with sage and cloves.

The father steamed it in a washboiler and then roasted it after several hours of this. He prided himself upon its being a lovely brown in color and very tender. Dainty Boston baked beans, pumpkin pie, steamed suet pudding, preserves, peaches, wild blackberries, pickled sweet cucumbers, jelly rolls and cream cake were the menu, with turkey, chicken pie, or wild quail pies.

Doughnuts, ornaments, and a gold wedding ring were sold from a grab bag. There were many occasions besides Thanksgiving for dinners. The Good Templars' Lodge, which sprang up all over California, had a lodge in a town nearby. This lodge gave a memorable dinner. After a parade the daughter rode horseback with the First Grand Matron, or some such title, having been voted unanimously at a previous meeting to take the place of a very sick Second Grand Matron.

Which was a serious mistake, as she found that another disappointed officer wished the honor. This was the first the young girl had ever learned of the jealousy among women, a lifelong lesson never to stand ahead of a woman, never to usurp, even if overwhelming majority voted so. "Have all the fun but not the responsibility" became her motto afterwards.

The dances after these dinners were polkas, waltzes, schottishes, quadrilles, Virginia reels; and in fancy costumes the Colonial, sometimes a Spanish dance. Always there seemed to be wandering musicians to be had, often fine players. There were instrumental solos, or songs between dances.

On legal holidays were often lengthy parades. The Fourth of July was especially elaborate. At one in San Francisco which the fami attended, the Masons made the grandest

display ever known in the state. The Knight Templars rode upon innumerable number of black horses wearing their full regalia. And the plumed riders from all over the state wore black. Seldom will horses like those be gotten together again, if ever.

The floats of miners digging gold, cooking pancakes, washing and dancing were followed by laughable things acted by pet bears, and the usual float of each state represented by a girl and a flag. Then there were the schools, societies, soldiers, sailors and firemen with their drills, and horsemen with beautifully equipped horses, the riders displaying fancy stunts along the route. Mule teams and donkey packtrains, stage coaches, and the city officials with their ladies and outriders to many floats, notable in carriages coming from all over the state made a day of wonders and seemingly never-ending display of color.

Flags were everywhere, with fireworks at night representing thousands of dollars in value. There were in these fireworks set figures, moving figures, sky-high rockets and noise and bands and more bands—music from sunrise till sunset.

The sandlots came to life for the time being. This spectacle was repeated every year, not only at San Francisco but all over the state. The many ships anchored between Alcatraz and Goat Island were all lighted, as were the strange foreign ships, making an inspiring sight from the hill by night and by day. Their tall masts when they came in under sail had to be manned and reefed to show the other nations how brave the ships and how expert were the seamen.

Everyday sights then, and soon to be a thing of the past, of the golden time of California. When the great ships, full sized, tall masted from around the Horn came in, folded their white wings and came to rest it was a picture of the times.

To return in the stages home was another event. The stageline ran from San Francisco to Santa Cruz, carrying the mail, one day up and the next day back. The stages stopped at the towns with postoffices, leaving the mail in boxes between. Driving up to farmers' boxes on tall poles, the bundles were thrown in, much as it is done on the railroad. The school children furnished the delivery.

The county road ran across one end of the farm, and the four boxes were at the corners. The papers were all weekly, so about twice a week there was mail. The gaudily painted stages with four lively stage horses and livelier drivers went about fifteen miles, changing horses then at the stations which

were often mere saloons or summer hotels which had been built in boom times at the mineral springs but which had never become popular as there was too much fog. So the Bartlett Mineral Hot Springs, Sonoma, and Paso Robles interior resorts and Santa Cruz and Pacific Grove were preferred.

Many of these hotels were torn down for the lumber or burned down. Another trial to make a summer resort of San Francisco which failed. Another failure to make the older Southern life grow on the Coast was that of a Southern planter who came with many negroes, former slaves who had been freed, and a pack of hounds to start a new plantation. For a couple of years they gave merry chase, hunting deer and running across the farms of the Fosters' and others.

The old master got gout and his faithful slave took him to the Paso Robles mud bath springs to treat him for his many sores, caused by the severe gout, Southern ailment. His wife's niece married a thrifty rancher with a big barn on one side of the road and the house upon the other side.

The children went to school with Foster's Lucy, riding a pony. It became frightened at a pig running under it one rainy, slippery day, throwing her. Instead of landing on her feet as usual she landed on her head. The hired man, Pyster, a new arrival from Germany, picked the nine-year old Lucy up for dead, carrying her to the rancher's house, where the rancher's wife resuscitated her.

The frightened hired man often told of how white and soft she was, and he thought her dead. Thus began a friendship between the families, and when the Fosters came to Santa Barbara the family of Bailards and the hired man, Pyster, came too, settling on the Carpinteria side of Santa Barbara.

The old plantation master came, too. The hounds and horses had grown old as well as he. The great grandchildren are now on a trip around the world together at this writing. Their parents' walnut, olive and fruit orchards in the two valleys attest to the thrift of the two families of pioneer parentage.

THE REDWOODS

The forests of the Coast were along the deep canyons with streams, the steep hills covered with brush which had

to be grubbed out with grub hoes or mattocks. A man threw his leg around the bush six to eight feet high and cut the roots around the outside, a real trick as there was a sort of center connecting the branches.

The redwoods were in places immense. In a canyon where one of the first mills was built with the homes of the men around it, is still to be seen a stump sixteen feet through which was chopped by an expert axeman, and fell between two houses not forty feet apart.

Felling trees so as not to crush them in the steep canyons, and to avoid laying them in inaccessible places was an expert job and men prided themselves on doing the almost impossible. Most of them came from the Canadian woods. First the fine-grained shingle timber for split shakes; then the hard timber for lumber; then in after years the worthless curly redwood, each in turn becoming more valuable. The canyons became again beautiful with the undergrowth of ferns and huckleberries.

TRIP TO SAN FRANCISCO

One of the circuit ministers who always stayed at the Foster home on his rounds suggested taking the daughter to San Francisco with him, leaving her with her aunt, Mrs. Cummings, as he was to meet his wife coming from the east. So, as it was summer vacation, she went.

The minister had a brother, captain of a government boat which made trips daily to the prisons located on Angel Island, and he invited the aunt and niece to make the trip with himself and wife. The brother told the aunt so much about the minister that she did not let the niece go again or go home with him. He had abandoned his wife and family, and all his brother said proved true, as he again left his wife destitute.

The daughter went home by train and stage alone, a great trip for the twelve-year-old girl. The mother, more than convinced of the "hypocrite," as she termed that minister, felt that their love of ease and chicken dinners did not compensate for their company in any way.

Again this girl went down to the uncle's place of business, and instead of down Montgomery as she should, or waited for her uncle, she cut across by Jackson street, amid scenes which had to be explained to so young a girl. But the

scenes and the explanation made her self-reliant and conscious of that knowledge acquired ever after.

THE GERMAN TRADER

After the war a German with two sons, a big covered wagon, two big horses and a stock of goods made the rounds of the coast every two weeks. One half his wagon was given over to chicken coops. He was a trader, not a peddler. Peddlers came, but they carried their packs on their backs, armed with soldering irons to mend things.

This man dealt in eggs, butter, chickens, at first; then some groceries, and taking orders for shoes, suits for boys or men, and exchanging dry goods, shoes, blankets, linen, and boxes of pins, thread, scissors, needles, combs, knives and cotton, woolen by the yard, great bundles to choose from; things wanted would be brought next trip.

It was a great convenience. He built up his trade until his sons started a commission house in San Francisco for farm products, contracting for all the eggs, butter and chickens to be had, or to be raised for them.

He stayed two days at different settlements, paying two dollars in trade for his keep. He sometimes made the Foster's for lunch. He was an educated man who had served seven years in the Germany army and came to America because he did not want his three small sons to live the life he had lived in barracks for seven years.

But when the Civil War broke out he "fought mit Siegel" and two of the sons, now grown, enlisted. One was killed, the other paralyzed by the bursting of a shell. He used a crutch for his withered limbs, his arm hanging useless, "and Pete he is a fool from the shot" (shell shocked). "And Siegel, he save the Union mit us to fight mit him!"

So he came to San Francisco to get his sick son well in California. He kept this son with him on his rounds, the younger coming on the selling end of the business in the city. They were honest and thrifty people. In winter it was impossible to go on the hill trips, so the farmers brought their produce to the state highway. His horses, he said, "couldn't pull the hills up to the top."

The Foster sons made their spending money by trapping quail and shooting rabbits or catching them when the grain was nearly cut in summer. These they sent to the San Francisco market by stage express, keeping them in cages till the law was out. The mother said the quail sang: "The law protects me, the law protects me!" before the law was out, then scuttered for cover to hide.

Their traps were square with a slide at the top to take the quail out. They were built of split shakes with a trigger. They were set all over the ranch where the flocks roamed.

The daughter was paid a cent a dozen for gathering eggs, and paid by the week for bedmaking, dishwashing, and so on, so they never were without their own earned money. With this the elder brother bought his tools to build his coaster wagons and his nails. And the times they had scooting downhill, steering those wagons when they did not upset, were all any eastern child could wish.

The girl was as much a tomboy at this as her brothers and used the California expression, "You bet your life!" The mother was mortified and said: "Can't you use another word for 'You bet'?" The girl wanted to know what she could use. The mother replied: "Well, use 'I'll wager you'." But it wouldn't do at all.

And "you bet" those quail pies were good, the rabbit and dumpling stews delicious. They made their own candles as there was plenty of tallow from the cattle which they butchered till lamps came. They had caps to put the light out, but were not coal oil.

The fruit was put into bottles from the hotels, which came from France and England with pickles. The fruit was packed with syrup poured over and placed on a rock in the boiler and cooked till done, covered with a cloth dipped in rosin and tallow, mixed and hot, then tied down. There was seldom any loss. The dried fruit came from San Jose.

The wild flowers of the coast were all-the-year-round living things but the mother and all the family assisted in the garden. Roses grew riotously as did shrubs but some tender things had to be covered in the winter.

To bring home from San Jose some new additions and watch their growth took the housekeeper into the outdoors,—not always sunshine, for the coast is noted for its fogs and cold winds. So the father went with a party of neighbors to

the south where they had heard of a big ranch being divided and sold in a rich, sunny valley.

They had given up trying to get a railroad to the Coast. and winter roads were impassable. The wharves were worked out every winter after building; so the farmers who went south bought land. They were the Martins, Foster, Bailard. Kenneys and some others. Father Foster bought 13 acres as he didn't decide to come until his wife, whose health had not been the best, could make up her mind to again move. So she took a trip to San Luis Obispo county with the oldest son and Lucy in company with Mr. Delaney and wife, cousins, and E. Marten, with a cousin, a Miss V. W., a school teacher just come out.

They went to San Jose, then down the Coast to Colonel Hollister's sheep ranges. One night after supper they were singing around the campfire when a party of government surveyors came over and asked to join the party, after telling how homesick they were for a "song to cheer."

The four ladies could sing as well as the three men and those young men never left the campfire till midnight. And "Home, Sweet Home" left them too broken up to sing more. But the rollicking songs of the Forty-Niners were not the war-time songs. The cousin who had just come from the east had all the new ones, which the surveyors also knew, and all knew the old ones, as sweet ever after as then. There was no occasion for solemn music on that summer evening under a big oak and beside the campfire.

SONGS OF '49 AND WAR SONGS

Songs by Forty-Niners

Roll on, silver moon, guide the trav'ler on his way
While the nightingale's song is in tune;
Ever more will I stray by the sweet silvery light of the moon.

The Dying Californian

Where the cobwebs thickly gather for a curtain
O'er the blind where no hand of kindred lingers,
Where no flowers, plucked by gentle fingers,
Soothes the aching head.

Clementine

There was a miner, Forty-Niner, and his daughter Clementine;
O, my darling, O, my darling, O, my darling Clementine;
You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.
(Repeat)

O, Susanna

O, Susanna, don't you cry for me,
For I'm bound for California with a banjo on my knee;
Song all night, wine all day—O, Susanna, don't you cry for me!

Others were "Home, Sweet Home," "Dan Tucker," "America," "Star Spangled Banner," "Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond," and "Land Ho."

We met Hollister the next morning trying to get more water by tunneling into a hill where a spring came out. His sheep, which he had brought into the state by the southern route had so increased that he had to have more water and feed. He afterwards became the Fosters' neighbor, moving to Santa Barbara.

At San Luis Obispo they separated to go to Los Angeles for two weeks, meeting again to go home together, mother and the young folks going to the sister-in-law and Aunt Juliet Olmsted's They had not seen each other all these years since San Jose days. The young folks hardly remembered each other. It was all so exciting—rides to the beach to swim and gather abalones which they cooked to perfection; making of cheese; seeing a wild hog in a pen still so wild that it ran around the log pen gnashing its teeth, although the pen was covered in. It was hard to fatten the wild thing.

They were very comfortable in a new house after their pioneer days. At the meeting place of the party in San Luis Obispo the young man, E. Martin, took the stage to go east as all young men had, to bring back a wife. There were six friends of the family after wives on the Continental Railroad which was just finished. They were put in a corner till they promised some girl to bring her to California, so they said.

So the Uncle Vincent joined the party going back. When we reached the Mission over the first mountains the Uncle Arthur met them. He was glad to see his sister-in-law Ann, as he called her, and he said this to her son: "Hello, Sandy." To the girl he said: "What a nose!"

He was the cowboy of the stock ranch and a little embarrassed, but bluffed it off. He immediately arranged for a dance as they were staying only one night, getting an Italian sheepherder to play his violin.

As there came twice too many men for the women they tied aprons on the men for partners. The music had been written by the greatest of masters and that sheepherder was a master of music. He had come to the gold mines, became stranded, and took his beloved violin and herding to get money to take him back. But he never got back.

It was another night of this time: A master's touch. They forgot to dance and Uncle Arthur was forgiven his rude reception to a brother's young people.

MISSION SAN MIGUEL

There were eight in the party this night, camping at the large adobe ranch house near the Mission, Arthur, Vincent and their sister-in-law Roxanna and the two young people, all Fosters, with their traveling companions three more. The uncles were acquainted with the priest in charge so all were taken to see the Mission in the morning.

The priest spoke Spanish, Arthur Foster translating. The Mission was then fifty years or more old but needing a whitewash. That priest never enjoyed a service more than showing those white women the treasures of his two chests.

He was probably Italian. One chest contained priestly robes, velvet, satin and silk, heavily embroidered in gold and silver thread, the gifts of many noted persons in Italy and Spain. The other was filled with the altar cloths and rosaries, with wonderful crucifixes, the linen convent-embroidered, and Spanish drawn-work.

Many hands had toiled to send out these missionary offerings to our new land and never a girl showed her hope chest with more love and pride than he did. Some, he told us, were quite old, even then. There were very few Americans so far, as he expressed it, to show these beauties to, and of course he could not show them to his men friends. But the ladies, now, it was a privilege to show the articles to them.

He offered us wine from Santa Barbara Mission, and if he disobeyed some order, think of the lonely man far from his homeland showing the American women his best dresses

for Sunday and High Mass. And he was still not an old man, with courtly manners, clean shaven, in his gray Friar's robe, knotted cord and sandals of the Franciscan priest.

They had a good garden and a small herd of cattle, sheep and horses, fenced in with poles driven into a trench, then filled in and bound with another pole near to the top with rawhide wrapped around each picket and to the binder pole.

It rained on this return journey and the party had to lay over in a big round ranch barn with cattle and sheep all around, but with the softest hay. They made the beds in a long row with the married couples in the middle, the young men on one side, the young women on the other, and slept three nights, and, oh, how it did rain!

We spent the day in the ranch house before the open fireplace but cooked our own meals in an outhouse later. They found themselves out of salt one day and went to a sheep-herder's camp to get some. One half the log cabin roof had fallen in; under the other half he had his bunk. A pile of earth in a log crib was his cooking place. Some flour, coffee and mutton drying on a line, and yes, salt, were all he seemed to have to eat. They left him more in exchange for a little salt.

They wondered if he, too, had a violin for company. In three days the hills were green and more rain fell, so another stop was made at San Jose, then across to the coast into the fog after the sunny three weeks. The mother decided for sunshine and she tells of her decision in her memoirs of her life.

LIFE IN SANTA BARBARA

The mother and daughter Lucy took the stage the day after the father had started, passing him on the grade near Spanish town. There had been an accident, as one of the younger boys riding Lucy's pony had been thrown. He was hurt and his face badly cut. The stage stopped till the mother did up the wounds and assured him he wasn't hurt, as he wished to go with her. A letter from San Jose assured her he got over it and was enjoying the job of driving the loose stock.

The sister-in-law, Mariett F. Cummings, was not at home, as her lifelong friend, Mrs. Dr. Spencer, was critically ill and Mariett was nursing her, so she stayed a week with the husband and Chinese cook, doing the buying for the new home. They had taken only two loads of furniture so she bought from Mr. Cummings a parlor set, carpets, stove, new mattresses of springs and one set, an oak bedroom set, a cabinet organ, buggy and harness, two bolts of muslin for bedding, more bedding, another bolt of muslin for underclothing, and the outfit for the three men, with groceries to last a year, as they knew little of the little Spanish settlement of Santa Barbara the father had seen, and it promised poorly for supplies.

These were to be shipped with them on the same steamer but of course came by a later one, causing much inconvenience. She has told of her coming ten days too soon to meet the husband but those ten days to her fifteen-year-old daughter were full days as well.

The hotel was the collecting place of the younger half-Spanish—so called—young folks. There was an ancient piano and the mother and daughter brought to this new music. There they met Ben Burton Porter, Charley Thompson and Dana Nephew, who were clerking in the Spanish and American stores, the daughter of the host and her many girl friends, some soon to become Lucy's schoolmates; but no American girls.

This easy, good looking, laughing crowd to which she had come drove away any thought of homesickness. At least, she never had any such thought. The newcomers to Goleta were their American neighbors, and other fine families came, the Hollisters, Stows and the Coopers, who started the first college, so called, school in Santa Barbara. The mother's health was very poor all winter but better when summer came, so by going home Friday afternoons and coming in Monday the daughter managed to keep in school that winter and summer.

The place she boarded was an old adobe, the father white, the wife Spanish. He did the cooking and had several rooms rented and more boarders, all at one long table, the Streeters. They went to the postoffice, kept by a Spaniard, every three days. The postmaster spoke very little English and the new name, Foster, puzzled him. So he gave the girl all the letters in the postoffice to find her own and those of her family. There were about a dozen for all Santa Barbara.

"Fosterei," he finally translated or Latinized it so he could give it a musical Spanish sound. The old Spanish store had things from hides to brocaded silks; the American store the usual frontier collection of calicoes and men's clothing, groceries, tinware, stoves, and oils and paints—or was it liquor?—in the leanto, or molasses?

The women did not go out there, anyway. They found it easier to order from San Francisco through the brother-in-law or go up once a year for their supplies. So the first was a cargo of lumber as a little house had been built in the spring before they came and only two windows were to be had in Santa Barbara. The lumber was all wide boards, no doors or shingles, so the roof and doors had to be made of the wide boards, so I. Foster and R. Sexton ordered a shipload at once from San Francisco, as the house couldn't be built till the lumber came and was rafted ashore at Goleta. As all the other new purchasers of the divided ranch were in the same predicament they all helped and ten houses were being built at once on the new tract. Three shiploads of fencing and mixed timber were rafted in that way, after windows, doors, hardware, nails and tools by steamer to Santa Barbara. All were under cover before the rains. Then the father started a lumber yard. All built the schoolhouse for a place to meet, John Moore giving the lot. A store and postoffice followed, then a Methodist church, the Fosters giving the land "to the Methodist church forever." But the father and mother did not live to see the lot sold and the church die and the building used for the gathering of all the people, in which their descendants owned stock. A judge had decided the sale of lot legal.

TWO MURDERS

Shortly after coming to Goleta they were startled by a near neighbor being found dead, killed, probably for money he was known to have had with him. Another miner with his gold, unknown to his new neighbors, was also killed. There was no evidence and nothing was known of the murderers, but their suspicions unvoiced.

The Fosters had been getting their water from the murdered man's well while theirs was being dug. Theirs was thirty-two feet deep, walled up under water with brick, then stones above, with a bucket and wheel. The water was very poor and hard.

The digging was an event and none knew how deep or when water would be found. A half barrel was hoisted out with dirt, then the water kept out the same way as long as possible while the bottom was lined with brick and a foundation for the stone was laid. There were wooden curb and covers. There was good fishing in the well, when the rope broke, to get the bucket.

THE FIRST PIONEER WEDDING

The two families joined by the first pioneer wedding were of old American descent, tracing their ancestors to England. Both were called capitalists as they loaned money, there being as yet no banks. As both came south the same year the young folks had known each other a year. The mother objected that the daughter was too young, lacking four months of seventeen, and the young man too old, he being twenty-eight: eleven years was too much difference.

But she gave her permission, as she said she didn't want her daughter to run away. The father said: "Be good to her; she is all the girl I have." He obtained that promise and gave his consent. Her brothers were pleased as they had not liked her admirers until he came. They had promised Mrs. Cummings she might come to her a year to finishing school in San Francisco.

The young people were engaged three months, as she was attending college and had refused him earlier in the year. There wasn't any church but a minister held services in different homes, or under the oaks in pleasant weather. There were about thirty-five guests, the two families and near friends, present.

The house was decorated with wild ferns and wild clematis vines. The wedding dinner was from the older settlers and it being Thanksgiving day, the turkey, the eggs and chickens came from the Moore ranch; the green tomatoes and little pig to roast from the Shoup ranch; the apples, pears and cider from the Dens' orchard; the oranges and pumpkins for pies from the Indian rancheria.

The cakes were made by a friend of the family. They were white and gold and wedding and pound cake. Then there were preserved berries and pickles. The long table wore the linen from the Mother's treasured store, the silver from both

families. One of the bride's presents was a barrel of Haviland china. This, with the old china from both families made a brave showing.

The bride Lucy Foster wore a cashmere dress with Torchon lace. She had a traveling dress of dove gray trimmed with pale blue. She had beautiful hair, a fair complexion and blue eyes. She was tall and slight. The maid Hattie Cunningham was dark, with dark hair. She was tall and plump. The groom Joseph Sexton was six feet tall, and had curly hair and blue eyes. The bride's brother Eugene Foster was best man. The Edwards family, E. Martin and N. Martin, Delany, Sexton brothers, the sister's children Annie, George, Charles and Alfred Edwards were guests.

The music of the parlor organ sounded somewhat like that of a church to the people but the service was not the solemn thing of their Puritan ancestors. After the service by T. Y. Cool the dinner and the speeches, the toasts were drunk in cider very like champagne in its sparkle.

The party went for a week to the neighboring town, to return to their new home after night, as they disapproved of the Southern way of charivaring young people. They were home three days before it was known. Then they invited their friends and were serenaded in their new home which the bride's father and mother had furnished.

The carpets and most all of the furniture came from San Francisco by steamer. The mother gave bedding, linen and outfit, the relatives silver and china with very lovely and useful family articles. This was the only wedding in the pioneer family, as the other children were sons.

Upon their first trip to San Francisco the mother gave the young couple an outfit of silver marked with the new name, "Sexton," which consisted of twenty-four teaspoons, twelve tablespoons, and twelve knives and twelve forks. Also, she added to the bride's wardrobe things not to be had in the old Spanish town.

As the two places joined, neither the father nor mother had lost the daughter, but gained a son-in-law, so the mother years later called it "a beautiful California home."

Then the new orchard was planted, and ornamental palms with a flower garden; a row of poplar trees on the highway; two pines; two pear trees, one fig and a palm which are now, at the time of this writing, over a half a hundred years old. The poplars are brave "lifting their leafy arms to the sun."

The house is staunch as then—one of the first built after the new settling of Santa Barbara.

In the hall above the store the community had plays, dances, Good Templars' lodge and all gatherings outside of the church and schoolhouse, as nothing was allowed but church in the schoolhouse till later years. Still, when there was to be a community Christmas tree there were thirteen different creeds, each having a booth to raise the money for a community tree.

The getting together the Fosters had long wished. They always had Thanksgiving and in their home, but this getting together as one family was the fulfillment of their ideal. When the church was built the next thing their young folks wished was an organ for it, as they had a so-called choir. They raised money for the purpose without consulting all the directors of the church board.

One was very much opposed to it. "Worshiping God by machinery," he, Mr. Kellogg called it.

When it was installed he wouldn't stand or sing, so deeply he felt the shame of the church. They held camp meetings in the Cathedral Grove. None will ever know the beauty of that Grove, as it was destroyed for firewood. At one of these meetings a new sect calling themselves "Holiness," a branch of the Methodists, at that time was organized.

The father Foster delivered the greatest speech of his life against such a doctrine in the then advanced thinking age, another time he was "justly indignant," he said. There were none holy but One. The mother said they had helped build seven churches, and when assessed more than was their portion, as they had kept their membership in the Santa Barbara church, the presiding elder took her name from the books while she was absent on her summer trip, saying he thought she had moved away.

He also removed the presiding minister because his name was in a Los Angeles church, so both would have to join again as new members. She did not, and lived the rest of her life outside the church, another injustice, she felt, to a lifelong member; or, as the younger ones felt, a church row to get even on two members doing all they felt able to do.

After he had helped Eugene, Fred, Frank and Lucy, they had leisure to make several summer trips, one of which was to the Yosemite. A corner blacksmith Pettis and another neighbor Rich, a wheelwright, made the wagon and a folding chair, camp tripod and grate. Then the bed

was fitted and a cover made so they could sleep in the wagon as the wife had no desire to sleep on the ground.

Their companions, two couples, were similarly outfitted, and it must have been a real summer outing without hurry. They visited at San Jose and Cambria; and made San Francisco and back another year over the same way, up to Sonoma valley to their old-time friends, the Alexanders, as their destination.

THE RINCON TRAGEDY

The Rincon tragedy commenced on the coast. A neighbor and friend of the Fosters', whose children attended for two years the same school, had a daughter who was involved in it. Lucy Foster often stayed at night with the younger daughter when it rained too hard for her to go home with her brothers. The elder daughters of this neighbor family were out of school. She always tied up a cut finger and gave the visitor a piece of pie, and was their favorite. This girls were little, light and fine.

She, the seventeen-year-old daughter of this family was keeping company against her father's command with a horse-thief, a young man who had served time in San Quentin, a jailbird, so-called. She met him at his sister's, unknown to the parents as he was forbidden the home.

She ran away with him. Then the Fosters, moving south, lost sight of them for eight years. The eloping couple had come to the Rincon and had two children. He had not reformed, but had become brutal and drunken. With a comrade much like himself, they were supposed to farm rented land on shares. They went back and forth to Los Angeles, trading horses at each end.

The husband had sold a man south a span, promising to deliver in two weeks. This is the testimony, both confessing the facts, at the trial. When the man did not appear and there were arrests, the Foster wife and daughter were summoned as having known the woman in her coast home.

The partner said the husband had come home very drunk and abused his wife and beat her. He stood it as long as he could and as she sat crying at the supper table he went out and got a spoke from a wheel and struck him from behind, crushing his skull.

The floor was covered with the stains which she had tried to clean up with hot water. She testified she was afraid of both of them but had no place to go with the children. So they dug a shallow grave in the sand hills and buried him.

Fearing the black earth would show through the sand she strewed rags and sent the children to slide the clean sand over their father's grave. Then they went to Los Angeles; coming back, said he had died there. They sold all the tools and household furnishings, going, they said, to her mother's where he was to leave her, in the north somewhere.

The man who did not get his horses came up and said the woman's husband had never returned to Los Angeles. A search was made, the stains on the floor and on the sled by which the man's body was moved were found and proven to be blood. The couple was found in Nevada, stranded, and was sent to prison for life. The little children, too young to remember their names, were placed where they will never know.

The man died in prison. The woman, after many years of life in confinement, and of right living there, was released. A tragedy at the beginning, another at the ending. The murdered man's grave is in an abandoned cemetery. The stone has fallen face downward over an early horsethief's resting place. They say at Hallowe'en he is bidden to rise from his grave, but which grave as he has two, does he go to? "The loud waves roll in perpetual flow, and sigh for pity and answer No." At Rincon Point sand dunes.

HUNTING TRIPS

Mr. Foster went with several friends, men only, on hunting trips to Lompoc, then a deer paradise, or into the back country to some rancher's home. The children remember their coming by the fruit and candy. One tells of his bringing apricots which he gave them the first day but he smelled of peppermint candy, and while all were hunting, his father as well, he went through the outfit until he found the candy, "and ate a little, too."

They got it all next day, he said, after the fruit was gone. When this boy was allowed to go with them and carry one of the guns, he was almost a hunter, too. Many beautiful heads of horn and dried venison—"jerky," they called it.

they brought home. When county conventions met at the upper end of the county he was often a delegate, though he never ran for any office except postmaster of Goleta; the lumber yard kept him in business. When home, then he cared for it.

These were comfortable years, as the wife's health became good, and he was vigorous. He went to the Painted Cave over the Indian trail with Professor Bowers, who made it known to the Smithsonian Institution. He was with the Professor upon his researches when he sent three tons of relics to the Institution. They were good comrades, liking the same things in nature, and the study of early men.

They believed the Cave a place of records for all tribes, as a few marks in many places were the same, but never all in any place. He believed it was the crossroads from the coast to the interior and the prehistoric courthouse of each tribe's private mark for its family or tribe. Many caves were found but only one or two with records corresponding to those in the large cave.

There were many paintings outside and signs of fires which soon disintegrated, and part of the front slid away a couple of years after their first trip to it.

MISSION VINEYARD AND ORCHARD

The Mission winery was at the mouth of San Jose creek. The valley and foothills vineyards, the large vats and still for making wine and brandy were old but in full bearing. Indians still trod the grapes and pulled yellow jackets off their bare feet and legs as they had been taught by the Mission Fathers. There was more than enough "firewater" made to supply the Presidio and the Mission needs.

Up the creek a mile or more was the Mission tannery. An Indian with red hair and freckled face worked it. His father was a sea cook, his mother a Digger Indian. So he was, as the saying was then, "A son of a sea cook," which meant all that was implied.

He was a quiet, honest man, doing beautiful work, but his sons and daughters bred back, one son murdering his brother, and there was a wild hunt and San Quentin for another son who had attacked a teacher in an out of the way school. Thus ended the race of halfbreeds.

Foster had many deerskins and the tanner cured them for him. He thought they would make lovely pants for his little grandsons, as both mother and daughter had sewing machines which were run by hand. They tried it, but the dew wet them. Then they stretched and were cold, sticky things. Then they dried and chafed the boys' legs and were abandoned.

The Mission orchard was in another canyon, Maria Ignacio canyon. The prince of the tribe was living, an upright, sober Indian, caring for the oranges, pomegranates, olives and pears, grapes and berries in another glen at the foot of the mountain. He and his sons were splendid horsemen and broke and trained horses on the Moore ranch. They followed this work for many years, the last of the once large tribe.

SAN MARCOS PASS TOLL ROAD

A stage road was built over the mountains into the Santa Ynez Valley, the tollhouse at the top. In one place grooves had to be cut across the slippery rock so the horses could get a foothold. There were very steep grades on both sides.

The keeper came to the valley in great distress as he and his wife were a young Irish couple from the city and she was alone and about to become a mother. The bears and mountain lions were taking his goats, pigs and geese out of their pens and the wife was in terror.

No one was able to help him in the newly-settled community but he found a helper in the Cienigitas. The Sisters of Charity had a school with orphans, and they were a help in time of need to Catholic lonely ones on a mountain top. The Sisters sent help.

They then had a school at Cienigitas and many halfbreed Indian children or orphans half-white, were abandoned on their doorstep.

At San Jose and Santa Barbara these Sisters were cultured missionaries, many Italian or Spanish born. Good music, painting and fine arts training could be secured only in their schools, so to be convent taught meant much in California's early days. These Sisters gave up their school for an orphanage.

The Coopers were instrumental in building a gymnasium and college, taking over the Harmon first college which was

taught in an adobe house, the mother and daughter both teaching. Miss Harmon married a professor in the University of California. She and Lucy were her mother's pupils.

Both the girls had the same birthday, April first, and many a mouse and snake they found in their desks, and many a boquet of wild flowers upon them, that year. No tribute could be too high for a woman like Mrs. Harmon from a new community which she was molding as a teacher.

THE FATHER INJURED

Mr. Foster was thrown backward from a wagon, the seat being insecurely fastened, giving way. His kidney was torn loose and his back hurt. His back recovered but there being little knowledge of surgery nothing further was done for him. He went to the Hot Springs at San Marcos, very weak, and sent for his "little girl," as he always called the daughter Lucy, and her husband, to come and see him there.

His wife was with him. He had made himself a bathing-pool walled up with rock around a spring. Another was made by his old neighbors where they soaked their aches out and exchanged yarns, he said. It was a small gronp of friends and the first night they were singing, father having gone to bed on the ground with his repeating rifle under his pillow.

A funny woman's rights song was sung, at which all laughed and there was a clapping of hands at its repetition. This frightened a California lion which afterwards it was ascertained had been visiting the garbage pit. The animal growled and snarled as it ran across a shale slide, scattering the rocks into the stream.

The women screamed and shouted: "A lion!" This waked Foster, who asked: "Where? Where?" Guided by the noise of the clashing of rocks, he fired twice. He must have hit the lion as the animal bounded away, scattering more shale, but to us it seemed coming right across that pool.

One woman threw her arms around a man, screaming, "Save me, save me!" Another man threw a girl into a wagon and got in after her. A man demanded that father give him the gun. There was a little shanty near. The women ran for it. One woman who had used the crutches forgot both till she tried to climb on the platform, then begged for help.

After all were in the cabin they remembered a rattlesnake had been killed in it a few days before. Then they were terrified indeed. One whose memory of that night is still clear broke out into perspiration, her knees knocking together, and all the sensations ever written or told of fright possessing her.

After many months she looked into her child's face and saw its smile of knowledge and cried, for she knew it was not an idiot from the fright. The men came and assured the women that the danger was over, but the daughter, mother and other women slept in the wagons that night and afterwards.

The hot mineral waters were very healing but not a cure. The father knew he was getting weaker and often came to see his grandchildren, saying he would love to live to see them grow up. There were nine and one to carry, all born in ten years—the Sextons. Not of his name, but his pride.

"Teach them to live the teaching of Christ and to believe in one God; to tell the truth; to deal honestly and live clean lives after me," he directed.

He went to San Francisco with his wife to see if something could be done for him and to visit his sister Mariett Cummings. His wife had been up many nights and the sister had come to be with him a while so they persuaded her to go out for a change.

He died while she was away, and the sister could not tell of his going for her grief. We believe he did not wish the passing to be at home for the others' sake, but knew the end was near. So the homecoming was as if he had gone on another trip. Like his father he had been instrumental in securing a cemetery in Goleta; there they brought him home.

Upon his tombstone was inscribed by his wish:

"I know I shall live again."
Our Father—Isaac Foster.

MRS. ROXANNA CHENEY FOSTER

(By Mrs. Lucy Foster Sexton)

When Roxanna Foster's husband died she said: "Do not pity me; he would have suffered so long if he had lived. He was too young to go. But I am alone."

She lived almost twenty-years after his death, keeping the Foster home the rest of her life, as he had willed all to her for her life, to be divided with the children. This she once said he could not do as it was community property and half hers, but it was well invested, so she lived a very comfortable and contented life.

A few incidents the writer will attempt to tell her great-grandchildren as we think she would have told them. She had a sense of the ridiculous and could be very sarcastic, but always tolerant to those not having her advantages, saying there was a wee Scotch blood in her that stood for justice to all.

Except the lazy. "These," she said, "couldn't be helped or wouldn't change their heritage." She lived close to, and joining her daughter, Lucy Sexton, and her grandchildren, her son Frank the first few years being with her till his marriage, then her older grandchildren and other girls going to school, for many years.

She always took a summer trip, first to her old friends at San Jose, Dr. Spencer and Dr. Cory, the Stevenses and Haddocks; then to Santa Rosa county to the Alexanders, whom she knew before she came to California. One year she went east to visit her early home. One year she went north to visit her northern home. She was in her seventieth year. Her sons objected but her daughter thought she had had good traveling companions. And her health was good. So she went to New Hampshire.

Before going she told them if she died there and they really wanted "her old bones" to send for them, but she expected to enjoy it and come back. She found it intolerably hot, and many were no more. Others, she said, filed the sheep's noses to get the grass between the rocks in old New Hampshire. What they called thrift she had another name for. California was wasteful but doing big things, and was glad her family were among those, making California easier for others, living in their own homes with business interests.

Boston was better, but California still home. She always kept a horse, which she was very fond of, and drove to Ventura, staying with her old Carpinteria friends, the Bailards, who came south with her. She would stay all night, and drive along the beach next day at low tide to Ventura, where her three sons lived.

She took someone with her on these trips, one year her sister-in-law, Mariett Cummings, who was visiting her that

summer. Usually she went to town twice a week, or for a ride, taking her friends, the Winters. She did fancy work or knitted a quilt which took her two years, for pastime. There was a large, old, wide fireplace and a sunny room for her.

She was fond of literature. Her husband did not wish her to wear mourning but she said it was an institution which had not passed and was still thought to be a sign of respect, so she wore black crepe for a year after his death.

During her years of widowhood she had two offers of marriage but both made her very indignant, as she had been friends of the wives of the men. They both had good homes and were in comfortable circumstances. The first she told he had no respect for his former wife or her husband, and made some other sharp and sarcastic remarks.

The second, who said he was "so lonesome," she accused of being a home-hunter. She said she was not so lonesome as to want to warm his feet by her fire and cook for him the rest of her life. She said love was the thrills of youth; old age contentment and the comforts of a restful afternoon among friends and books; and the respect of her family and grandchildren.

The Cheney family, she said, were of the Ball family on the mother's side, English people, the same ancestors as Washington's mother; the father descending from the Scotch Cheney of the Round Table of Scotland and his mother one of the early American families of New England. She believed in "heredity and a pride of race." Her uncle and all his family were professional singers and musicians and gave concerts known as the "Cheney Family," she said. They rather sing than eat when she visited them in Boston before her marriage where she attended their concerts and sang with them one winter; they would get a rehearsing and let their dinner burn. A brother was a jeweler, another owned a line of steamers on the Hudson river and she found no "needy relations."

SICKNESS AND CARING FOR THE SICK

She was seldom, if ever, sick, but on one occasion she thought she was poisoned. She had put out poison for rats and in some way thought she had gotten some in her food,

though it may have been acute indigestion, as the grandchild with her was not affected.

She sent the little girl through dark fields to the nearest neighbors. They quickly brought the daughter, who gave her salt and water and mustard and water. When these had taken effect she gave olive oil, putting mustard on her mother's stomach and hot water bottles about Mrs. Foster until she became quiet.

It was seven miles to a doctor. Later the doctor said: "Only common sense saved her. I could not get there in less than two or three hours, and quite likely it was poison." She was not afraid to die, but she hoped never to suffer like that when she did. She was very proud of the little granddaughter who acted as messenger, saying she showed the courage of the pioneers, and a descendant of Cromwell. But the child said she was more afraid that her grandma would die than she was of the dark.

Once she cared for a grandchild while its father and mother went to San Francisco, the first time since their marriage. Grandfather was living, and they thought their daughter needed a rest, so paid her expenses to go with her husband to buy and sell his nursery stock on his yearly trip. They were gone fourteen days. When they returned, the little boy did not know his mother and cried for his grandfather, which pleased them both.

Children were dressed in white till a year old and as this one was beginning to creep she had made it colored creepers and a sunbonnet, putting him out in the sun. Another time, many years after, when it was imperative the daughter go to San Francisco to finish their new house as the old one had become too small for the large family, she said she would care for the baby if furnished a girl to do her housework and care for it nights as the family had a woman cook, the oldest ones could care for the others.

One of the hired men had studied for a doctor and the other was also dependable. They put the little one in a Spanish hammock hanging between the porch posts. It is made by throwing a blanket over two ropes, the sides turned in and a pillow placed inside so it can not slip. The Indians use a skin, which precludes a draft. The child got cold and had cramps. She sent for a doctor and he said it had "growing pains." But she was not pleased with him or the girl and discharged both and said not again would she take the responsibility of others' children. She was proud of her

daughter's ability to care for her large family, she never having had a doctor in all her confinements or the need of one.

When the grandson came down with measles—he contracted it from their cousins in Ventura—they felt sure that the other eight and the mother would have it. This was not a pleasant prospect as there was no help to be had and the neighbors were panicky for fear the school would be exposed. But the father had had it, and the Chinese cook, also. All the others came down at once.

The grandmother came over on "a tour of inspection," she said, but not into the house, as she had never had measles and there would be no one to care for her if she took sick. She went into the kitchen and the frightened Chinaman said: "You thinkee me slick too?"

She replied, "No, no."

Reassured, he said in pidgin English: "Me cookee sloup, bled, allee timee. Bossee no gettee slik, die-ee, ba-bee no likee allee-timee eat. Me all litey. You go you' house all litey. Goody!"

So for three days she came as far as the kitchen. The doctor had told the father when they had the first two cases to make an emulsion of vinegar, olive oil and honey, equal parts, giving a spoonful every hour, and lemon or vinegar in all the water they wanted. He directed that they be kept warm and said: "You will have to be their nurse as there isn't a nurse to be had and I am expecting cases, so I can't leave town night or day." They pulled through all right, the doctor said.

HEIRLOOMS

When Mrs. Roxanna Foster's sister, Clara Minard, came to California she brought silver, linen and china that had been their mother's, the linen before her marriage, the family raising, curing and weaving flax for her hope chest. But for some reason Mrs. Minard did not divide with Mrs. Foster, and at her death at eighty-four, it all came to her niece, Lucy F. Sexton, the sister having no family.

Among the linen were two table spreads woven in three strips sewn together, making the square of an intricate pattern; eight silver spoons; and blue stone china with R. Hall & Co., Select View, Ewing Park, Surrey; two tea plates, sugar

bowl and two tea dishes without handle and three deep saucers, for they poured the tea into those deep saucers.

Mrs. Foster told of her father bringing them home, with large bonnets called calashes and the neighbors coming to tea and to see her new blue tea set. Then there were also three preserve dishes of chinaware, and their grandfather's snuffbox with silver decorations and lacquer.

There were records of societies she was a member of and diploma from her college, (Hebron College), and a certificate to teach. Mrs. Foster said her sister Clara was a better scholar than she, having high degrees in Latin and Greek, Speaking French, none of which she ever attained or possessed. She never visited her sister but her daughter Lucy did when she lived in Pacific Grove in her own home. Clara had black eyes and a dark complexion and black hair, while Mrs. Roxanna Foster had blue eyes, was a brunette and had fine black hair.

There was a pin of their mother's with fine black hair in it; other jewelry; cut jet and gold beads and other oddities of the old home. They had some business difficulties with the sister's husband. She said he was "a penurious Yankee" so she left them alone but he left her comfortable in her old age.

Clara lived when the writer knew them in San Jose in one of the ready-cut houses that had come around the Horn, later in a comfortable cottage at Pacific Grove. There the niece asked to see the blue china, telling her she painted china and was interested. The aunt said it was packed away, some of it broken, but the niece might have it when she was through with it.

She was a beautiful seamstress and made her niece many lovely things when she came out the first few years before they left San Jose. Then the trouble over increase and pasturing of Minard's cattle separated the sisters, one going to Pacific Grove, the Fosters to Santa Barbara. Mrs. Foster said: "I do not regret her attainments died with her. She did nothing for the world with them. My grandchildren will live after me; this California is big enough for me, but let people alone you can't agree with."

She was odd, but Mrs. Foster recognized the linen as the table cover, which hung nearly to the floor, from the center table, in her childhood, and the letters worked into it as her mother's. The children used to hide behind it when playing "Bloody Mary," a catch-and-carry-away game. Her silverware had been wrapped in tissue paper and never used till the dozen Sexton children inherited it. The marking on it were "C. C. M." Clara Cheney Minard.

Many years of the records of the Pacific Grove Chautauqua Society, kept in Mrs. Minard's fine handwriting, were returned to the Society by her niece.

Another lonely woman, cast among strange environments and not adapting herself to them, she died in an old people's home in San Jose, her old friend and lawyer caring for her property and her for many years before she passed away.

MRS. FOSTER AND SONS

Of the three sons of Mrs. Foster, the younger lived with her until his marriage, and was a part owner in the store. He was very sociable, fine looking and a good dancer, and of course Mother's horse and buggy made him more so. He was very fond of hunting, as his father was. One of the nights of terror to his family was when his dog came home in the night, whining, barking and howling.

Mrs. Foster became alarmed, and getting her son-in-law and the nursery help went hunting him on the marshes where he had gone duck hunting and swimming, as he was a fine swimmer.

They searched all night and had not found him when in the morning he came home. He had been with some friends. After it had become too dark to shoot ducks they had gone along the ocean bluff, treeing coons until they got to Arroyo Burro, then built a campfire on the beach. By this they roasted ducks and slept part of the night.

He once swam from Fish Rock to Moore's Wharf and dived from the piledriver into the ocean once. He went down for the last time from exhaustion because his friends thought him swimming under water, and was barely resusciated. After his marriage a daughter-in-law said, "Now, your sons are all ours." "Yes, the old saying is true, a son is a son till he gets a wife, but a daughter is a daughter all her life. I at home found it so," she said and could let them alone as she had her sister, always making her visits short.

He had an altercation with a drunken man who dared him to put him out, after riding horseback into the store. After getting thrown out the man became abusive. This caused a fight. Both got bloody noses and black eyes and the blacksmith separated them. His mother said she supposed it was unavoidable but was shamed that the children should see such a row.

Home of the I. G. Foster Family
Santa Barbara

Another time she was awakened by someone dashing down the stairs and by the firing of a shot. The shot hole was found in the wood. The son, if he knew, never told his mother who fired to kill him. She never was afraid to sleep downstairs with the doors unlocked, even after this.

She quoted: "My heart was hot and restless; my burden seemed greater than I could bear. But now it rises from me and is buried in the sea, and only the sorrows of others cast a shadow over me." She was referring to her two sons' lives. Their wives were often sick before and after their marriages, and many of their children died. She was too old to do for them and too far away, only to feel the shadows in her life. She helped two sons with money more than she could spare, curbing her income.

When her first grandson was killed in an explosion while working with a friend in the friend's shop, she said she couldn't be comforted. "Why, oh, why couldn't I have gone, who am old, while he was a young man, now so needed in the world, and I of so little help!" She said if God had wanted old people to have children they would have been given to them, but they were given to the young. She refused a home with her daughter, saying there were cares enough without her and she wanted quiet.

She wrote many letters. She disliked sewing but had a machine. She went to Santa Barbara for a year to keep house for her oldest granddaughter, who was a florist in her father's store with her brother. Then she moved to Ventura where her three sons were, living in a home of her own, coming up for a visit to the camp on the beach to the daughter and grandchildren.

She wished to see the parade of boats on the water at night. She contracted a chill. She suffered all night and the trained nurse, another granddaughter, took her to the home, where she had another chill. She seemed to recover, but had pneumonia that winter. Although she recovered from it, her health was undermined and she was eighty-one.

The daughter came to stay with her, reading to her mornings as she slept afternoons. One day she said: "Isn't this the time of year you go to Los Angeles?" as the daughter was to read papers on garden and flowers, as delegate to the Parliament, from the Santa Barbara Woman's Club, as she had gone many years before at the meetings as delegate taking part and having papers to read.

The daughter answered she was not going this year, but her mother insisted, saying: "Go and come back and tell me about it. The doctor says I might live months yet. I have a good nurse and housekeeper and the sons and grandchildren are always coming in. If I were younger I would be a club-woman, too, but they called them societies in my day."

So, over-persuaded, the daughter went. The Parliament lasted three days. Then the delegates were entertained by being taken to the Observatory for half a day. They had gotten as far up as Rubio Canyon when the telegram came that the mother had passed in her sleep. She was laid beside her husband in Goleta cemetery—Our Mother.

A BIOGRAPHY

(By Juliet F. Olmsted)

R. B. Olmsted was born October 26, 1806, in New York, in a town adjoining Connecticut, where was a colony of Olmsteds, a whole township, it is said. His father emigrated to Vermont when he was quite young, and his mother, Huldah Smith Olmsted, died when he was eleven years old. He often spoke of his own mother with affection and how lonely he felt if she was away.

After her death his father married a widow Ufford with four or five children. He often spoke of his stepmother as a superior woman, kind and sympathetic, without partiality, and the family as harmonious. His father had two sons by this wife, making his own children thirteen in number, of whom only two were girls and they were twins. Two sons died young and several were married before their father's second marriage.

My husband was hurt when young while hauling a saw-log with an oxteam on snow. The log slewed around and struck him on the leg. The rheumatism set in and for two years he was unable to walk except on crutches. It became sciatica and he suffered all his days more or less from it. The leg was shorter than the other as he was growing at the time.

He made a profession of religion when a young man and thought it his duty to preach the Gospel. He accordingly entered an academy preparatory to college and took a course in Middlebury college. Though he had some means before he commenced study his course had brought him considerably in debt. I think he had four or five hundred dollars of his own,

and he owed his brother-in-law, Hiram Soule, as much more.

He set about teaching to pay his debts but when he was married he had not yet canceled the amount. His brother-in-law was wealthy, and upon his death Sister Lucretia Soule begged him to accept the debt as a gift from her. He never had any opportunity for theological studies, and distrusting his own abilities he had given up the idea of preaching.

Years after we were married, when we had three children and much sickness, Drs. Spencer and Corbin advised husband to study medicine, offering the use of their libraries and their assistance. For a year he spent all his leisure hours in reading medical books but the pressure of other business and cares of an increaing family spoiled a good physician. About the same time my health was very poor—broke up the ague seven times in one summer. The last time the doctor gave me arsenic, which stopped my chills but left me in a miserable condition for two years.

I was troubled with liver complaint and palpitation of the heart. Husband said to me one day: "You will get well. You will outlive me and raise all of your children." Years after, when my heath restored and I had more children, I asked him what made him say that. He replied:

"I had made it a subject of prayer until I felt that my prayer was answered." He often said he believed it would be better for the children that I should be spared to them and he should be the first to go.

Our Heavenly Father only knows how many trials he has been spared. In my deepest sorrow I have often felt to rejoice that he had entered where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. I can see no consolation in the Spiritualists' idea that our dear departed are cognizant of all our troubles here below. It must rob Heaven of its bliss. But we have the comforter, the Holy Spirit, and an Almighty Saviour to guide us who has promised that all things shall work for good to those who love God.

In discussing my husband's education I forgot to mention that when in college he assisted in the chemical laboratory, for which he received, I think, some remuneration. He was an adept in chemistry and sometimes lectured. I think his course of study cost one thousand dollars.

RANDOM SKETCHES

(By Juliet F. Olmsted)

When I was young, woman's work was entirely different from nowadays. A girl learned to keep house before marriage and was expected to have laid by a quantity of stockings, linen and bedding of her own manufacture to commence housekeeping with. My mother had since my recollection towels, tablecloths, sheets, and blankets, a good supply of her own spinning.

When a girl, or first married, the weaving was often done out of the house, sometimes by men, but many women could weave. Cotton goods were then very expensive and rare, though some bought the raw cotton and corded, spun and wove the same as linen.

Then all the lights were lamps in which whale oil was burned, or home-made candles—mostly candles. Every family that was able killed a beef in the fall as well as several hogs. The beef was generally corned or salted which, boiled with all sorts of vegetables was the standby for dinner. Cold meat and vegetables for supper, warmed up for breakfast with fried pork, was the common bill of fare.

The desserts were puddings, pies and fried nut cakes or loaf cake. Baking soda was unknown in those days, so cakes were raised with yeast. There were no cooking stoves. The boiling was done over the fire in an open fireplace; the roasting before the fire, either suspended or in a tin oven. Baking was done once or twice a week in a large brick oven, such nice, sweet loaves, evenly baked and light!

Every fall after butchering came candle making. First, some boards were laid on the kitchen floor over which two long poles were laid, the ends resting on chairs or boxes. The candle wicks were lightly twisted on to rods, a half dozen to a rod. They were sometimes made of tow yarn. They were dipped into hot tallow and hung between the poles to cool. Then they were dipped again in rotation until they were the size wanted.

It took a good part of the day or night to dip so many dozen as were used. Soap making was another job which housekeepers dreaded. All the ashes from the fires were saved and generally in the spring a lach was filled and hot water poured on till there was sufficient lye. It must be strong enough to bear up an egg. Then all the the scraps of grease, pork rinds, etc., were added and it was either boiled or made cold.

This made soft soap but it was a trying process and often took much time and patience. By adding a little salt some of the lye was separated and the remainder made into hard soap. But there were barrels and barrels of soft soap used every year.

Then in addition to raising a family of children a woman had to clothe her family in homespun cloth, all spun in the house, the wool carded, the cloth colored and fulled for men, perhaps at a factory, but made up at home, by hand. The men's clothes were made by a tailor in the house. The stocking yarn was also spun and knit by the females. Didn't the little girls hate the work of knitting!

Three quarters of a century. O, what change has time wrought! The steamboat first ran on the Hudson river the year that I was born. When eighteen years old I rode on one of the first railroads built in this country. I believe there was another short one. The Albany and Schenectady road was about thirty miles long. The cars were like stagecoaches, holding about six persons and the rate of speed was not very great, especially as we went into Albany the engine was left and we were lowered down the hill about a mile by a load of stone hitched to a cable and drawn up by a stationary engine at the top, something on the plan of a cable-road, only the stone was on a different track from ours.

After a ride on the canal the railroad was a very great expedition. I have been the whole length of the Erie Canal when a whole week was required for the journey from Albany to Buffalo. In those days postage was twenty-five cents a letter for any short distance and the mails slow. The next thing to expedite business was the telegraph and now behold the submarine cables the world over.

Then the telephone and the phonograph that people may converse with their friends miles away. Electric lights instead of tow wick candles; horse cars; cable cars; steam cars and electric cars of self locomotion.

Now the old fashioned spinning wheel is no more; knitting done by machinery; sewing, which was once a fine art and required patience as well as skill is now done by machine at the expense of woman's back instead of their fingers. Baking is now an everyday affair in a hot stove in a hot room and in the opinion of eminent physicians is one cause of female weakness.

We buy our shoes ready-made instead of hiring a shoemaker to come every fall to your house with his kit of tools and make the family shoes for the year.

I was born in Lewis County, New York, October 13th, 1814, and had from my earliest days the best opportunities the country afforded for schooling. Attended several high schools, and an academy at Lowville where I also taught in my eighteenth year, having previously taught in Rome, N. Y., I taught for several terms in high schools.

When I was 22 years old my father went to Illinois as a home missionary and left myself and two oldest brothers in Ohio. I attended school at Oberlin college, where Mirham was president and Finney was professor of theology; studied Hebrew under professor Morgan, got far enough to read the Hebrew Bible, but not following it up soon lost it all.

I had previously made considerable proficiency in the Latin, having read through the Reader and the Aenid of Virgil. In the spring of '37 I went to Illinois and taught school four years, most of the time. In '39 I was teaching in Lockport, a high school, but as everybody was sick with ague I was taking a vacation in the fall.

While my school was closed Mr. Rufus Burnet Olmsted, a graduate of Middlebury College, Vermont, came into the village and was employed to teach the district school. I returned to my own school and in the spring of 1840 my patrons proposed that we should unite our schools, to which we agreed, I assisting him for a dollar and a half per week and my board.

I had four dollars a scholar a term before but rent of schoolroom and board taken out, my salary was not large. So I gave up my school and taught with him, having a large school, sixty or seventy, and I think as high as ninety scholars.

In the fall Mr. Olmsted proposed that we should unite our hearts and hands in wedlock. We were married the first of January, 1841, he being 34 years old and I 26, a union which lasted 26 years. Though never enriched with this world's goods we enjoyed life and lived in as much peace and harmony as often falls to the lot of mortals.

My husband was a man who feared God and worked righteousness. The family altar was never neglected. He served as Deacon in the Congregational Church of Plainfield, Ill., for several years, respected as a man of piety and learning.

We taught school several months after we were married.

In the spring my father proposed to my husband to go in partnership and engage in the silk business.

THE MAKING OF SILK

Accordingly father built a large two-story house fitted with frames and tables for feeding worms and they planted out fourteen acres of Morus Multicaulus in hills like corn. These grew in one summer breast high and afforded great quantities of leaves for feeding but had to be taken up in the fall and buried to prevent being winter killed.

In the spring they were cut into small pieces and planted again. My husband was to furnish the eggs and the labor. We fed the worms, gathered the leaves, and reeled, colored and skeined the silk. Sister assisted in reeling as Orville was born October 10th, 1841, of the first year. The eggs had to be imported from New Jersey and were sent by mail, often being hatched when received.

There were then no railroads connecting with the east so they were sent by stage, taking several days. The eggs are kept on ice until they are wanted. It took about four weeks to feed a batch of worms. They moult or shed their skins three times during which time they are striped.

The last week they eat voraciously and get as large as one's little finger, when they seek a place to weave their winding-sheet. In about ten days the chrysalis emerges, a miller, which soon proceeds to the business of propagating its kind. The moths are placed on paper, where they deposit their eggs.

The cocoons that are to be reeled are exposed to heat to kill the chrystal before it perforates them. We followed the business two years and made money—out of pocket. We boarded at father's in the meantime. After we quit the business my husband worked father's farm. We lived in the house with father for awhile. Herbert was born there.

After we plastered one room in the cocoonery and occupied that building where Clara, July 13, 1846, and Mary, December 25th, 1847, were born. In the meantime my husband had taken up a claim of government land which we sold I think for two hundred dollars after expending considerable in making a ditch and rod fence, to Mr. Cotton, an Englishman.

In 1845 my brother Isaac was married and built a house on the opposite side of the Dupage River on which we lived, planted an orchard and made considerable improvement on father's land. In 1849 the gold excitement in California took my father, brother Isaac and brother Vincent across the plains and mountains in search of gold. They had a tedious journey with oxteams. There they succeeded in accumulating considerable of the stuff.

In the meantime my husband had the management of father's farm of several hundred acres, employing hired help. My father returned in one year, Isaac twenty-six months, and Vincent somewhere between all by water via the Isthmus of Panama. After Isaac's return he went on to a new place and I think father paid him something for his improvements on his old place and with Isaac's consent father gave me a deed of the 160 acres for which I gave a receipt of $800 to the estate of my father.

We moved onto it in the spring of 1854. Father finished the old cocoonery and added to it and moved in with everything comfortable around. But California climate had made him discontented to remain in the old temperature of Illinois winters.

So in the spring of 1852 he started for the far west, the Pacific Coast, with Mother, Vincent, Arthur and Mariett, who was married three months before to William H. Cummings. This time they went with horses and mules and after many adventures arrived safe in San Jose.

There they settled permanently, Mr. Cummings the first years keeping a hotel. Father rented land for a year. Afterwards he went into the practice of law and was city judge in place of a mayor for some years.

"THE CALIFORNIA FEVER"

Emma was born the 24th of December, 1851, in our new home. Of course we all got the California fever more or less but could not go. Father gave my husband power of attorney to sell and dispose of all of his property left behind. The ranch consisted of several hundred acres with two dwellings, barns and outhouses, and two orchards, but not finding ready sale my husband leased to two separate tenants with whom he had some funny experiences.

One old woman threw hot water at us as we passed her door. The other, who occupied the large house, thinking to get the insurance as we supposed, attempted to burn the house but failed.

In the summer of '53 Isaac got the California fever again and sold his place and went to Council Bluffs and spent the winter so as to join the early emigration from that place. The next spring my husband succeeded in selling father's ranch with our own for eleven thousand dollars, of which our portion was twelve hundred. As there were so many accounts to be settled we could not join the emigration but procured an outfit and moved to Iowa where my husband had two brothers residing whom we had visited the year before.

The first time we went by the Illinois Central Railroad to Rock Island, crossed the Mississippi to Davenport by ferry, riding all night to Dubuque, thence up the river by steamboat to Prairie Du Chien. Took only Emma with us.

In returning we took steamboat at McGregor, opposite Du Chien, to Galena, thence by railroad to Chicago, thence to Joliet, our county seat. The second time we had one large wagon containing all of our household stuff it would hold and drawn by oxen driven by a hired man, and a covered carriage for the family drawn by horses. We also drove several cows.

We had a small tent furnished with a sheet iron stove by which we did our cooking and were just about as comfortable as at home. It was about the same as crossing the plains to California only we took it more leisurely, camping over some days to feed our stock. Our route lay through the northern part of Illinois and the southern part of Wisconsin, crossing the Illinois river at Rockford, across the Wisconsin and the Mississippi at Prairie Du Chien.

Monona, where we stopped, was only twelve miles from the Mississippi and brother Page Olmsted was an original settler and had kept an hotel, it being on the government road to Fort Atkinson. Another brother, Legrand Olmsted, also lived there, having moved from Vermont four years before. We stopped at brother Page's while my husband prospected the country for a ranch but not wishing to take our young children into a new country where they could have no advantages for schooling or ourselves any religious privileges we concluded to settle at Monona where we assisted in organizing a Presbyterian church in which my husband was

elder, having previously been deacon for several years in a Congregational church in Illinois.

He also superintended a Sabbath school where Orville gained a prize for committing to memory the greatest number of verses of Scripture, a nice Bible. Oh, that he had followed its sacred teachings! May the Holy Spirit impress it on his conscience and heart to his salvation. Amen!

We bought a town lot of Page and built a house. Husband and Page also built a store and went into merchandising. They continued in this business above a year when my husband sold his interest and bought a blacksmith shop and plough factory with four furnaces. We also sold our house and lot and moved into the upper story of a building where Stella was born May 18th, 1856.

Mr. Olmsted, not understanding the business in which he was engaged, was under the necessity of hiring a great deal of help, so he traded off his shop to one of his workmen, taking in pay a new house which he was building, with lots. We moved into this house in the fall and had a very comfortable home through the winter.

THOUGHTS TURN WESTWARD

But in the spring of '57 we began to turn our thoughts toward California again, as father was begging us not to leave our posterity in the inhospitable climate of Iowa or Minnesota. We talked of going to either of these states. Mr. Olmsted's younger brother David had formerly traded with the Indians at Fort Atkinson, Iowa, but when the Winnebagoes were removed to Crow Wing, Minnesota, the Indians insisted that he should go with them, saying he was the only white man who had told them the truth.

So as the Washington government promised him security for his expenses he removed with them. He went into a vast wilderness and in exploring the country he with a halfbreed Indian were lost for nine days with nothing to eat except some little fish they caught with a pin hook. At last they came upon a trail so exhausted that they lay down to die, but the Indians who had been hunting for them found them and rescued them. They had been wandering in an extensive swamp.

The halfbreed ate so much as to kill himself at once. Brother David was so enfeebled that he never recovered his

health. He removed to St. Paul where he edited a paper, the St. Paul Democrat. He was also the first Mayor of St. Paul. And he was first Lieutenant Governor. Previously he was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of Iowa. Olmsted County, Minnesota, was named for him.

When we lived in Iowa he (David) had removed to Winona, Minnesota, of which he owned one-fourth. While living there he was seriously ill and my husband visited him and ministered to him and was almost persuaded to make a home there.

Well, in the spring of '57, as all my father's family except myself had already reached California we yielded to their entreaties and in three weeks after deciding we were on our journey. Of course we had to make some sacrifices of our property, selling some at auction for what we could get.

Father advised us to take nothing but our clothing as we were to go by water and freight was very high. We got away with four trunks and less than two thousand dollars in money, of which it took nearly one thousand to pay our passage.

Our family consisted of husband, myself, Orville, Herbert, Clara, Mary, Emma and Stella, a babe in arms. We went down the Mississippi by steamboat to Galena the seventh of April, the first boat down the river having wintered above Point Galena. We took cars to Chicago. It snowed all day.

From Chicago we went through Michigan by rail, crossed the river at Detroit, and through Canada to Niagara Falls. Crossed on the Suspension Bridge into New York, east to Albany, thence down the Hudson River Railroad to Croton, landing where Mr. Olmsted's oldest brother resided with his family.

We slept there three nights on the cars. Sleeping cars were then unknown. We stayed a week at brother Sanford's. In the meantime husband and brother went to New York City, thirty miles, and secured tickets on the "George Law" for Aspinwall. The day we went aboard was very rainy and the sea so rough that the boat moored in the harbor until the next day, which proved so rough one could scarcely stand.

We were all seasick but when the storm was over I recovered with the children. Husband suffered the whole voyage, only going to table twice before reaching San Francisco. Were ten days on the Atlantic side, stopped at Kingston, Jamaica, for coal, which was loaded onto the steamer by negro girls,

formerly slaves, now free but still driven by the lash of the overseer.

They were dressed in light lawns and looked very neat for their business. The native men were plenty with nothing on but a breechclout. At Aspinwall harbor the boat was run onto a rock where it stuck fast and we were detained for some time. The "George Law" was an old boat and small and was overloaded.

Before making another trip it was overhauled and named the "Central America." Her first voyage as new she went down in the Atlantic with many of her passengers and crew, with them Lieutenant Herndon of the Navy who commanded our voyage.

From Aspinwall we crossed the Isthmus of Panama by railroad, which was new.

At Panama the depot was guarded by United States Marines as there recently had been a massacre of passengers there and it was not considered safe for foreigners then. Indeed, one of the company had a valuable gun stolen from the depot though forewarned to be on our guard.

A United States man-of-war lay off the harbor. No large vessel could come within two or three miles of the shore, so the California steamer was lying off. We went on board a small steamer lying high and dry at the wharf and lay there several hours till the tide coming in enabled her to get up steam and transfer us to the "John L. Stevens."

Our voyage on the Pacific was uneventful. Husband was still suffering from seasickness and after we crossed the Gulf of California was unable to leave his berth. But when we arrived at San Francisco and set foot on terra firma he soon recovered.

From San Francisco we went to Oakland and took stage to San Jose where we arrived at my father's the 18th of May, Stella being a year old that day. My father had bought a large lot of land from the Almaden Mining Company and he gave me seven acres with house and the use of the ranch, so we were again provided with a home through his generosity and love.

It was six miles from San Jose on the Almaden road. We procured a number of cows from which we made butter and cheese which was a paying business. Our friends also gave us some chickens. We commenced the second year with eighteen hens and my husband kept an account of the in-

come derived from them for the year. It amounted to two hundred dollars for eggs and chickens sold.

We improved our seven acres by setting out a vineyard and orchard; also dug a well and put in a windmill for irrigating purposes. We also added a dairy room and a bedroom to our house of three rooms. Here Ellen Rosaline, my youngest child, was born August first, 1859.

My mother, whose health was poor before she came to California but had recruited very much on the overland journey, was now suffering from dropsy and died in San Jose the 12th of August when Ellen was twelve days old.

My father, mother, husband and myself were all members of the First Presbyterian church of San Jose, where we enjoyed the fellowship of many long since gone to the Courts Above. In the winter of 1860 my husband concluded to look around for a stock ranch. He and my youngest brother Arthur found a place in San Luis Obispo county on the head of San Marcos creek where they bought a claim having almost unlimited range for cattle.

In the spring of 1860 they, with the help of Orville and Herbert, drove 500 head of cattle into the county, most of which they had taken on shares to herd for one half the increase. Husband had been down in the winter and they had erected a log hut but had put on only part of a roof and one gable end was left open.

They had a door made from shakes and two half-windows brought from San Jose. There was no floor. We moved down in April. My brother Isaac came with us, driving a large wagon loaded with such household stuff as we could bring but leaving many things I could ill afford to spare. We came in a smaller wagon, well loaded.

The traveling was very bad, the road muddy. Near Gilroy the wagon ran into a mudhole and as the horses sprang forward to extricate it one whiffletree broke and we were fast. The sudden stop had thrown our little Mary from her seat onto the wagon tongue, where she lay with one leg through the wheel.

If the horses had succeeded in pulling the wagon she must have seriously hurt but a kind Providence saved her for that time for a more severe experience. When we arrived my brother Arthur and Herbert who had preceded us with a bunch of cattle and horses had been through some trials. Their food was short, their horses had strayed away for miles, and they had none left. They walked to San Miguel, ten

miles in pursuit and Arthur went still farther to get a horse to hunt with.

Herbert turned homeward but night had set in, and as he was plodding his lonely way he heard a crashing in the brush and a bear snorting on his track. Fortunately there was a tree near into which he sprang and remained until Arthur came along with a horse.

After we came Arthur and the boys went on a hunt and found the band of strays but it cost the life of one of our young horses which Arthur rode. We had brought some redwood boards as sideboards to our wagons. These we laid down at one end of our hut and spread our bedclothes on instead of beds. In May as soon as the grass was grown husband cut some for our beds a mile from home, and he, Clara, Mary and Emmer went out with a horse and packed in ticks and sacks as much hay as they could stow away.

Mr. Olmsted had before made some bedsteads of poles fastened to the logs in the end of the house, one in each corner opposite the door, the house being 12 feet by 20. Mary had seated herself on the side of one bed on a trunk, holding Ellen, the baby. The father proceeded to load a shotgun to set for a bear.

Being much fatigued and crippled withal with rheumatism, to my surprise he sat down in the house to load, an unusual thing for him to do, and pointing the gun across his lap in an opposite direction from where Mary sat he remarked: "Now, children, keep away from before this gun for when it goes off it will make a hole." It was loaded with a large slug.

No sooner said than done. In some unaccountable way the gun turned on his knees as he was priming it and discharging itself the ball struck the bedstead nearest him and carrying with it wool, cotton and thread it glanced across to where Mary was sitting, went through her leg just below the knee on which Ellen was sitting and cutting into a wagon seat it fell spent to the ground.

We were all so frightened at the report that we ran out of the house, Mary with the child in her arms with the rest. Husband was foremost and was making off with rapid strides. I looked around and seeing all the girls I called to him, "Come back! No one is hurt." Then glancing around I saw Mary was deadly pale and taking the child from her arms I seated her on the door step and inquired what ailed her. She did not

even know she was hurt but said she thought the ground was sinking under her when she walked.

When we found how seriously she was hurt we were almost beside ourselves. Her father, usually a man of nerve, was so overcome that several times he almost fainted. But realizing that something must be done he prepared some splints and bandages and proceeded to dress the wound.

The bone was entirely splintered below the knee, a great bunch of flesh protruding on the inside of the leg where the ball came out. Soon after the accident my brother Arthur started for San Luis, thirty miles distant, for a surgeon.

The wound did not bleed at first but some hours after it began to bleed copiously so that we feared she would bleed to death. We despatched Herbert in the night to our nearest neighbors five miles away to see if we could get any assistance.

He found a German doctor who recommended camphor gum to stop bleeding. But before he returned Mary, who was much more composed and calm than we were asked if alum would not be good. I at once recollected that we had tannin in the house. We accordingly saturated the bandages which soon stopped the flow.

While dressing the wound my husband repeatedly asked Mary to forgive him. She would look up with such love and pity and say: "Why, pa, I know you did not mean to do it."

The accident happened Monday about eleven o'clock, and the surgeon did not arrive until Wednesday noon, Dr. Freeman bringing his instruments to amputate her leg, but concluded to wait a few days, telling my husband to dress it every four hours with a poultice of charcoal and flour mixed with cold water.

The weather was extremely warm and he feared mortification but my husband was so assiduous in his care that it was prevented and the limb saved. The doctor had prepared a sort of bench to which the bandaged leg was bound and for four months she endured the inconvenience, carrying it around whenever moved.

But the wound was so filled with shattered bones, cotton and wool that kept working out that it was impossible for it to heal. We had to change the cloths often as it smelt very bad. We lived eight months on the ranch—such a lonely life! I saw only two females out of my own family. One, Mrs. Green, part Spanish, who came when Mary was hurt, and a squaw.

Hunters and stock men were frequent callers and were always freely entertained, but at times we were short of provisions though we had milk, butter and cheese. We brought our flour and groceries from San Jose.

Wild beasts were numerous. The deer often supplied us with meat and sometimes bears did the same. In the fall bears were very numerous, coming into the valley for acorns. We could often hear them at night breaking limbs from the large white oak trees and see their tracks near the house.

One evening my sons and Mr. Ross were out on a hunt, having a platform built in a tree from which to watch. They had left the dogs chained at the house. My husband and children were abed and asleep. The dogs commenced a furious barking and tugged at their chains and at the same time I heard a piteous whining.

Not knowing what it was I awaked my husband and asked him to explain. "Why, it is a bear!" He sprang to the door and loosed the dogs. There was a lively chase through the brush and next morning we tracked the bear to the trough where we got water but a few yards from the house.

Our men killed several bears by setting guns on their trails. At one time they killed an old one with a cub at one shot. At another time they killed a yearling bear which furnished a great quantity of oil as sweet as cream for cooking, and the meat salted was equal to corned beef, though more solid.

Mary's health continued to decline. Though 13 years old she only weighed 60 pounds owing to the discharge from her wound. We were advised to move to the coast on her account. In December we took our departure from the valley, packed our blankets on our horses and made the trip over the mountains in two days on horseback, Mary also on horseback. Our goods went via San Luis.

We had liberty to go into a log cabin claimed by ex-Governor McDougal which had no roof on, but as we had two tents we put on a cloth roof, and although it proved a pretty wet winter we kept quite comfortable.

In the spring of '61 my brother Isaac came down from San Jose and we sent Mary home with him, that if possible she might have something done for her. Dr. Spencer, then considered an excellent surgeon, assisted by Dr. Cory, performed an operation, laying open the flesh to the bone and taking out pieces of bone which had grown onto the new formation.

He then put in a suture which kept it open until new flesh formed. In three months it was healed. She was very anxious for this operation, knowing her life depended on it. When laid on the table before chloroform was given she looked up and smiled. Dr. Cory remarked: "You are a trump!"

After she got well my father took her to Columbia, Tuolumne county, where my sister, Mrs. Cummings, lived, and she spent the remainder of her days there in attending school. She died September first, 1863, of typhoid fever, aged 15 years and nine months. Though naturally bright, cheerful and self-reliant she bore her afflictions with patience and even with gayety, amusing and tending the younger children when suffering herself.

For months before her death I seemed to have a special anxiety about her, lying awake nights and committing her to the care of our Heavenly Father. On learning of her death I said to myself: "All my prayers are in vain." When a voice overhead answered or seemed to answer: "No, not in vain."

My prayers were answered. My father gave me three hundred dollars for my place in San Jose, one hundred of which went to pay Mary's doctor bill and the rest was put into a log house which we built in the fall of '61. We moved into our house about the first of December. We had heavy rains in November before it was completed, and as all the sawed lumber for flooring, etc., was brought from San Francisco and our nearest port was San Luis landing, it took a week to haul a load from there.

After we moved it was very pleasant for a few days. Then the rain again set in and we scarcely saw the sun for some months. This was known as the wet winter of '61 and '62.

There were many Spanish cattle roaming over the country owned by the great ranchers and many died from the inclemency of the weather and getting into landslides. As we had driven over a lot of dairy cows we lost a number from the same cause.

My husband had taken a claim of government land adjoining the Santa Rosa ranch owned by Don Julian Estrada, who put on great style in those days, riding around the country on horseback with silver mounted saddle and bridle which cost hundreds of dollars. He was attended by peons running before and behind but alas! the glory is long since departed.

Don Julian is dead and his family are entirely disposessed of the ranch of three leagues. The winter of '62-'63 was not a very wet winter and there was so much stock in the coun-

try that in the fall of '63 the feed was very scarce and cattle roamed to a great distance.

We had thought to have a dairy of a hundred cows of our own in the spring, but we had one smart rain in November which started the grass a little but was succeeded by cold, dry weather, during which we did not have even a good shower until April, '64. This time the cattle died from starvation, so that in April our folks gathered about forty head, mostly young cattle, all they could find that belonged to us.

They had previously returned those on shares to their owners. We drove our own to the mountains above the Sancho Peijo where the boys herded them to try to keep them alive. We eventually recovered sixteen head, having killed two for jerked meat. Our horses were also driven to the mountains, so we were without a team.

The wet winter we had plenty of potatoes and meat, milk and butter, but as our flour and groceries had to be brought from San Luis it was impossible almost to procure them. Yet we substituted hulled corn for bread and wild sage for tea and were well fed.

The dry year, not having any dairy or income we had to resort to strategem. The times of war were very hard. Though not in the conflict we felt hard times. Calico prints were fifty cents a yard and other things in proportion. Fortunately my husband had bought the year before a quantity of drilling sacks for grain.

These clothed my family. I colored them with oak bark and made them into dresses, petticoats and drawers for my girls and pants for my boys and husband. The men also wore buckskin for pants. I had some clothing that was my dead mother's for myself. Once my sister sent me five dollars to buy flour. My husband, not having a horse, walked to San Simeon, nine or ten miles, and packed home on his back a fifty-pound sack of flour.

Husband and the children, boys and girls, often walked to the beach several miles and came home loaded with abalones and fish. Our nearest neighbors were bitter Secessionists and though they openly did us no harm they made threats against my husband as if in case California went out of the Union as they then anticipated he would have been sacrificed.

At one time during the war husband had just been to San Luis with a load of cheese and came home with some money. Just at that time there was great excitement over the discovery of gold, silver and copper in the county. Husband and the

boys had started out to prospect but fortunately had returned at night.

All the forepart of the night our dog had kept up a barking and growling but thinking some wild animal was around we did not notice it. Toward morning we were awakened by the falling of the doorlatch, a great, heavy wooden latch, and we heard someone run from the door.

The older children slept upstairs. My husband after some time went upstairs to see what was the matter but finding them all asleep he went to the door and called. No dog answered. In the morning he lay dead by the creek. The dog had paid the penalty of his watchfulness by being poisoned. Someone had evidently supposed the men were gone and intended mischief but having raised the household ran away.

Mr. Olmsted and the boys were often gone from home prospecting for mines in those days and my girls were all young. We never saw anyone except an occasional Spaniard or Indian hunting stock, and being naturally a coward I suffered fear. No one but God knows how much!

One morning one of the girls, going to the door, said: "Why, ma, there is a man at the barn." We found that an Indian who had been hunting horses the night before had slept there. The next day having an opportunity I sent word to my husband that we had neighbors and he and my sons concluded that we ought not be left alone, so Mr. Olmsted after that left mining.

During the mining excitement my husband one day took some men in a wagon up the Santa Rosa as far as there was a road and left them to prospect. Coming home alone in crossing the creek the wagon wheel struck a boulder and threw him, seat and all, out. He cut the back of his head on a rock, cutting his head fearfully and for some time completely paralyzing him.

After some time one hand which lay in the water began twitching and spattering the water over him and soon he was able to get up and come home. He frightened me terribly when he presented himself, looking like a ghost and his clothing bespattered with blood.

From that time he suffered with neuralgia and nervous pains in his head. In the fall and winter of '66 he was a great sufferer and in the spring of '67, after an attack of vomiting he became paralyzed on one side and the next day wholly so. He only lived 24 hours after.

His death was so sudden we only knew he was gone. I said to my brother Vincent: "If I could only know how he felt about dying!"

He replied: "You know how he lived."

He died the fourteenth of March, aged sixty years and five months, having lived a consistent Christian life from his early youth. It was very rainy some time before his death and the roads were almost impassable. There was no cemetery nearer than San Luis so we buried him in a plain pine coffin on our claim. Over his grave Orville erected a monument bearing the inscription:

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Orville furnished the marble. I paid Cartwright for cutting the inscription.

We were left in rather destitute circumstances, having about twenty head of cattle and calves, some of which the boys claimed, and some horses, including one old mare from which all the work horses of the place have sprung.

The fall after my husband's death I went to San Francisco and entered as a homestead a quarter section of land which had just been surveyed on which our house was located. In the spring of '68 Clara, my eldest daughter, was married to Miles C. Marks, who had settled near us. She was married just a year after my husband's death and after another year I was a grandmother of twin girls.

My father died in July, '68, leaving an estate in San Jose, sold in 1874 for eleven thousand dollars, of which my share after deducting the eight hundred dollars for which I had given a receipt, was $1,555.68. And Mr. Baker paid me for one-fifteenth of the ranch on the San Marcos, of which father owned one-third, one hundred and thirty dollars, making one thousand, six hundred and eighty-five dollars.

Of this sum I paid a debt for my brother Arthur of $670, of which $157 never has been paid to me. With the remainder I thought to make a comfortable home for my old age. I expended at least one thousand dollars on a house and in furnishing it, Herbert putting up the body, I bought the doors and frames, windows and window frames ready made, cloth and paper, and Orville also assisted in painting and papering.

The new house of five rooms with the old log house made us very comfortable as the family was now much reduced. Stella went to the city in 1871 to her aunt, who boarded her and sent her to school. She was married in 1882 to Fred Cou-

ham. Soon after our house was finished Emmer was married, February, 1875, to Silas Williams of New York, so that of my five daughters only Ellen, the younger, was left. But we much of the time boarded a schoolteacher.

January 7th, 1877, Clara died, leaving six children, the youngest boy being only two and a half months old. I took her babe and nursed him on a bottle until he was two years old. I also took two of the girls and for some time had them all.

Their father married again in '78. That same year Emmer and family went to Washington Territory, (Walla Walla,) thinking to better their fortunes, but after two years returned, her health being prostrated. She remained in San Francisco for six months under the doctor's care while her husband came to us with his three little children, the youngest, one year and nine months old but not walking, always having been sickly.

After six months Emmer came home and was confined to her bed for a year. After that she was able to keep house by herself. In 1883 my youngest daughter Ellen was married to John Herbert of San Jose, since which time I have been most of the time with one or the other of my daughters.

In 1885 my son Herbert, who has lived with me since his father's death, and to whom I promised the homestead after my death, married a widow, Sarah M. Breachman, who kept house for him in my absence.

Orville, my oldest child, has never had a home of his own

When I review the scenes of my past life I feel and realize that the Lord has been my shepherd indeed. Though I have been poor I have never suffered for anything and the necessity of economy has kept me from many of the extravagances and follies that are in the world.

I know how much enjoyment there is in feeling that under God and by our own efforts we have achieved something for ourselves and family. Though I have had a considerable estate from my father it has been put into the common fund and I have been left a pensioner on the bounty of my children. My own children have been dutiful and kind. May Heaven reward them!

But my heart is grieved that some of them are strangers to the God of their fathers! I sometimes feel that I could not be happy in Heaven and know that my children were miserable. But my Heavenly Father is just and righteous and does all things well. It is my constant prayer that he may lead

them to repentance for sins and faith in my Redeemer, and that they may be more faithful in training their children for Him than I have been.

Perhaps my unfaithfulness has been their ruin. O God, forgive me and hear my humble prayer for their salvation! January 31, 1890.

My father made a profession of religion when I was quite young, my mother some time after. I can not remember when I first began to think seriously of the concerns of my soul but can remember when I used to steal off by myself to read my Bible and to pray.

When ten years old I had a severe sickness and I recollect with what joy I contemplated a heavenly home. But as I was naturally very diffident I don't know as I ever made known my feelings. My father in after years told me he knew of my private devotions.

When I was about fifteen my oldest brother James, two years younger than myself, died, and on his deathbed he expressed his willingness to go and gave my messages to his cousins. I had soon after his death a singular dream which made a great impression on my mind.

I dreamed we were a great company assembled at the church in Leyren, where father preached the day my brother died. James was enlisting a regiment for Heaven and the earnestness with which he pleaded with one and another and with myself also to fall into the ranks was never forgotten. It was about this time I united with that church and was baptized by my father. But the next spring after my brother's death I went to Lowville School and was wholly devoted to study.

List Of Property Given Me By My Father

Household stuff	$ 50.00
A cow	25.00
Land, sixteen acres	800.00
The ranch at San Jose	1555.68
My seven acres	300.00
From Baker	130.00
The surplus from the 160 acres	400.00
	$3230.68
From estate minus via Arthur	157.00
	$3173.68

JULIET FOSTER'S ALBUM

Lowville Academy, 1832

Fac hoc Album ad Amiciliam, Virlulem, el Religionem, sacrum esse Athos Ama Deum ama Virlulem el este bealum

Musick

'Tis not in the harp's soft, melting tone
That musick and harmony dwell alone;
'Tis not in the voice so tender and clear
That comes like an angel's strain o'er the ear.
They both are sweet, but o'er dale and hill
For me, there is beautiful musick still.

(Lowville Academy, Sept. 2nd, 1832.)
Selected by L. C. Morgan of Adams

Miss Juliet, Hamlet Allen, Plainfield, May 31,1837.

For J. Foster.

FAITH

"By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter;

"Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season;

"Esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt: for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward.

"By faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the King; for he endured, as seeing him who is invisible."

Oberlin, Oct. 24—1836.

James A. Thome.

AURORA BOREALIS

Written after the beautiful display of that phenomenon September 1st, 11 o'clock p. m., 1827, by E. D. Barber, of Middlebury, V. T.

Thou transient fire of even
How grand and glorious is thy arch
Beneath the vaulted sky — thy march
Across the fields of Heaven!
Art thou the bonfire's flame

Where angels cast their faults away
And burn them when the blaze of day
Hides not their shame?

That man may see — how they
Impure within Jehovah's sight
Rise amid the silent shades of night
Their souls to purify.
Or doth the flames arise
Grateful and pure before the throne
Of the Omniscient Mighty One
From altar of the skies?

Art thou the chariot's track
When holy spirits course wide heaven
And visiting the stars of even
Drive mantling darkness back?
Thou'rt lit by heavenly skill
And in they ever-varied form
In fitful gleam or fiery stream
Thou are incomparable.

Sand Lake, May 23rd, 1836.—Inserted by the Author's sister, K. D. Gregory.

Juliet:—

You probably have observed the mind is so constituted and things influencing it are so arranged, that it cannot be chained down to present evils but ever looks forward to future good. So when called to sever friendship which we have cultivated in propitious hours, when summoned to untwine the strong affections of the soul, that have spread forth in happier days: The mind weighed down with sorrow looks along the path of life to catch some spot of sunshine when with friends restored, affections unalloyed pure as the love of angels can flourish brighter, stronger on through many a prosperous year. But still —

'Tis sad to part, e'en with the thought
That we shall meet again;
For then it is that we are taught
How firmly, silently is wrought,
Affection's viewless chain.

Yet were it not that we must part with friends we should not know their w[illegible] When we pass our time together undis-

turbed, though the soul were bound with thousand chains, we scarce would feel them. But at separation—then we find how many fibres knit around the heart like vines upon the oak that scarcely can get cut asunder.

Yes, how the last "Farewell," with silent power opens the founts of feeling. Then as we watch with lingering look the friend borne in the bark that sinks along the wave or in some chariot on the distant hill receding, how the soul flows forth with sorrows that we had not known were hidden in its deep recess.

And then how hope springs forth! And if it be that friends while here were, too, the friends of God well may it be. For what was pleasure here becomes the prelude to eternal joys. Yes, they that were severed here, kindling their feelings at the throne of Him that loved us, there can pass from bliss to perfect bliss till in affection's growing strengthening they arrive at perfect fullness in the Lord of Hosts.

L. D. Butts.

Dear Child:—

Receive a word of advice from one who ever feels the greatest solicitude for your present and eternal welfare. There are certain graces which peculiarly adorn the female character but perhaps no one embellishes it so much as that of Humility.

This is that Christian grace around which all others cluster and grow. Therefore, my child, be "clothed with humility." That is, entertain a sense of the natural imperfection of all your faculties. Our natures are so imperfect that we are more liable to err than otherwise. If then you have a constant apprehension of your own liability it will lead you to seek for divine illumination and your heart will aspire to the Throne of God like the Psalmist.

"Teach me thy way." Humility also includes a moderate apprehension of our attainments. You must realize that you know but little in comparison with many of your fellow creatures or with what you may yet know. Also be fully persuaded that the most exalted knowledge is of but little value without a practical influence.

Humility includes humble thoughts of your own goodness. Remember that in your best performances you have nothing to boast of. Recollect the Master hath said: "That when you ber that you are a dependent creature; that your wants are very many."

Be concerned to have an humble sense of your dependence on God and your need of Him; if you are temporarily blest it must be of God. Your life is in His hand. Your lot and condition are at His pleasure. All the peculiar wants that can any way concern your mental or physical powers continually depend on Him.

And in the sphere of grace always remember your constant need of his influences. His mercy is necessary to pardon our sins and help our infirmities every day. We cannot perform our religious services well nor acquit ourselves honorably in the hour of trial or perform any social or relative duty commensurably without the grace of the good spirit of the Lord.

There should always be felt a subordinate dependence upon our fellow creatures. You will have need of earthly friends always. Be careful in the selection of them; let them be long and well tried before you place too much confidence in them. Then be grateful for their friendship.

Again, another branch of humility is a modest apprehension of our own rank and station. Compared with the blessed God we cannot think too low and mean of ourselves. He is the "high and lofty one that inhabiteth Eternity; His very name is holy." All the relations in which we stand to him bespeak the profoundest submission due from us; humility will teach us never to dispute his precepts or providence for He needs not our consent to do with us as He pleases.

As to your fellow creatures remember that "God hath made of one blood all the nations of men" and if God in His providence hath given you greater talents or privileges you ought to thank Him and remember you ought to improve them for His glory in blessing His more needy creatures.

In conclusion I would recommend Humility in all circumstances of life for it is a grace of the first rank in Christianity. God speaks of it with peculiar marks of distinction and honor. He says "What does God require of thee but to deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly?" "I will dwell with the humble." It is necessary to faith, equally so to obedience.

It adorns every virtue and recommends its possessor to every beholder. It is recommended by the preeminent example of Christ, practiced by all holy beings on earth, will go with us to Heaven if we are so happy as to get there, and we shall be if truly humble here.

There shall we eternally practice it with angels and the

spirits made perfect. God grant that this may be your happy portion is the prayer of your affectionate father,

Turin, 29th May, 1833. I. Foster.
(Her Father)

To Miss Foster

When forced to part with those we love,
Though sure to meet tomorrow.
We yet a kind of anguish prove
And feel a touch of sorrow.
But oh! what words can paint the fear
When from those friends we sever,
Perhaps to part for months or years,
Perhaps to part forever.

Inserted by Mary E. Leonard.

"To think that o'er these lines thine eye,
May wander in some future year,
And memory breathe a passing sigh,
For her who placed them here."

M. E. Leonard.

Lowville Academy, Sept. 26th, 1832.

Juliet:—

From every storm of wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
It's found beneath the Mercy Seat.

That my dear Juliet may so live in the world of sorrow as to be a bright and shining example to those about her of true piety and Christian zeal and at last obtain the wished-for haven of Eternal blessings is the sincere desire of your friend,

Mary E. Abbott.

Lowville, March 6th, 1833.

My God Forsake Me Not."

When white-rob'd joy with sportive tread
Allured my waking eye;
Or when its dazzling smile was fled,
Its boasted fountains dry;
When gathering fast the clouds of woe

Obscured this earthly spot
And taught the bitter tears to flow
My God forsook me not.

Lulie Smith.

(Mrs. Barney; Married Eliam Eliakim Barney, teacher Lowville; afterwards car maker at Dayton, Ohio.)

Juliet:—

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one
Our comforts and our cares.

These words, though written by one long since gone to his rest, express the feelings of my heart; and though ocean's waves should separate us, let them serve as a remembrance.

From your affectionate Mary Fowler
Missionary to India.

Lowville Academy, Sept. 27, 1832.

"The Bright Morning Star"

From friends beloved and comforts far
While tears of memory bathe my face,
Rise on my heart, bright morning star,
With all thy beams of Heavenly grace.

Selected by I. Ball.

Lowville Academy, Sept. 1st, 1833.

"Who is this destroyer?" I said to my Guardian Angel.

"It is Time," said he. "When the morning stars sang together over the new-made world he commenced his course, and when he shall have destroyed all that is beautiful of the earth, plucked the sun from his sphere, veiled the moon in blood—Yes, even when he shall have rolled the heavens and the earth away as a scroll, then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth and with one foot on the sea and one on the dry land lift up his hand toward Heaven and swear by Heaven's Eternal: "Time is, Time was, but Time shall be no longer."

Caroline Williams of Cherry Valley.

Lowville Academy, August 17th, 1835.
For Miss Juliet Fowler.

WORDS

From rosy bowers where lovers meet,
Words issue forth in accents sweet;
Words everywhere on earth abound,
Nor seen, nor felt, the airy sound.
Words cherish love and kindle strife,
They sweeten and embitter life.
Words pierce like swords and make us feel;
Then, smooth as oil, words often heal.
The words of friends we value more
Than gems encased in golden ore;
Yet words, by thousands, every day
Are vile and worse than thrown away.
Be guarded, then, by old and young,
The double door of heart and tongue,
Lest words escape, inflicting pain,
Which cannot be recalled again.

Inserted by H. Morgan, Lowville Academy.
August 25, 1835.

"My Father,
Once beside me bloomed a sweet immortal
Rose and poured its balm upon my wounded soul;
And now 'tis in thy bosom.
But Father, let thy will be done,
Not mine."

Laura R. Dunn.

2 Corinth. 3-2,3.

"Ye are our epistle, written in our hearts, known and read of all men: For as much as ye are manifestly declared to be the epistle of Christ ministered by us, written not with ink, but with the spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in fleshly tables of the heart."

Dear Sister, what kind of a letter would the Saviour write? What spirit and image would it present? Let your whole life be such an epistle.

October 24th, Oberlin. W. T. Allan.

REST OF HEAVEN

Inscribed to Miss Foster.

There is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;

There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above, in Heaven.

Sheffield Institute, March 2nd, 1837.

There is a joy which is pure, unsullied, and which will last as long as eternity endures. It is joy which will grow brighter and brighter till swallowed up in the brilliancy of God's eternal glory. It is indeed an emanation from the great source of all purity and excellence. A stream the current of which if followed will lead to an ocean of everlasting bliss. It is not a fitful stream, not like the morning cloud and early dew.

It is the joy that arises from doing good; for having a conscience void of offense towards God and towards man. From following after peace and holiness; and from an abiding in Christ.

Dear friend, may this be the joy that shall ever possess your bosom; the joy to cheer you through life's eventful way; to console you in the time of affliction; and the joy to inspire you onward when laboring for the Lord of Hosts.

Yours most affectionately,

Jennett Raymond.

Julia

Farewell, and shall we meet in heav'n
Where all is joy and peace and love?
Shall we meet on the blissful shore
Where life's tempests rage no more?

TO MY FRIEND JULIET

He that is down need fear no fall;
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it, or much.
Fulness to such a burthen is
To go on a pilgrimage:
Here little, and hereafter bliss
Is best from age to age.

Uncle Giles Foster.

I asked her, when in beauty drest,
When youthful hope inspired her breast,
"Where is He whom thou lovest best?"
She said: "In Heaven."

H. A. C.

May love, esteem and friendship crown your days
With joys to guilt unknown, from doubt secure;
May heavenly truth inspire thy voice to praise
And bid that praise beyond the world endure.

Votre Amoi.

My dear Miss Foster:—

You ask me to write in your album. But it is so long since I have attempted anything of the kind that I scarcely know what to write. I would not however decline. The thought that it may afford you a moment's pleasure if not profit when the cares of life press upon you or when far away from friends, dear to your heart, but above all the reflection that I may by the Grace of God animate you to make one more effort than you otherwise would have made in the cause of "Him who loved us and gave himself for us" encouraged me to attempt.

Not that I expect to tell you anything new. I would only be your "Remembrancer." I feel a lively interest in your welfare and I would fain have you supply by your diligence and perseverance as a teacher of youth, your devotedness as a Christian, my own "lack of service."

I know you wish to do good. Is it not then a blessed thought that you may do just as much good as you wish and a solemn one that we are accountable for all that we neglect to do? Alas, how little do we realize this and what an account is daily and hourly accumulating against us.

The first step to usefulness as you very well know is personal piety. Without all our attempts to benefit others are of little worth. One must cultivate a closer communion with God if we would glorify Him and be employed in His service. Indeed if we would do anything to benefit our fellow creatures, to raise from spiritual death to spiritual life we must live a life of prayer.

And do we need any incentive in the performance of this duty? What alarming stupidity reigns in our hearts if this be the case and [illegible] strange as it may seem it is even so. But

if there is ever need of prayer it is at such a time. I would then obey the exhortation of the Apostle and exhort you, my dear young friend not to neglect at any time or under any circumstances this important duty, or rather the enjoyment of this high privilege.

If there is any way that we can approximate by our employments on earth to those in heaven it is when engaged in the delightful exercise of prayer and praise. I think there is a great deal of meaning in those two lines which are familiar to almost every one:

"Praying will make us leave sinning, or sinning will make us leave praying."

"If then you would possess the spirit of Him who went about doing good, pray. If you would enjoy the unspeakable delight of seeing those over whom you have influence redeemed from the bondage of sin and a Saviour's image enstamped on their souls, O you must pray.

And do you desire to have your own heart attuned to the enjoyments and employments of Heaven you must imbibe the spirit and obey the command of the Apostle and "pray without ceasing."

Farewell, dear Juliet. When you stand at the judgment seat of Christ may it then be found that "your prayers have availed much," and that the blessing pronounced upon such as have turned many to righteousness may be yours is the ardent wish of your friend.

Lowville Academy, May, 1833. L. E.

Juliet:—

He who created the universe and established the beauty and harmony of nature; who ordained certain fixed and uniform relations between the creatures of His power; who constituted man a social being and rendered his bosom susceptible of all these kindly feelings and tender emotions, those mutual sympathies which being so many cords like the ivy around the oak, twine themselves around his heart, constantly binding his soul in unison with that of his kin in proportion as he witnesses their development, founding the foundation of all his friendships and all his attachments and making the separation of friends so painful a law of our nature might have created and established all things directly the reverse.

The face of nature, instead of being lovely and attractive in its radiant features, instead of brightening our pleasures and augmenting our happiness and leading our minds

through the contemplation of nature's works up to Nature's God, the most sublime enjoyment that man can attain in this life might have been presented to us in indifference, offering neither pleasure nor pain.

Or it might have been a source of pain without being fatal to our existence. Also the human soul might have been constituted unsusceptible to friendship and rendered insensible to all the finer and holier feelings of our natures and man might have stood so postively changed with self or so antagonistically with everything attractive and lovely as like a body either positively or negatively electrified repels the approach of a body in the same state, to repel the approach of his fellow.

You can easily conceive the effects of such an arrangement. Everyone being by the constitution of things shut out from the society of his fellows and every source of enjoyment from the external world would be obliged to look for the same into his own cold and senseless bosom.

The family circle if constituted with such an arrangement instead of being a terrestrial paradise would have presented a scene fraught with everything revolting, an earthly pandemonium looking at things in this light.

How wise and how benevolent must appear the present arrangement, how admirably calculated to promote the happiness of man: How awkward and unfeeling then to complain and say that the pleasure of meeting our friends is destroyed by a consciousness that we must part. Never was saying more false. Instead of being a curse it is indeed a blessing. Friends are rendered doubly dear to each other by separation. Hence friend should part with friend for a season and though doomed, part,

> "Still they may be joined in heart
> And hope to meet again."

Then hope then avails and then joys still may be one though Atlantic's wave roll between them. And if they have Christ formed within them the hope of glory they may look forward to that blissful period when they shall meet around the bright throne of Jehovah where friendship no longer chilled by the blast of disappointment will bloom in immortal beauty.

> Let thoughts like these possess your heart
> They'll lift your soul above
> When friends shall meet and never part
> And never cease to Love.

Dear Friend, you have asked me to write a few lines for thee to keep me, I ween, in remembrance dear. Now, dear friend, if pain not deeply drawn in thy heart, pray what good will it do to draw a few lines in thy book? For if pain not in the first place, no art of mine can ere keep me in thy mind. So without further words, kind friend, Adieu.

P.

ACROSTIC

Join every virtue, every grace,
Unto the attractions of thy face;
Let the music of the spheres
In sweet harmony appear;
Ever charm thy soul of love
To raise thy aspiring heart above.

From thy spirit ever be
Offspring of the Deity,
Shining, precious, jewel fair,
Trusted to thy Foster - ing care,
Ever keep the jewel bright,
Ransomed from eternal night.

I. D. E.

TO MISS FOSTER

I saw two clouds at morning
Tinged with the rising sun;
And in the dawn they floated on
And mingled into one.
I thought that morning cloud was blest
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting
And join their course with silent force
In peace each other greeting.
Calm was their course thro' banks of green
While dimpling eddies play'd between.

Such be your gentle motion
Till Life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam and summer's stream

A calmer sea where storms shall cease,
Float on in joy to meet
A purer sky where all is peace.

That this may be your happy experience is the sincere wish of your friend,

Ann C. Perry.

Lowville, June 27th, 1835.

GOD IS NIGH!

Fearest thou the awful thunders roll? Seest thou the lightnings fly?
Does the dark storm appal thy soul? Remember! God is nigh.
Ah, fear not then the dread alarm: His ever watchful eye
Will keep thee safe from ev'ry harm. Remember! God is nigh.
And should the storms of life assail thy heart thy faith to try,
Oh, let them not, my friend, prevail; Remember! God is nigh.
Cheerless has been my chequered days; I've known no azure sky;
This hope alone my only stay—I know that God is nigh!

A. G. B.

Fac, hoc Album; ad Amicitiam, Virtutem, et Religionem Sacrum esse

Sacred to Friendship, the Sister of Grace;
Sacred to Virtue, Companion of Peace,
And to Religion, Futurity's boon,
The balm of the soul, from God's only Son.

Friendship unites us in bonds that control
Passions that conflict and poison the soul;
Matures the affections which Nature hath given
That binds us on Earth—that will bind in Heaven.

Virtue doth guide us o'er the ocean of life,
Leads our frail bark on the waters of strife;
Topp'd on its billows, if the Haven we break!
Bilg'd on rough coasts, we eternally wreck!

Religion! Religion! Sweet is the sound
Of her voice! 'Twill o'er mountains rebound,
In soft echoes till Immanuel's name
Is loved and revered with unearthly fame.

Alfred C. Lathrop.

Miss Foster, [illegible]n, Sept. 6th, 1833, 10 o'clock, eve.

A C R O S T I C

Judge how my soul was filled
Under the hills that rise
Lofty above the stream,
Joined with unending roar
Each sheet that stretches o'er
The rock bespeak loud praise.

From ledge, bending, I viewed
Of Nature's work, the grand;
Say, thou intelligent,
Thoughtful, pious fair one,
Enwrapt in native dells,
Remember the stranger.

A. C. Lathrop.

Miss Juliet Foster,
Turin, Sept. 7, 1833, 7 o'clock a. m.

TO MISS JULIET

(Note by Juliet Foster in relation to this writer and his verses: Never went: was too fickle).

Yes, all thy scenes I leave thee;
My native land, I love thee well!
Friends, companions, happy country,

Can I leave thee?
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
Home—thy joys are passing loosely,
Joys no stranger's heart can tell,
Happy home, 'tis sure I love thee,
Can I, Can I say—farewell?

Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well;
Far away ye billows bear me:
Lovely, native land, farewell;
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell,
Glad I leave thee,
Native land farewell, farewell!

Medicus: F. G. Cole.

Norway, June 4th, 1834.

AN ANSWER TO F. G. COLE (Medicus)

By Juliet Foster

Up and obey the Saviour's call;
No longer dare to linger here!
What are kindred friends and all
That render home so passing dear?

What though the tears at parting flow
And sighs of anguish rend thy heart,
Will not thy Jesus with thee go
And from thee never, never part?

Then bid the vessel bear thee on
To far off, barbarous lands;
Go teach neath Asia's vertic sun,
Go traverse Afric's burning sands!

Go tell of God's beloved Son
Among the distant ocean's isles;
Preach Him in Greenland's frozen zone
Ere the benighted heathen dies.

Where ere a human foot hath trod
Where'er a human being dwells;
Go tell the glories of a God
That God Who all creation fills.

Then when thy limbs grow cold in death;
When all the toilsome race is run;
With joy resign thy feeble breath,
In heaven to wear a glorious crown!

A C R O S T I C

From the sweet solace of our care and love,
Refined pleasures, joys substantial flow.
In virtuous hearts in generous feeling minds
Engraved thy noblest, brightest jewel shines.
No balm like time can heal affliction's grief
Dispel its gloom or give such relief.
Sweetest delight to us thy power impart,
Here fix thy station, reign in every heart!
In realms above with never withering joy,
Pure and unmixed thou reign'st without alloy.

Composed by David M. Kimball

Onward, onward, men of heaven,
Bear the gospel's banner high;
Rest not till its light is given
Star of every pagan sky.
Send it where the pilgrim-stranger
Faints neath Asia's vertic ray;
Bid the red-browed forest ranger
Hail it ere he fades away.

Selected by your friend,

Rome, September 20th, 1833. M. M. Noyes.

F A R E W E L L

My friend, fare thee well.—well may thy life softly stealing
Be an emblem of peace when aloft thou dost soar,
And may friendship still wave as the flag of our feeling,
Till feeling and friendship and time are no more.

These lines were traced by friendship's hand,
For friendship's eyes to view;
When time and distance intervene,
To hide this hand from you.

M. M. Noyes.

Dear J:—

Though far away thou wilt not be forgotten. I pledge thee at each opening day to meet thee at the mercy seat where all our sins may be forgiven and if no more on earth we meet through rich grace in Christ we'll meet in Heaven. For this your dear Father will not cease to pray.

(Her father) Isaac Foster.

April 11, 1852.

The soft blossoms of summer are fair to the eye,
Where brightly the clear silver streamlet glides by;
And rich are the colors which autumn adorns,
Its gold checquered leaves and its billows of corn.

But dearer to me is the pale, lonely rose,
Whose blossoms in winter's dark season unclose;
Which smiles in the rigour of winter's stern blast,
And smooths the rough present by signs of the past.

And this when around us affliction's dark power
Eclipses the sunshine of life's glowing hour;

While drooping, deserted, in sorrow we bend,
O sweet is the presence of one faithful friend.

The crowds whom we smiled with when gladness was ours
Are summer's bright blossoms and autumn's gay stores;
But the friend on whose breast we in sorrow repose
That friend is the winter's lone beautiful rose.

Juliet Foster.

Lowville, August 8th, 1835.

Years have passed since first we were bound in friendship's tender bond; and this bond has been strengthened by the lapse of time. And since the providence of God calls us to part may the remembrance of the past oft refresh us along the pathway. And may you have grace to bear all the allotments of God's providence to the praise of his glory. And finally may you and your dear companion and the tender pledges of a Saviour's love to you, constitute an unbroken family around the throne, is the fervent prayer of

Your affectionate pastor,

Plainsfield, March 31st, 1854. Daniel Chapman.

Juliet:—

Days, months and years have rolled almost insensibly away; meanwhile we could fondly reciprocate those affections which enliven the drooping spirits; which touch the tenderest fibres that entwine about the human hearts; which indeed convert this wild desert into a Paradise; and transfuse through the soul the fragrance of Heaven while yet a pilgrim in this lower world.

Hitherto we have looked down through the bright vista of futurity and seen no intervening cloud to spread its dark saddening hues over the soul. But dear girl those highly interesting seasons have at length drawn to a period. Friends in whose society the longest summer day seemed too much in haste must now separate and in different spheres act our part in life's great drama. But though personally separated our hearts shall beat in unison and "oft at even's hour, when memory's sacred spells prevail," we will unite in spirit and there, happy, live over again as it were those many happy hours which have gone into past eternity.

Accept, my dear friend, this tribute of heartfelt affection and when oft you turn these pages over let it serve to re-

mind you of the constant regard of your affectionate though absent friend.

M. A. Lord.

Leyden, April 8th, 1834.

Think not of me when the morning way
Is trembling on the dewy hills;
Nor when the high armed orb of day
With glorious noon the landscape fills.
But when he seeks the mellow rest,
When mildly beams the star of even,
When birds are gathering to their nests
And stars light up the vault of heaven;
When from the sky the twilight fades
And somber night rolls on its shades
Or moonlight slumbers in the glades
Then think of me.
Think of that friend whose truth abides
When thou last sought on earth abides
Whose love shall last
When life's brief day is spent and past.

Mary Kimball.

Dear Juliet:—

Oft will memory stray back to the scenes of other and happier days while I am far away from your little family circle. Still I shall cherish the fond hope that I shall meet you all again.

Your affectionate mother,
Grace Foster.

Farewell, I soon shall leave this place;
For me no memory still more dear;
But memory oft will love to trace
Some pleasant hours I've spent while here.

Among my friends when all are gay
And fancy paints each vision bright,
My thoughts will often love to stray
Back to this place with fond delight.

A. D., 1833. Caroline B. of Galway.

"Adieu" should in utterance die;
If written should faintly appear,
[illegible] heard in the breath of a sigh,
[illegible] seen in the heart of a tear.

To Miss J. Olmsted:—

While you sojourn in this vale of tears keep constantly in mind your great last change. Remember that mortal life is all the time allotted for doing good. Would you have your work follow you, and speak after the days of your pilgrimage are ended, then do with your might what your hands find to do. Life's closing scenes can only be cheered when the reflection rolls upon our minds of a well spent life. Hope will then linger around our dying pillow and anchor the soul on Christ amidst the wrecking billows of death.

A death like this would overbalance a world of sorrows. Let us live, dear friend, exerting the sweet influence of the gospel on the dear ones of Him, that we may be united again in Heaven, is the prayer of your friend,

Plainfield, March 15th, 1853. J. D. Chapman.

To Miss J. Foster

Without reflection I can say
The Savior's voice always obey,
Consult his will and never dare
Oppose, while he will answer prayer.

When in the western wilds you stand,
Sigh not for friends in distant land,
But cling to that never-failing friend
Who's with the faithful to the end.

Learn how to pray without distrust;
Remember God is always just,
The humble suppliant's cry he hears,
And guards from all approaching fears.

Jane Strong.

Sheffield Institute, March 3rd, 1837.

Dear Juliet:—

Earth's pleasures are transient; change follows change in quick succession here. But it is a cheering thought to the Christian that there is a world where change is unknown except from glory unto glory. Where are pleasures lasting as eternity and pure as heaven. There Christian friendship is perfected. Go, then friend, where God in his providence directs, and though no more to join with us in social prayer

and praise on earth, let us be faithful to the Christian course, live while we live for Christ, and then prepare to join that holy, blood-washed throng in Heaven.

Yours most affectionately,

M. A. Whittlesey.

Sheffield Institute, March 3rd, 1857.

Yes; I would add one humble leaf
To the bright chaplet thou are twining;
But ah! its verdure will be brief,
For time is such an errant thief,
He blights the sweetest buds with grief
And leaves the fairest flowers declining.

But there's a wreath that ne'er can fade
Already for thy temples twined;
Such as in Heaven the angels braid
To deck the brow of every maid
Who like Vilola's head displayed
The beauties of a cultured mind.

That wreath shall deck dear Julia's brows
In realms unknown to time or grief.
And each young plant she cultures now,
Each infant mind her toils endow,
With breath to heaven a fragrant vow,
Bright'ning the tint of every leaf.

Selected by L. C. H.

Lowville Academy, March, 1834.

The distant sounds of music that catch new sweetness pleasing to the ear than the tidings of a far distant friend.

Lydia.

Leyden, March 1st, 1834.

Friend Julia:—

It was the wisdom of Him who directs the destinies of all who alone sees the windings of to us a mystic future that we should commence our youthful career together. Very pleasantly thus far has this season of life passed, and under circumstances peculiarly favorable to the existence of true and living friendship.

With hea[illegible] ever in unison shall we recall the scenes of yonder school[illegible]ys. Mutual were our efforts in endeavoring

to attend the hill of science. And other scenes there are, the recollections of which I may hope still more dear. Often have we bowed and addressed the same Father and there participated the friendly emotions of each other's hearts; there felt truly to be of one family. And now it is the same wise Power that marks to us more distant paths.

Julia, guided by a principle implanted within the heart through the agency of that power, let not your glory be ambitious, neither your honour of earth; your glory heavenly; your honour of God.

Thus claim I your remembrance. Your sincere friend.

L. Kimball.

Juliet :—

From your sister Mariett P. Foster, March 3rd, 1849, 12 o'clock, M.

Oh, come, come with me to the old kirkyard;
I well know the path through the soft greensward;
Friends slumber there, we were wont to regard—
We'll trace out their names in the old kirkyard.

Leyden, April 25th, 1834.

Dear Juliet :—

Away from the home of earlier childhood, in a collection of young ladies bent on improving their minds I first found you and chose you as one who was to share my affections in riper years. Other schoolrooms, dear teachers and engaging schoolmaster have witnessed our reciprocal attachment. Your society has not been confined to literary retreats, but oft in secret places have we communed and bowed before the same Heavenly Father; implored the same blessings; sought the same interest; and laboured for the same object.

Those days with us are now gone. In an hour when I had scarce anticipated it, tidings came that my dear Juliet had gone to a distant part of this land. Thus you have left me without an opportunity to mingle with yours a sympathetic tear, or breathe one affectionate farewell.

But though we may never meet on earth, may we square our lives with that rule which Christ made and when we have finished our course on earth meet in Heaven where there will be holier, happier more lasting communications, is the desire of your absent friend.

S. N. Lord.

Accept, dear Juliet, this token of affection true from a heart sincere to true friendship.

Sarah.

To Miss Foster:—

I trust you will permit me, my dear Miss Foster, to enroll my name in your Remembrancer as one of your friends from the beloved circle at Sheffield. Oh, how oft will memory bring its remembrance when far away in the western wilds of Illinois the many happy hours spent in Sheffield—for I trust you have been happy here— and perhaps unbidden sigh for their return. But I trust you will be as happy farther west and be as useful; and though we are sorry to lose your society yet we wish you to go where duty calls. Then go dear sister but do not forget your young friend,

Harriet N. T.

Plainfield, N. Y.

Juliet:—

There is nothing which elevates the female character so much as religion. It presents rules to the mind which if followed cannot but secure the happiness of those individuals who may come under its influence. What is there that can cheer the person worn down with the trials incident to this life like the religion of Christ? The situation of those who have never been under the benign influence of the gospel will show what effect it has upon the character, especially of females in those countries where the religion of Christ does not prevail. The female character is not elevated to that standard which is always acknowledged in Christian countries.

Therefore if we did not believe in the immortality of the soul we should from reason be led to say, let the religion of Christ prevail as it is the sure standard which will elevate the character of the female and my dear friend, what can solace the cares of this life and give such a charm to social enjoyment as the influence of religion? Let us then by a careful investigation of Scripture and by preaching its precepts influence others to observe the rules laid down in God's word that if we never meet again on earth we may have the experience of meeting in heaven where a greater display of religion will open to our view, is the wish of your friend.

Miranda Butts.

We have met but now we must part
Yet ever the record shall tell
How tender a cord of the heart
Is broken in saying "Farewell."

When eyes are beaming what never tongue might tell,
When tears are streaming from their crystal cell,
When hands are linked that dread to part,
And heart is met by throbbing heart,
Oh, bitter, bitter is the smart of them that bid farewell!

Selected by Mary Gregory.
Oberlin.

Sand Lake, May 24th, 1836.

Sister:—

Looking to Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith who, for the joy that was set before him endured the Cross, despising the shame and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.

Zerniah Porter.

FRIENDSHIP

Friend of my heart, may yonder sun express
The warm and constant friendship we possess;
Still may we wander like that faithful light
And shine so constant till the grave unite.

Your friend Elizabeth.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in Christ. In whom ye also trusted after ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation.

For this cause I bow my knees to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory to be strengthened with might by his spirit; that Christ may dwell in your heart by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth and length and depth and height and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.

Juliet: Let she that thinketh she standeth take heed lest she fall.

Your affectionate

Oberlin, October 24th, 1836. Stewart Renshaw

Lowville Academy, Sept., 1835.

Dear Teacher:—

Perhaps we shall never meet again in this world but I assure you that the remembrance of you shall ever lie near my heart and I hope you will not be entirely forgetful of your unworthy pupil. I thank you for your kindness to me and all the pains you have taken to instruct me.

Dear Teacher, Farewell.

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy, bright dreams of the past which she cannot destroy;

Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care to bring back the features which joy used to wear.

Jane.

CONCLUSION.

The famous poem "The Old Clock On the Stairs," by Henry W. Longfellow, was written about the time-piece in the Foster family homestead in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

It seems particularly appropriate to close this book with a quotation from the poem:

All are scattered now and fled—
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Oh, when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long since gone by
The ancient timepiece makes reply—

"Forever—never!
Never—Forever!"

WRHS

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